

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Printed in Australia for
distribution by post as a
newspaper.

October 9, 1957

PRICE



*Seven famous Dior
mannequins for
Australian parades*



DIOR WRITES HIS OWN LIFE STORY—See page 8

1/2 THE WORK FOR LOVELIER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS



RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK Home Permanent with the amazing, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion!

THIS wonderful Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly, that much more hair can be wound on each curler. As a result, you can give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles, with only 20 curlers—half the winding time, half the arm work. And remember, there is only 10 minutes waving time with Richard Hudnut New Quick.

2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX. Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER. Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves... they're deep down and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is lanolised. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.
GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE... 13/-

...and for those
end curls and
between-perm
pickups—

RICHARD HUDNUT



Quickette

END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between-perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. 9/-

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 165 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 188C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

OCTOBER 9, 1957

Vol. 25, No.

HISTORIC LAST SEA BATTLE

IN the gale-torn Atlantic 10 days ago, the lovely windjammer Pamir, demasted, stripped, and listing, fought her last battle with the sea.

With her, as she died like a bird with broken wings, were many of her crew of 86 men, including cadets of the West German Merchant Navy, homeward bound for Hamburg from Buenos Aires.

And with her, too, went one of the last links with the historic age of sail, which reached way back beyond the Vikings, beyond the Phoenicians.

A New Zealander who once commanded the Pamir always called her "A Lady in Crinolines," and she was indeed a thing of beauty to grace the restless ballroom of the sea.

Although she was born only 52 years ago, she was still part of the romantic sea-age of the 19th century, the age of barques and brigantines, before coal and oil began to smudge the oceans.

She was kin with the age of Conrad and Jack London, of the China Clippers heading home through Sunda Strait, of names like the Cutty Sark and Thermopylae.

She was one of those graceful ships, waiting among a "forest of spars," for the annual race from Australia to England with holds full of grain.

She was of the past, as obsolete as Edwardian cars and crystal radio sets, but she and her kind never failed to stir the admiration and imagination of land-lubbers everywhere.

Now the Pamir has gone, and many brave men with her, into her own element, the sea.

Farewell, fair lady in crinolines.

Our cover

• The sumptuously gowned lovelies on our cover this week are the mannequins who will take part in the Dior Parades in Melbourne and Sydney. The two in centre front are Odile, left, and Alla. The others are, from left, Victoire, Simone, France, Lucky, and Lia. Naturally, they are wearing gowns and jewellery by Dior.

CONTENTS

FICTION

The Pelican, Nathaniel Benchley . . .
Murder Was Her Welcome (Serial, Part 4), Margot Neville . . . 20.
Just Because It's Spring, Audrie Manley-Tucker . . .
The Maiden and the Mayor, Edith Joyce Smith . . . 24.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Hollywood's 50th Anniversary . . . 4.
Christian Dior (color) . . . 8.

FASHION

Fashion Frocks . . .
Summer Living . . . 32.
The Swimsuit Story . . . 34.
Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . .
Patterns . . .

FILMS

Ava's New Film . . .
Film Preview . . .
Reviews . . .

HOMEMAKING

Beautiful Bedrooms . . . 37
Gifts to Make 38, 39
Gardening . . . 42, 43
Home Plan . . . 45
Cookery (color) . . .
File Recipes, 49.
Prize Recipes . . .
Transfers . . .

REGULAR FEATURES

TV Parade . . . 10
Strange but True . . . 10
Social . . . 13
These Are Australian . . . 17
Readers' Letters . . . 18
Here's Your Answer . . .
Beauty Stars . . .
Living Bush Coupon . . .
Sweet & Sour Mandrake . . .
Teena . . .
Crossword . . .

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• "Women are lucky for you and through them you will achieve success. You will make a great deal of money out of them and you will have to travel widely."

THIS was what a fortune-teller told a young man named Christian Dior in 1919.

At the time he dismissed it as complete nonsense and it did take 28 years to come true.

But when it did, with the New Look collection of 1947, Christian Dior was acclaimed as the French fashion leader.

Now you can read Dior's own life story — "Dior by Dior" — which begins in this issue.

If you've got an old marble washstand stored away in your garage or shed, you can regard it as a rare treasure.

Second-hand shops in Sydney can't find enough of them to meet the current craze for marble-top tables.

Scores of young newlyweds are going in for these "modern" coffee tables. As bases many young homemakers are using old sewing-machine pedestals — another item fast becoming a rare commodity.

NEXT WEEK

In next week's issue we are publishing a 64-page lift-out booklet, "Live Better Electrically." It's packed with special features telling you all about the latest electrical appliances, modern lighting, and dream kitchens.

YOU know those fancy collective nouns — pride of lions and gaggle of geese? Well, this week we have a plus of pelicans. We have a

pelican in our "These Are Australian" feature, and a short story called "The Pelican," by popular American writer Nathaniel Benchley. Had artist Boothroy known that we already had a fine photograph of a pelican he could have saved himself some trouble. As it was, he went off to Taronga Park Zoo in search of a model for his illustration and spent the morning there sketching. Actually, the fictional pelican is an American bird, but it happens there's one species in America which, to the casual eye, looks much the same as the Australian.

DOROTHY DRAIN

column does not appear this week because she is on annual holidays. During her absence Elisabeth Macintyre's cartoon "Mother" will appear as usual.

THAT CHANGING FACE OF MARGARET RUTHERFORD



Queen of comedy "on a stamper" to Australia

● England's most gorgeous old battle-axe is coming to Australia. I mean, of course, stage and screen comedienne Margaret Rutherford.

ATTIRED in a majestic clash of colors, of tinkling bangles, necklaces, furbelows, a swirling cloak, all preceded by her formidable U-shaped chin, Miss Rutherford is due to alight, if you'll pardon the daintiness, from an aircraft in Sydney this week.

Miss Rutherford will tour Australia in "The Happiest Days of Your Life," which she made world famous as a rollicking film. Her role is that of the headmistress of a girls' school billeted by mistake in a boys' school. In the film, Alastair Sim played the headmaster.

The play will open at Sydney's Elizabethan Theatre in early November, and Miss Rutherford will probably stay for other comedies.

It is Margaret Rutherford's first visit to Australia, and, even discounting her physique, the impact is likely to be tremendous.

In her native England she is the "queen" of comedy, the most in demand for the funniest parts on stage, radio, television, and, above all, in films.

She has just finished starring at Pinewood Studios in "Just My Luck."

Her role is an eccentric animal-lover who races horses only "because they like the exercise."

It includes a hilarious sketch in which she bathes a chimpanzee, and she does her customary job of stealing the thunder in many scenes from the top star in this production, Norman Wisdom.

Not only does the lovable Margaret Rutherford's visit promise a riot of comedy for the next six months; it also threatens a deluge of poetry reading.

To the world at large this is a lesser-known love of hers, but a cherished one. Interspersed among her 25 major film appearances and her many stage successes, she has

toured most of Europe giving poetry readings.

Lovers of her rich comedy look on these occasional excursions into seriousness with fond indulgence; they agree she earns them.

Stringer Davis, her actor-husband, is accompanying Margaret. He says modestly, "Oh, I'm usually there in one of the background parts, y'know. I usually play the butler or a schoolmaster these days."

In her moments of repose, Margaret Rutherford is a gentle soul who speaks quietly and has exquisite manners. The things that stir her—and the sight of her stirring is awesome—are references to her eccentricities, or the name "battle-axe." She is not eccentric,

she snorts, "and I detest the appellation of 'battle-axe'!"

Her husband agrees, but with a twinkle. For it is her energy that launches her into flamboyant situations which in their time have had the whole of Britain chuckling, and earned her the reputation of Britain's greatest natural comedienne.

Now 65, she rises early in her period flat in Highgate, London, and rushes forth, either for a "quick splash" in nearby Highgate Ponds or a "stamper," as she calls it, across Hampstead Heath.

A stamper it is, as any other early Hampstead walkers will testify, at the sight of Miss Rutherford thundering majestically past, her cloak flying, as she probably booms a line or two of Shelley.

Two years ago, her zestful career was interrupted when she had a nervous breakdown from exhaustion. Robert Morley rescued her from her illness—with a tempting juicy part to play—and she came roaring back into a West End that had become strangely silent without her.

Margaret Rutherford is one of the few actresses in London who is so like herself offstage, however impossible this may seem, that public recognition of her is instant.



AT HOME. Above, Margaret Rutherford and her actor-husband, Stringer Davis, enjoy the sun in the garden of their flat at Highgate, London. Right, Miss Rutherford smells the perfume of a rose. At 65, she still loves to give uproarious parties in her flat, but has to soft-pedal them because they disturb her aged neighbors. Pictures on this page are by Alec Murray.



So firmly has she enshrined herself in the hearts of the film-going public as the epitome of everybody's bicycle-riding maiden aunt that this recognition goes for almost any town in any part of the world where there are film theatres.

For instance: During a recent tour of Canada she left her husband in bed while she climbed a local mountain peak named Mount Royal. "I like to take a stamper up mountains, they attract me," she says.

As she came stomping through the snow towards the chalet at the top, a lone Canadian guide looked out, then stared hard.

"Hey!" he drawled. "Where's your bicycle?"

● "The Smallest Show on Earth," page 66.



Better buy clothes with snappy, reliable **Grippers**

the bother-free, laundry-proof,
fabric-flat fasteners that hold
fast, stay snug — and outlast
the life of the garment.



Albion
RAINCOATS

Komfi-Pantee
PILCHERS

HOLEPROOF
DENIMS

**LOOK FOR
THESE BRANDS**

on modern garments which
close with "Grippers," not
bothersome buttons.

"Grippers" are manufactured by
CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF
AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in
the manufacture of fasteners and
fittings for all trades, including the
well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

GB2.1

Tahiti

glamour-stop on
Matson's South Pacific route
from California

Poets write about it—Painters point it

You can see it—soon—returning from
England via America, or by planning a
fabulous 42-day Matson round-trip calling
at New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii.
California and Tahiti.
Matson's S.S. MARIPOSA or MONTEREY
are like superb floating air-conditioned
hotels, with spacious swimming pools,
theatre, cabaret, and first-class accommo-
dation throughout. (Each room with
private shower.)

Ask your Travel Agent for full information

Tahiti—Storybook Isle of gorgeous
scenery and friendly people. Shops are
quaint, climate perfect, night-life excitingly
different.

90° Matson

THE SMART WAY TO AND FROM AMERICA
Matson Lines—Oceanic Steamship Co., (Limited
Liability Inc. in U.S.A.), 42 Elizabeth Street,
Sydney. Telephone—BW 4901.



FILMLAND'S GOLDEN JUBILEE



**CHARLIE CHAP-
LIN**, who clown-
ed through 40 years
of films, lives in
Switzerland.
Scene from "The
Gold Rush."

**MARY PICK-
FORD**, known as
the world's sweet-
heart, was mem-
ber of Famous
Players and a pro-
ducer, too.



THEDA BARA, the
first vamp. Grandpa
thought her the last
word in sex appeal.



RUDOLPH VALENTINO,
the "Great Lover." His
posthumous "cult" was
larger than James Dean's.



MAE WEST ("Come up
and see me sometime")
still stars on Broadway.

JOHN BARRYMORE
(right) was the "Great
Lover" of another era.



JEAN HARLOW was
Hollywood's first Blonde
Bombshell, a forerunner
of Marilyn Monroe.



● Through half a turbulent century and
immense, uncountable audience of two
generations has jumped to the celluloid
bidding of Hollywood — the place that
doesn't exist.

PARADOXICALLY, Hollywood, headquarters of
£180,000,000-a-year film industry, and centre
the world's most publicised successes, has no civ-
identity.

The sprawling, sunbaked "lots" are merely an exten-
sion of neighboring Los Angeles.

This month the film capital is celebrating its 50th anni-
versary, and, with characteristic, free-spending flamboyance, has
planned a year-long national programme designed to push
Hollywood's best footage forward.

Throughout the year some of the top stars, directors, and
writers will tour America shouting, amid the brass bands
and ballyhoo, the achievements of "their" Hollywood.

Statistically they are impressive: more than 200,000 pictures,
silent and talkie, have been produced in this colony of 175,000
people.

Five million letters a year carry the address "Hollywood"
and 22 magazines pour out thousands of copies every month
for fans (or fanatics).

Facts and figures like these (including Clara Bow and
Marilyn Monroe) would probably shock the Spanish priest
who, in 1770, blessed the land where Hollywood now stands
and called it "Cahuenga."

This name lived until the 1800s, when Mr. and Mrs.
Wilcox bought an apricot and fig farm there, and called
"Holly Wood," after an estate owned by English friends.

Apricots and figs blossomed until roving film companies
driven from New York by rival monopolies and restrictions
discovered that California's climate was ideal for photography.

The first film of any pretensions to be made in the area was
"In the Sultan's Power," by the Selig Polyscope Company,
1907.

The set was a vacant lot next to Sing Loo's Chinese laundry.
There was money in Westerns even then. Records say the
first shootin' round the old Hollywood corral took place in
"Law of the Range," a Nestor Company production.

The moviemakers kept coming: Carl Laemmle, the Warner
brothers, the great innovator David Wark Griffith, and a young
glove salesman named Samuel Goldfish.

The young man changed his name to Goldwyn and became
the "G" in M.G.M.

Cecil B. De Mille got off the wrong side of a train at
Flagstaff, saw, instead of the town, a deserted expanse of
prairie, reboarded the train, appalled at the emptiness, and
journeyed on—to Hollywood.

Gradually, the potholed streets were paved and land values
boomed. Studio lots were built, the most fantastic being "Uni-
versal City," which opened in 1915.

Its bizarre, architectural jumble included a Japanese tea
house, a temple, New York tenement and the Paris hotel,
zoo, hospitals, clubs, and America's first woman police chief.

The films, of course, were silent, but they spoke a universal
language to the world.

Mack Sennett's cops and his comics, Chaplin, Lloyd
Arbuckle, and Ben Turpin, frolicked through a crazy, jerking,
two-and-three-reel world of flying custard pies and damsels in
distress.

There was money in the movies, and the new stars no longer
helped the cameraman carry his gear. Instead, they rode in
luxury cars.

World War I disappeared into the past, and a roaring mad
cap era arrived.

On the opposite page, newspaperman Hubbard Keavy, who
sat on the sidelines during those impossible years—and still
does—recalls some of the stars and the incidents that helped
make them famous off the screen.



WILLIAM POWELL and **MYRNA LOY** were a much-
loved team as Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man in the bright,
sophisticated detective-comedy series "The Thin
Man." Here with Thin Man jun. and their dog Asta.

Hollywood from the sideline

They lived with a flourish in those good old days

By HUBBARD KEAVY

MY wife's favorite Hollywood story concerns the time a prominent producer and his wife took us to see Will Rogers and other movie people play polo.

It was 1929. We were newlyweds, new in Hollywood.

In those prohibition days, my host and I had to go to a stable to get pre-lunch drinks.

While we were away Mrs. Producer decided to tell my wife about life in Hollywood. Her thesis was:

"Your husband, in his job of covering Hollywood, meeting beautiful women, will meet some who will be attracted to him. And he will be attracted to them. But you mustn't let it worry you, because these Hollywood affairs never last long. You will know each time he has lost interest, because he will come home to you with a gift—a diamond bracelet, a star sapphire . . ."

My wife's comment was: "Not on his salary he won't."

Well, that was part of our introduction to Hollywood. As long as we've lived here, we continue to be surprised, amazed, amused, and interested in the lives and loves and loot of our neighbors.

Sometimes meeting these images in the flesh is disillusioning.

Still new here, I came home one day and said in disgust that "that Crawford is a dame I never care to see again."

At luncheon at the studio that day, Joan ordered a salad. It consisted of chopped vegetables laid on large lettuce leaves.

She picked the leaves out of the salad and tossed them over her shoulder on to a tray on a table behind her. Apparently she didn't like lettuce. I admired her marksmanship, but not her manners.

I kept my resolve for two or three years, but curiosity overcame me after Joan became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

Gracious Joan

I wondered what influence the manners of Pickfair—the home of her father-in-law and stepmother-in-law Mary Pickford, the place around which Hollywood society gravitated a quarter of a century ago—had had on Joan.

It had produced a wondrous change. I found Joan a charming hostess and a gracious lady and one of the best interview subjects I ever encountered.

A house is a sign of success in Hollywood. Big success, big house. Harold Lloyd, who made his money before high taxes, still maintains a mansion in Beverly Hills, the taxes on which, last time I checked, were 18,000 dollars (\$A8100) a year.

Not far from him is an older and larger house, which Thomas H. Ince built in the twenties. Its score of doors

were fitted with gold-plated doorknobs.

When Norma Shearer and the late Irving Thalberg lived on the ocean front at Santa Monica, they had the usual appurtenances of Hollywood success—six-car garage, oversized swimming-pool, projection machine recessed in the living-room, and the only soundproof, lightproofed bedroom I ever heard of.

Yards of books

When Ralph Bellamy and Frank Conroy came here in the '30s, they rented a house in the hills.

In the living-room were, by measurement, 268 feet of book shelves.

I remarked that the place looked pretty bare with no books. Ralph and Frank went immediately to a second-hand book store and bought 268 feet of books. In assorted colors, naturally.

Still a showplace in Beverly Hills is Pickfair, which Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks built in the '20s.

It is rambling wood and stucco leaning towards colonial but not actually.

The room I like best in Pickfair is a basement rumpus-room which is a replica of an old Western saloon. It is the only informal room in the house.

Many Hollywood hostesses have tried, without lasting or notable success, to recapture the splendor that surrounded the parties Mary and Doug gave.

Mary and Doug had a special penchant for royalty. There was one soiree, in honor of the duchess of something, whose formality hit a new high. Everyone who amounted to anything was there.

There was a receiving line, a polite punch, delicate hors d'oeuvres, and soft music.

It was a little like a movie in a setting of an overdone French drawing-room, with the gilt, the brocades, the hand-painted piano. But, unlike a movie, nothing dramatic happened.

It was not considered bad form at all if you never met your host or hostess of a big wing-ding. Crashers were expected.

"Never saw her before, but we can't ask her to leave—she might be somebody important."

So that the stag at a black-tie affair wouldn't be asked every two minutes, "Bourbon and soda, please," there was an unwritten rule for him: Carry a cigarette, then you won't be mistaken for a waiter.

The long-ago Vilma Banky-Rod LaRocque wedding was followed by the biggest reception Hollywood ever had seen.

Sam Goldwyn, who employed Miss Banky, gave her away and paid for the food and punch.

Loaded turkey

The tables were loaded, but it took the sly Lilyan Tashman to discover that all was not edible.

Suspecting that the studio prop department had had a hand in the table decor, she asked for a slice from a particular turkey. It turned out to be one of several made of papier-mache.

Tashman, incidentally, gave Hollywood its first all-white living-room. White wool carpeting, white satin draperies, white upholstery, white grand piano were in the ensemble.

Lil thought a proper way to initiate it was with an all-white party. The only one who stood out was Tom Mix. Then men wore tuxedos and so did Tom, but his was, as usual, white. With white patent-leather boots.

Maybe I was more starry-eyed in those bygone days, but it seems to me that when the Errol Flynns and the John Barrymores strayed from the conventional paths, they did so with a great deal more derring-do than the Sinatras and Mitchums of this era.

I was impressed, as were most newsmen, with the great John Barrymore. He loved every second of his eventful



GRETA GARBO and MELVYN DOUGLAS in "Two-Faced Woman," the film in which the Swedish "I want to be alone" star was shown as a smiling glamor girl, complete with mink. The public, however, didn't like the film.

life. I found him haughty and aloof one time, roguish and picaresque the next. His conversation sparkled with well-turned phrases.

For no particular reason, John asked me to help him launch the Infanta, a 150,000-dollar yacht.

The party lasted long after the Infanta slid into the water. I wondered where John would take her on the first trip.

"You know," he said, "there's a rare South American condor I'd like to have. I'm going down the west coast to bag one. Crazy people think up crazy things to do. Want to go along?"

Murphy's kiss

Barrymore went after the condor, bagged it, and caged it on his estate in Beverly Hills.

The bird was a horrific-looking thing, with a penchant for kissing his master. Its name was Murphy.

In Hollywood there always have been but two classes: first class and no class. "First class" was well illustrated when a famous producer—famous but broke—gave an elaborate dinner, served on gold plate rented for the occasion, to 50 persons he wanted to impress. The wine and the conversation were sparkling.

Suddenly the butler whispered to the host. He excused

himself, went to the front door, and handed the keys to his new Cadillac to the man who was there to repossess it.

Charlie Mack, he of the Two Black Crows, showed some of the old spenders a thing or two.

Mack spent a fortune on gadgets and I recall two: Gold-plated dolphins in his swimming-pool to spurt bubbles and a pool-table on which you couldn't sink a ball.

Gloria Swanson, who did all things with éclat, also contributed to making Hollywood an interesting place.

Where I came from, all bathtubs were white, mounted in four legs, and stood about three feet high. But Gloria's bathtub—as well as all the other fixtures in the same room—was black. And was four feet deep. And its top was level with the floor. I

went around mumbling "gee whiz" for months.

As I keep implying, things were done with a greater flourish in the good old days before high taxes, business managers, and psychiatric couches.

Then there was the time Marlene Dietrich began wearing slacks. Katharine Hepburn also was wearing slacks, but on her they looked sloppy.

Marlene had hers tailored to fit. And I mean fit. Her publicity department decided to go all out. Dietrich was sent to a premiere in white tie, white tails—and white pants.

The lid was off. The idea—and I must comment that strange are the ways of the feminine mind—caught on. Pretty soon all girls were wearing slacks. Even some who shouldn't.



BETTE DAVIS and LESLIE HOWARD in "The Petrified Forest," one of Bette Davis' greatest films. Leslie Howard died in a World War II air crash.



WALT DISNEY and his cartoon character Donald Duck. Disney has re-created the fantasies of his films in the playground, "Disneyland."



FOUR FAMOUS STARS—Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Shirley Temple, and Judy Garland (remember "The Wizard of Oz"?). Shirley Temple, married, and mother of three children, is reportedly planning a return to the screen.



QANTAS
flies to Japan



QANTAS
flies to Manila

Fly Qantas to the Orient . . .

**JAPAN
HONG KONG
THE PHILIPPINES**

Australia's Overseas Airline provides regular, fast, luxurious service in mighty Super-Constellations, the world's finest long-range passenger airliners, from Sydney to Tokyo, to Hong Kong and to Manila. Magnificent food, famous ever-attentive Qantas service and quiet, restful flight in modern sound proof interiors assure complete comfort and relaxation. From Sydney to Manila is little more than an overnight flight; Tokyo is only seven hours further; Sydney to Hong Kong takes less than a day. Ask your travel agent, or Qantas, to help you plan your trip to the Orient. Your choice of luxurious first class service or comfortable tourist at a saving of over 20%.

QANTAS

Australia's Overseas Airline

Qantas Empire Airways Limited (Inc. in Qld.) in association with B.O.A.C. and TEAL



QANTAS
flies to Hong Kong

Prince Charming hope for Rainiers



ABOVE: The Rainiers were proud parents when Princess Caroline, weighing 8lb. 3oz., was born on January 23 this year. RIGHT: Happily awaiting her second child, Grace's eyes follow her husband as he dances with his sister, Princess Antoinette, at a recent Monaco dinner-dance.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

"We hope it's a boy," read thousands of telegrams pouring into the tiny state of Monaco when it was officially announced that Princess Grace is expecting her second baby next March.

WE are overwhelmed with messages, and presents for the new baby are beginning to arrive," said a harassed palace official.

Princess Grace, looking very bonny, arrived back with her husband, Prince Rainier, smiling and very happy, after a long holiday in Switzerland.

With them was their first baby, Princess Caroline, "the dimpled darling," now as pretty as a picture, with smiles and baby gurgles for everyone.

"She's just cut her first tooth," announced Prince Rainier proudly when asked about Princess Caroline.

This beautiful baby has had a film-star quality about her from the day she was born.

She cut her teeth with the same noisy rumbustiousness she's shown since she arrived, to the great joy of Rainier and Grace and the delight of the Monegasques.

Rainier and Grace broke off their holiday in Switzerland to return home to Monte Carlo to preside at a gala dinner-dance on the terrace of the Summer Sporting Club in aid of Monaco Red Cross.

After dinner the Rainiers opened the ball by dancing to the tune of "A Woman in Love."

They remained at the ball until three o'clock in the morning, with Rainier dividing his dances equally between Grace and his sister, Princess Antoinette, president of Monaco Red Cross.

During their last dance, Rainier and Grace sang to the music of "Que Sera, Sera," "Whatever will be, will be."

No one is more pleased about the news that Grace



will be a mother again than that garrulous old priest Father Tucker, who said: "Naturally Princess Grace wants more babies."

He has proudly discussed Rainier and Grace at great length during his visits abroad, and adopts a confidential note when he says: "I'll tell

you something—she hopes she will produce a son. And her hopes are much higher."

Father Tucker shares the Monegasques' love and pride in their princess.

"She is a real princess. She does not act her role. She lives it," he said. "She is a lovely mother and a most

natural woman, with all the dignity of beauty and a quiet simplicity."

Grace's popularity with the Monegasques can only be described as "fabulous."

"It is so lonely with Princess Grace on holiday," said one to me this summer, though Monaco was thronged with visitors and the roulette wheels in the Casino were spinning at an even greater rate.

Odds-on

Since the news that the Princess is having another baby swept through the casinos and round the world the betting has started. The odds on a boy are being laid heavily.

If Grace has a son his names will have already been chosen. He will be Prince Gregoire George Pierre Richard Grimaldi.

"We would love Princess Grace to have a son, but if it is another girl we will celebrate just the same," said the Mayor of Monaco.

Glamorous maternity clothes are being sent to Princess Grace by the House of Lanvin-Castillo. Their entire collection of winter clothes was modelled for the Princess, flown down specially from Paris and paraded by Lanvin's own mannequins.

"Princess Grace is still one of our most beautiful clients," said the head of the House, who is related to Prince Rainier.

Meantime, the latest news bulletin from the castle said that Grace is "very happy and in excellent health," and that's official.

MEMORIES were recaptured recently by Rainier and Grace when they opened the dancing at the Monaco Red Cross dinner-dance to the music of "A Woman in Love," a popular number during their engagement.

'Savlon' — Antiseptic Liquid

THE MOST MODERN
ADVANCE IN HOME ANTISEPTICS

ICI INTRODUCES
'Savlon'
Antiseptic LIQUID

... containing CHLORHEXIDINE
the most powerful germ-killer



Protects—yet safe
to the tenderest skin

'SAVLON' Antiseptic Liquid—an essential for the home 'medicine chest'—quickly kills germs whether in wounds or on the skin—it doesn't sting, or stain... is soothing in action.

Pleasantly perfumed, 'SAVLON' Antiseptic Liquid is completely safe and effective for Household First Aid—for treating Cuts, Grazes, Sores, Abrasions, Wounds, Stings, Bites, Dandruff, as a Gargle or for personal Hygiene—use it, too, in Nursery or Sickroom for washing hands, bowls, etc. . . . add to water for washing soiled linen.

What is CHLORHEXIDINE?

Chlorhexidine, a new wonder chemical, a triumph of ICI medical research, kills more germs and more kinds of germs, safely and soothingly.

IN THE
CONVENIENT
HAND-GRIP BOTTLE
OBTAINABLE FROM
CHEMISTS ONLY

5/6

3231.SAV.61X.1350



SAVLON Antiseptic Liquid is made by
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD
Manufacturers of SAVLON Antiseptic Cream



DIOR

by *Dior*

● **Beginning the autobiography of Christian Dior, "born" into the fashion world in 1947, when, with the New Look—his first collection—he transformed women from the Amazons of the war years into feminine flower-like creatures and won international fame.**



"LE PATRON," as Christian Dior is always called at 30 Avenue Montaigne, supervises the draping of a material on Lucky, who will tour Australia. He stays in the chair and never handles the fabrics, pointing out with a long cane what he wants done.

AT the risk of being thought soulless and in spite of my love of architecture, I must admit that clothes are my whole life.

Ultimately, everything I know, see, or hear, every part of my existence, turns around the clothes I create.

They haunt me perpetually, until they are ready to pass from the world of my dreams into the world of practical utility.

How then is a collection created? I am often asked where I get my inspiration from, but I can honestly say that I do not know. Perhaps a psychoanalyst—who was also a dress designer—would be able to make some useful

observations on the subject by comparing my successive collections with my emotions at various stages in my past life.

Fashion has a life and laws of its own which are difficult for the ordinary intelligence to grasp. Personally, I know exactly what I must give to my designs; care, trouble, and enthusiasm. They must be the reflection of my everyday existence, showing the same feelings, the same joys, the same tenderness.

The most passionate adventures of my life have therefore been with my clothes. I am obsessed with them. They preoccupy me, they occupy me, and finally they "post-occupy" me, if I can risk the word. This half vicious, half ecstatic circle makes my life at the same time heaven and hell.

My seasonal love affair with Fashion begins on the very morning when my last collection was presented to the public.

Hidden behind the grey satin curtain which divides me from the salon, I listen eagerly to the greeting accorded to the first showing of my dresses; for this is the moment of their true debut. Like certain women, they spring to life only when they are admired.

That is why I cross-examine the mannequins anxiously about the effect produced by certain models which I consider particularly important. I open my ears wide to the opinions of others; my friends, my clients, the journalists, and the professional buyers—they all contribute something of value to the new fashion which is conceived in the confusion of congratulations which follow the first official showing of my previous collection.

Reaction to reception

One's sensitivity is acute and one notices the least nuance in the reception of each model. One experiences tremendous pleasure from the triumph of one model, a pang from the semi-failure, or just-not-success of another.

Of course, the slightest criticism murmured in between two sips of champagne can arouse a burning fire in my breast.

Curiously enough, it is some-

times the beloved models, the favorite children, which are unjustly wallflowers; so that even in the sweetness of success there is some drop of bitterness and disappointment.

The weeks which follow the first showing have a decisive influence on the collection which is yet to be born. It is then that I perform my ritual self-criticism, in which I am assisted by the photographs or drawings published in the newspapers, which often present me with an entirely new light on my creations.

All echoes reported

Even more useful to me is seeing my dresses live upon the backs of my clients. Although I very rarely go into the fitting-room, I have all its echoes sedulously reported to me. Thus I am kept fully informed about the choice of the professional buyers and clients.

Supplemented by other reports from the workrooms, these reports weave a sort of net on which I have to embroider the theme of the next collection. For all this time I am meeting my dresses again.

Like dear friends, I meet them all the time at dinners and balls, a little later I meet them in the street—already getting farther away from the original, because they are copies.

Finally I discover them, major or minor travesties of my original conception, in the windows of the shops. But even the copies, even the adaptations which are more like deformations, are of use to me; in terms of a certain saturation, they show me all the pitfalls into which I have fallen, which gives me both a shock and a lesson.

During the first days of the rest which I allow myself after the showing of a collection, when I am tortured by regret, caprice, and curiosity all at once, I abstain from designing altogether. I am frightened of giving birth to premature designs whose insufficiently developed forms will encumber me in the future.

Half irritated, half happy at what I have already decided, above all, longing to put my thoughts down on paper, I spend several weeks in this state of gestation. Finally I



ABOVE LEFT: Seated (wearing glasses) is Madame Raymonde, who works at the other side of the table Dior uses as a desk and is his "right hand." Standing is Madame de Fontaine, who looks after fabric samples.

ABOVE: Odile (left) and Lia, who have been selected for our parades, relax in their white overalls. Dior says he divides his models equally, "else there will be war in the mannequins' cabine" (dressing-room).

LEFT: Christian Dior at his table-desk with his secretary, Mademoiselle Josette. Now 52, he designed for Lucien Lelong for 10 years before opening his fashion house with the backing of financier Marcel Boussac.



CEILING-HIGH racks of colorful fabric rolls in the studio at Maison Dior. The designer makes his preliminary selection of materials two months before he has roughed out a sketch for a collection. Fabrics come from all over the world.

"Like dear friends I meet my dresses all the time"...

retire to the country. This migration resembles the journey of the eels to the Sargasso Sea, or the gathering of penguins on their island.

When I set off I already know that between the first and the fifteenth of the month I shall have covered endless blocks of paper with a crowd of tiny hieroglyphical figures, which I alone can decipher.

I scribble everywhere, in bed, in my bath, at meals, in my car, on foot, in the sun, in electric light, by day and by night. Bed and bath are particularly favorable to inspiration; here one's spirit is at its ease. There is also the element of chance inspiration—stones, trees, human beings, mere gestures, or a sudden ray of light may be bearers of little whispered messages.

Crazy burst of scribbling

Little by little the pile of drawings grows, demanding new treatments capable of exploring all their potentialities. Finally this crazy burst of scribbling comes to an end. Then I behave like a baker who knows when to leave a well-kneaded pastry alone.

Now that the line from which the new fashion can emerge is determined, I stop. For several days I put aside all thoughts connected with fashion.

The revision which follows this interlude gains sureness from the rest which I have had. I examine all my sketches, from the first, which are scarcely more than rough outlines, to the last born, where the shape is much more clearly defined.

The selection takes place

more or less automatically. I sense from the first what promises well; the worthless element eliminates itself.

Next, within the space of two or three days, I execute several hundreds of designs in order to give my ideas a practical expression. Ideas flock into my head one after the other; a single sketch starts off a whole series.

The total of these drawings constitutes the base of the future collection; and now I am in haste to get them to the workrooms, in order that the sketches shall be transformed into dresses.

When it comes to giving my designs a practical expression, it is time for the thousand hands who fashion, cut, baste, and mount a dress to intervene. From my corps of helpers in the studio, down to the youngest apprentices, the Avenue Montaigne becomes a hive of industry. For now I put my sketches, piping hot, into the hands of Mme Marguerite.

I seat myself at a light table near the window of the studio surrounded by Mme Marguerite, Mme Raymonde, and Mme Bricard.

[Mmes Raymonde, Marguerite, and Bricard are Dior's treasured assistants and have been with him since the establishment of Maison Dior.

Mme Raymonde is his second-in-charge. When the designer decided to start on his own, he consulted Mme Raymonde, who left Lucien Lelong, where they were both employed, to help him.

Mme Marguerite, formerly with Patou, is the technical director, supervising the execution of Dior's designs in the workrooms.

Mme Bricard, who had helped Molyneux with his collections, is described by Dior as his counsellor, inspiring him towards fashion creation.]

My preliminary sketches, which in the charming if archaic language of couture are still called "petites gravures" (little prints), have been simply scrawled down and do



ABOVE: Many hours of thought and skilful work go into every detail of a gown like this one, modelled by Lucky.

BELOW: Commissionaire opens a red umbrella outside 30 Avenue Montaigne, Dior's first and best-loved premises.

not give the details of a toilette, unless it incorporates some striking new feature. As they are passed from hand to hand, I comment on them and fill in the picture.

This is the first step in the metamorphosis of the sketch into the dress. I survey the sketch again in the light of the reactions of my staff.

As the designs accumulate, a certain tendency becomes noticeable. One halts suddenly in front of one of them and exclaims: "Oh, I love that one!"

Every detail is studied

It is passed round from hand to hand, its details are carefully studied; then we all turn back to the sketches which went before it. Thanks to the impression which the last sketch made upon us, the others now take on a new significance.

In most cases these revelations after the event teach us the same lesson: it is the simplest line—where the principle of the dress is most clearly stated—which conquers us because its very simplicity exudes vitality.

Continued on page 28





The fragrance which recaptures
the happiness of a precious moment
and imparts that feeling
of charming freshness
which is youth itself



YARDLEY • LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • TORONTO • SYDNEY • CAPE TOWN



House bright, house right
with

Goddard's
polishes



House-proud people everywhere ask for Goddard's — generation after generation. Goddard's polishes bring extra beauty into the home — and extra protection for your most treasured possessions. Yes, pride and good sense both demand Goddard's — because it's the best.

Goddard's Plate Powder - 3/4
and Silver Polish - small 2/9, large 4/-
guardian of fine silver for generations.

Goddard's Silver Cloth - 4/-
quickly gives that silversmith's gleam.



J. GODDARD & SONS LTD., LEICESTER, ENGLAND
Sole Australian Agents—Salmond & Spraggan (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

TELEVISION PARADE

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Are you a member of the £-wise brigade who take a peek at TV via shop windows or neighbors' sets and put off your own investment till bigger, brighter, cheaper sets are here?

YOU might be right. You might be wrong. But you should be interested in the true viewing-life story of an American I heard about recently.

Ten years ago he was about to buy a black-and-white set when shop-window critics told him: "Don't get a 7in. set; next year they'll be bigger."

He didn't get one. Then they said: "Next year you'll be able to get a 17in. set. And prices can't remain high, or they'll never sell them."

A year later: "Wait, you'll be able to get a 21in. set. Maybe even 24in." Later again: "Don't buy black and white. Wait for color. Much better."

The American electronics expert who related the story said: "He's still waiting. The point is that he's lost years of enjoyment waiting for a big bargain."

"And the real bargain never comes, because in electronics, more than in anything else, you get just what you pay for. When TV sets come down in price appreciably, so will the quality. That's already happened with black-and-white TV in the States, and it will be the same with color."

ALTHOUGH several programme changes on all channels will be received with great rejoicing in the next few weeks, it's good news for most viewers that Channel 9, TCN has bought another year's supply of top-rating "I Love Lucy" (Mondays, 8.30 p.m.).

It's a zany show—American comedy at its slapstick best—and the new series is supposed to be better than the last. While a year's viewing becomes a hackneyed trial with many shows, "Lucy," like mink, is



WINNER of TCN's dress-design competition, Mrs. Averil Trenerry (left), with Judy Ann James, of Channel 9.

something you don't tire of. Talking about mink, it pays to be funny — and you can say that again.

Lucy (Lucille Ball) and screen-plus-real-life husband, Desi Arnaz, have formed themselves into Desilu Productions, with Desi as president and Lucy vice-president.

Desilu produces many TV shows besides "I Love Lucy," and grosses a cool 15 million dollars (approx. £A6,750,000) yearly. It uses up more raw film than M.G.M. and 20th Century-Fox put together, and has 800 on its payrolls.

THERE'S a little fellow called Stevie who claims the distinction of being Australia's only TV actor insured against termites.

The insurance deal is all because our clever young friend, appearing with "guardian" Michael St. Clair (A.B.C. Children's TV Club, Channel 2, ABN, Thursdays, 5 p.m.), is a ventriloquist's doll made of wood.

If you're thinking what I'm thinking, a few selected, life-size TV "personalities" should be racing off to get similar policies—strictly from the neck up, of course.

An airborne umbrella

● First prize of £20 in our Strange but True contest was won this week by Mrs. Esther Britten, "Kia Ora," Tantaraunglo, N.S.W.

ONE showery day long ago my niece Adeline visited me, on arrival placing her opened umbrella on the verandah to dry out. But when the time came for her to walk home across the paddocks the umbrella had gone.

We searched and searched, finally deciding that one of my children must have moved it. The rain had ceased, so Adeline set off without the umbrella.

I watched her go over the hill, seeing in the distance, far above the trees, an eagle-hawk swooping down on its "prey." Adeline, too, could see the same thing ahead of her. Tumbling out of the air came the lost umbrella, to land on the bridge over which Adeline had to cross not far from her home.

No one knows how long the umbrella had been in the air. It was in the same state as Adeline had left it some hours before — none the worse for its flight.

A prize of £5 was awarded for:

MY husband is the officer-in-charge of an outpost police station.

Two years ago, after heavy rains, he was returning from an investigation at a cattle station 20 miles away. The wife of the station owner, Mrs. Barbara Smith, said she would travel into our small township in my husband's car, because her husband's truck was too dirty for her nice clean frock.

She collected three jars of fresh cream for the few women in Finke, and they set off. The little car boiled as it puffed out of one bog after another, and finally stopped.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

My husband lifted the bonnet so that it could cool down, and as he did so the radiator cap flew off, sending scalding water over his face and into his eyes.

Mrs. Smith picked up a jar of fresh cream and splashed it over his face. She removed her sandals, and with mud almost up to her knees drove the car into the township, where there was medical contact.

At the time her driver's licence had lapsed. When she re-applied for it later, my husband said that she had passed her test while he was blindfolded — with material torn from her dress.

A woman's clean frock saved him pain, and I feel his eyesight today is due to the gift of fresh cream, which I missed out on.

Mrs. M. Millgate, Police Station, Finke, N.T.

Don't
be
home-bound
when
you
should
be
beach bound!

The lame excuses, the you-run-along's and count-me-out's are as dated as the flapper dress. To-day's smart girls never let time-of-the-month interfere with their holidays. They rely on Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you can go swimming while wearing Tampax. But you don't have to, if you don't feel like it! The main advantage of Tampax is that it's completely invisible under either a wet or a dry bathing suit. You can simply sit on the beach, and no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other advantages to keep you feeling secure. It prevents odour from forming. It never chafes or irritates. It's easy to dispose of. In fact, in every way, it's nicer and daintier. Get your choice of two absorbencies (Regular or Super) at any chemist's or department stores.

Feel
confident
in a
bathing
suit



Send now for a
TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 3/4 stamp for postage.

Name

Address

U152

Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

Now you can have WHITER TEETH in 10 days!

105,321 People Have Already Proved It*

There's no need now to continue using old-fashioned toothpastes! You can bring that longed-for whiteness and brightness to your teeth—in only 10 days—simply by using "activated" NYAL Toothpaste.

CLEANS TEETH BETTER. Smooth-textured NYAL Toothpaste is different! It contains a highly activated, tasteless dental detergent which foams instantly, helps remove food particles from between the teeth. In fact, nothing gets teeth so clean as NYAL Toothpaste.

MAKES TEETH BRIGHTER. NYAL Toothpaste gives you the completely clean teeth you expect. Dulling

film and cigarette stains are safely removed. Regular brushing with this new toothpaste whitens and brightens the teeth as you never thought possible.

MAKES THE MOUTH FRESHER. Your mouth feels refreshed and clean after every brushing with NYAL Toothpaste. Moreover, NYAL Toothpaste has a special lingering, "minty" flavour all its own. You'll like it! Children love it! See for yourself how NYAL Toothpaste really cleans your teeth.

*Since the Nyal Toothpaste FREE Trial Offer was announced, over 50,000 people throughout Australia have already tried, and proven, that Nyal Toothpaste cleans teeth better. You, too, can prove it for yourself.

Send NOW for this free
10 day TRIAL TUBE

Mail this coupon (or write) for a free trial tube of NYAL Toothpaste and prove, without cost to yourself, that it will make your teeth whiter, brighter in 10 days.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

WW

Mail to Dept. A, Nyal Company, Box 3286, G.P.O., Sydney.

NYAL TOOTHPASTE

Take CHOCOLAX to-night
—feel right in the morning

NEW chocolate laxative helps you regain normal regularity. When you need a laxative, take pleasant-tasting Nyal CHOCOLAX. CHOCOLAX IS REAL chocolate with a medically proven, gentle-acting laxative agent added. There's no medicine taste at all! Take CHOCOLAX at night. It acts so gently it won't disturb your sleep—yet is so effective that in the morning you will regain normal regularity. No discomfort... no embarrassing urgency.

Regular Size, 2/6; Family Economy Size, 4/3

CHOCOLAX—Is real chocolate
Acts gently—tastes good



Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS



There's no TAN like KWIK-TAN

Everyone admires the golden tan that NYAL Kwik Tan—and only Kwik Tan—can bring! Kwik Tan contains a scientific sun ray filter which helps promote a rich, burn-free sunlan in next-to-no-time. Kwik Tan keeps the skin soft and supple, too—the sun can't dry out the natural, protective skin oils. For the finest tan under the sun... QUICKLY, ask for Kwik Tan! Sun Oil, 4/9, 8/-; and now, for those people who prefer a sun cream, you can buy Nyal SUPER KWIK TAN, a new improved formula for greater protection, faster tan. Super Suncream, 3/3, 5/-

Nyal KWIK TAN



Soothes Baby's Tummy!

Prevent wind pains and tummy upsets with NYAL Milk of Magnesia. Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia, after feeding, quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents "wind pains" and acidity in infants. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or regular. Two sizes—3/3, 5/-

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



Soothe Tired
Aching Eyes

Bathe those sore, inflamed, aching eyes with NYAL 'Decongestant' Eye Drops. Get relief from burning, itching and smarting in seconds. The modern formula of NYAL 'Decongestant' Eye Drops clears bloodshot eyes rapidly... adds sparkle and brightness. The drops blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. Thus, they spread evenly, will not blink out. Packed in a convenient, unbreakable, plastic dropper-container. NYAL 'Decongestant' Eye Drops make tired eyes feel good! 5/3

**Nyal
'DECONGESTANT'
EYE DROPS**



Holds false-teeth Firmly

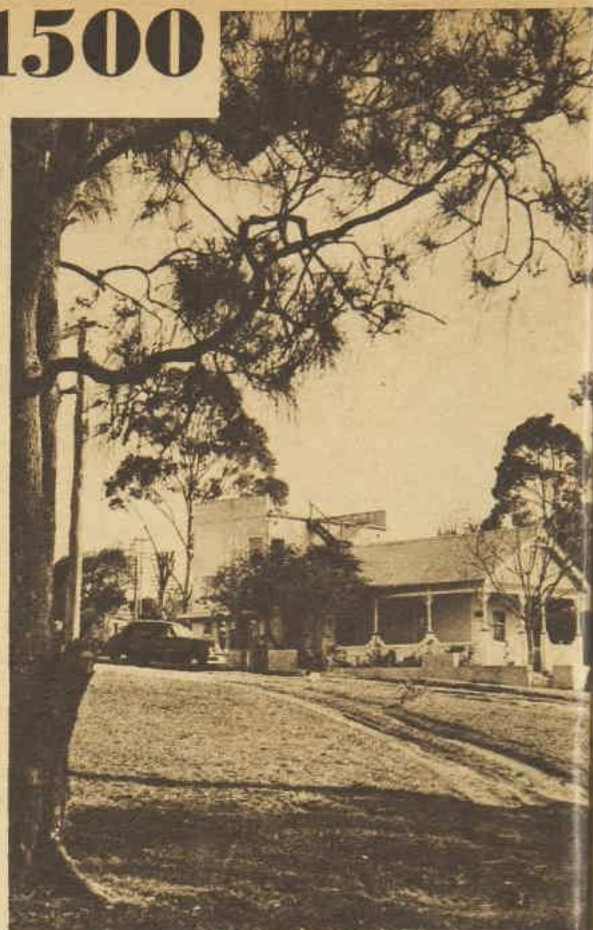
To hold false teeth firmly the modern way, simply sprinkle Nyal Holdtite Dental Plate Powder on the dental plate. You will feel comfortable and at ease immediately. Holdtite holds false teeth comfortably and firmly in place for hours. You can buy Holdtite in sprinkler-top flasks, 3/3, 4/6; or in unbreakable, spill-proof, squeeze plastic pack, 3/9

Nyal HOLDTITE

Birthday present of £1500



WILLIAM DOBELL at work in his studio-bedroom at Wangi. For relaxation, the famous Australian artist reads "thrillers," and he has an impressive collection of them. Dobell makes occasional trips to Sydney, but says he is always glad to get home to the quiet of Wangi.



LAKESIDE HOME. William Dobell and his sister, Alice, live in this charming home at Wangi, near Newcastle. Dobell's studio is at the rear on the first floor.

Famous painter turns 58 on eve of winning art prize

By NONI ROWLAND

● William Dobell, winner of the main award of £1500 in our 1957 Portrait Prize, describes his win as "the most marvellous birthday present I've ever had." He celebrated his 58th birthday the day before the results of the contest were announced.

"I'm not sure yet what I'll spend the money on," he said, "but I think most of it will go into making alterations and additions to my house at Wangi, near Newcastle.

"I'd like to buy a piano, I enjoy playing. But," he added, laughing, "if I can buy one I'll have to build a room to hold it. There's no space in this house for it at the moment.

"I'd also like a car, but I can't drive, and if I did learn I'd probably run it up a tree."

KEEN GARDENER. Dobell and his sister are both fond of gardening, but the artist says he is really knowledgeable only about camellias, his favorite flower.

"a very nice person with a strong personality."

"She was a good sitter," he added, "but, oddly enough, rather diffident and shy.

"She sat for me twice—for an hour each time in her suite in a Sydney hotel. I made several drawings, and then back in my studio did four or five tiny little oils, all highly finished and about 6in. square.

"From these I finally hit on what I wanted for the big portrait."

Madame Rubinstein chose the dress—a Dior model—in which she sat for the portrait, but "I altered the cuffs for the painting," said Dobell, with a smile. "With all due respect to Dior, they weren't quite right."

Woman-like, Helena Rubinstein also tried on several pairs of earrings—"These are too heavy; are these long enough?"—and changed her bracelets several times before she was satisfied.

The portrait Dobell entered in our Portrait Prize was one of two he painted of Madame Rubinstein. The other was commissioned to be sent to America.

Dobell, regarded as one of Australia's greatest portrait painters, is modest about his success.

He cautioned me, with a diffident smile, not to write anything "drippy" about him.

"You know," he explained, "none of that sentimental

stuff. I've never starved in an attic. I had a job as a designer when I was studying at night at Julian Ashton's in Sydney."

You could never mistake Dobell, one of the most amusing story-tellers I've ever met, for anyone but an Australian.

Though he never paints them, he's as Australian as a gum tree.

You could pick his accent a mile off in London, where he studied for 10 years, working as a film extra when his Travelling Art Scholarship money ran out before World War II.

His conversation is spiked with references to "bonzers" and "blokes."

At Wangi, the small lakeside township near Newcastle where he lives with his sister Alice ("she prefers my small paintings"), Bill Dobell is not feted or courted.

"I'm just one of the boys round the district," he said, "and if my family think I'm any good they certainly don't let on to me."

Dobell's relatives have lived in the area for years. Originally the rambling, comfortable house where he now lives was the family weekendender.

Dobell was taught drawing at Cooks Hill school, Newcastle.

"We drew a cup upside down one week," he said, "and the other way up the next. Another time we'd draw a banana, and the next an unpeeled banana. It's different for kids today, who are allowed to express themselves by drawing what they like, and who are turning out some really exciting stuff."

However, it was from his grandfather, George Wrightson, "one of the earliest train-drivers in Australia," that Dobell had his first drawing lesson.

"He drew beautifully—only in line with pencil, you know,

but he was good. He first got me interested in drawing by showing me how to draw horses on a slate kept on the back door to list the grocery order."

Today, Bill Dobell is philosophical about the nationwide furor that resulted over his famous Joshua Smith portrait, but "at the time it wasn't easy."

He won the Archibald Prize with this portrait in 1944, but two Sydney artists challenged his win on the grounds that the picture of Joshua Smith was a caricature and not a portrait. The award of the prize was upheld in the Equity Court.

"That court case certainly brought me into the public eye, but it was terrible.

"I was afraid to go out because of the abuse I got from people, and the phone never stopped ringing.

"Call yourself an artist," some of them would yell when they saw me in a restaurant or in the street.

"Some characters used to write me abusive letters, and one particular bloke cut up a picture of me that appeared in a newspaper and posted the scraps to me in an envelope."

Even today, Bill Dobell, probably the most controversial artist in Australia, still gets attacked in restaurants with the taunt, "Call yourself an artist," but it doesn't worry him too much.

As a painter, Bill Dobell thinks he has still to do his best work. He believes he'll do it in New Guinea, which has fascinated him ever since he made two visits there.

"After I came back last time," he said, "I felt I was really arriving at something, but hadn't quite made it. I'd like to go back and see if I can. I find the people and the country fascinating."



BROTHER AND SISTER share their afternoon tea with their two dogs—"Shek," with Miss Dobell, and "Eddy." They also have a white cat, "Brother John." "Biddy" always goes up to the studio with the artist and lies down quietly while he paints.



GOVERNOR'S WIFE, Mrs. E. W. Woodward (centre), with Mrs. Frank Packer (left) and Miss Sheila Collett inspects one of the portraits entered in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1957.



EARLY ARRIVALS at the Art Gallery were (from left) Romayne Hordern, Mrs. Anthony Hordern, and Mr. Vincent Fairfax. The one hundred and thirty-eight paintings will be on show at the National Art Gallery until October 20.



PRESIDENT of the Board of Trustees of the National Art Gallery, Mr. B. J. Waterhouse, talks to Mrs. Warwick Fairfax at the party in the board-room after the official opening.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS AT THE ART GALLERY

MORE than eight hundred art-lovers crowded into a court of the National Art Gallery last week when the Governor, Lieutenant-General E. W. Woodward, opened The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition, 1957.

After the speeches everybody wandered through the two courts inspecting the one hundred and thirty-eight portraits, with a knot of people always in front of the two prize-winners. These were William Dobell's comment - provoking portrait of Helena Rubinstein and the child portrait by Czechoslovakian artist Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova, which was judged the best submitted by a woman.

Then, at a gay party in the board-room, William Dobell was toasted in champagne, everyone still chuckling about his speech: "All I can say is that I'm glad to get the £1500."

PRETTY hats in the crowd . . . crisp navy and white chosen by Lady Lloyd Jones, a white crown and navy brim banded with navy linen, white

linen lining the brim . . . Mrs. Bill Kendall's jaunty cap massed with lily of the valley.

BACK in Australia for a few months is attractive Mrs. Howell Walker, of Washington, D.C., who arrived at the show practically "straight from the plane." She had been staying with friends at Moree and flew to Sydney that morning in time for the opening. Mrs. Walker viewed the exhibition with her sister, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland.

ATTRACTIVE sisters-in-law Mrs. Malcolm Copleston and Mrs. Marinus Okkerse were two of the prettiest art students at the opening - they are studying under Joshua Smith.

Anne



OFFICIAL OPENING. William Dobell and Mrs. Frank Packer listening to the Governor of New South Wales, Lieut-General E. W. Woodward, opening The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition, 1957. Dobell won the first prize of £1500.



DISCUSSING the prize-winning portrait of Helena Rubinstein by William Dobell are Mrs. Alfred Varcoe (left) and Mrs. David Roper, who later congratulated the artist on his win.



ARTISTS Vaïke Lübus and Michael Kmit at the National Art Gallery. Mr. Kmit was one of the finalists in the competition and Vaïke was painted by Joshua Smith. This portrait was chosen for the travelling exhibition, which will tour all capital cities.



PAINTER Doug Watson, who submitted a portrait for the exhibition, discusses the entries with Mrs. Bruce McFarlan, who wore a pretty flower-trimmed hat.

Easy draw

Finer flavour



*and the best
Virginia tobaccos
money can buy*

So easy to change to...from ordinary cigarettes

If food is worth its salt it's worth its **SAXA**



Saxa Table Salt available in Cartons and Drums



Stops odour instantly

SNO-MIST
POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

HAY FEVER STOPPED IN MINUTES
by one tiny tablet!

Don't suffer eye-watering, sneezing, smarting Hay Fever one moment longer! Take one tiny As-mo-lets tablet, and within minutes you'll experience positive, lasting relief! As-mo-lets are a scientific medical treatment—completely harmless, perfectly safe for children. Ask your Chemist for AS-MO-LETS Tablets—8/6 a bottle.

FALSE TEETH

FIT-RITE
FOR LIFE OF PLATE
With One Application
in FOUR MONEY BACK
GUARANTEES

Months. Sets While-U-Wear.
Just Press FIT-RITE Clear, Colored Soft Plastic on Denture.
No More Sore Gums, Embarrassing Loose, Dropping Dentures or Use of Daily Powders.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

ORDER FORM

ONLY OBTAINABLE

RE-NU CO. (Estab. 1932)

58 SWAN ST., opp. Richmond St.,

Vic. Phone JB1755.

I enclose £2 Cash-P.N.-M.O.-Chq., or

10/- Bal. C.O.D., or send Free Description

Famphlet and Testimonial Sheet of FIT-RITE.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PEARL BUCK AT HER PEAK

Best-selling novel is our next serial

● At the age of 65, author Pearl Buck should, by all the rules, retire to rest on her good works, contemplate her fortune, and count her prodigious total of 43 published books, including her latest, "Letter from Peking," which begins as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

INSTEAD, in addition to nursing her sick husband, Richard J. Walsh, she is engaged in:

- Helping with the filming of the best-selling "Letter from Peking,"
- Putting on a Broadway musical and off-Broadway drama, and
- Writing her next novel.

When Hollywood's cameras start turning soon for "Letter from Peking," the writer has promised Warner Brothers she will be on the spot to assist with filming.

This will be a departure from normal procedure for Pearl Buck. On the celluloid version of "The Good Earth," in 1937, and "Dragonseed," 1944, she just took her money and stayed away.

"Letter from Peking" is the most moving love-story Pearl Buck has written since "The Good Earth" brought her fame.

Set in the 20th century, it tells the tragedy of lives forced apart by the relentless sweep of political forces when Communism grew in Peking.

Already the novel has reached the top of the publishers' lists in America and England, but our serialisation will be its first release in Australia.

Pearl Buck's musical, tentatively titled "My Indian Family," is based on a book of the same name by Hilda Werner, and should be "on the boards" by next April.

The story, which departs considerably from the novel on which it is based, is a type of "Anna and the King of Siam" in reverse. It is about a young American woman who goes to India and learns tolerance, humor, and understanding.

The play, "Flight into China," will be a straight dramatisation of the author's 1948 novel, "Peony," and should make its debut about the end of the year at the new Seven Lively Arts Centre on Madison Ave.

Pearl Buck is filling in her "idle hours" by working on her next opus, which will not be Chinese in theme.

The story is about a famous but otherwise unidentified atomic scientist, and it's rumored she has in mind the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer, the distinguished physicist whose flirtations with U.S. Communists resulted in the end of his public career several years ago.

A new life

Question her about her retirement, and Pearl Buck, the only American woman ever honored with both the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes, tells you firmly that she has "no intention" of retiring.

"When you're self-employed, you have to keep on working. Far from retiring, I'm starting a new life. Not only am I writing plays for the first time, but my books will be quite different from those I've published.

"I'll still have China in



PEARL BUCK, whose best-selling "Letter from Peking" begins as our stirring serial in next week's issue.

most of them, but the new ones will be centred on America," said the writer, a big woman with long white hair twisted in a bun, green-blue eyes, and a regal pose, who talked as shyly as a novice about her new work.

Born in Hillsboro, West Virginia, on June 26, 1892, Pearl Sydenstricker, as she then was, went to China as a child with her missionary parents. She herself was a missionary for many years, and did not return to the U.S. until she was in her 40's.

At the same time as she is pouring unbelievable energy into all her writing, she is running a 400-acre Pennsylvania farm and 18-room house, tending her family, and continuing her work for retarded children and orphans of mixed blood.

For relaxation, she prunes roses, plays the piano or organ, and cooks Chinese-style.

"I don't spend any time on anything I don't like," she claims. "That's the secret of my enjoyment of life."

Children rank first on the list of what Pearl Buck enjoys in life. She's had 11 of them: two daughters from her first marriage to missionary John L. Buck, three stepchildren from her present marriage to publisher Richard J. Walsh, and six adopted children, the youngest a Chinese girl of 11.

"Children of mixed blood need to be adopted. Any child should be adopted by the persons who most want him and can take the best care of him, not by the old tradition of matching up religions and races," she said.

"As for retarded children, my own eldest child was retarded. I know how much we need research into the causes."

The author hopes "to see a great deal of progress in the next 10 years" on behalf of women.

"I believe in women," she said. "But they're in a transitional stage; just beginning to think of themselves as citizens and human beings; still fearful of responsibilities."

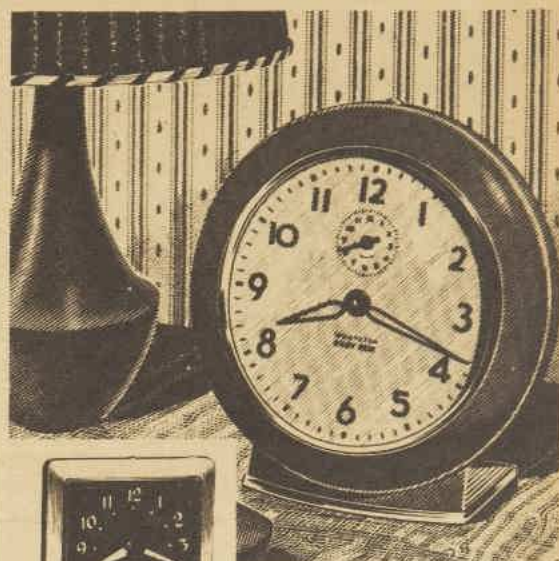
She does not believe responsibility means "running in groups or doing ineffectual work."

"I think instead of working to collect money for some charity, for instance, women should put their energy into working for laws and conditions that would eliminate the need for charity," she said.

"Every woman should do what she does best."

Handsome Clocks

sturdy and reliable



Not for you a fragile time-piece that needs a glass case. What's wanted nowadays is a good-looking clock that's sturdy and reliable. A clock with an honest, easy-to-read face with good craftsmanship behind it. That's why these clocks are so well thought of—and why more than 300 million Westclox have been sold in the world.

SPUR. With its insistent alarm, Spur will rouse the deepest sleeper. Ivory finish with gold-coloured trim—or black with chromium. Non-luminous too, if you prefer.



FORTUNE. Smartly styled, robustly made, Fortune's gold-coloured trim contrasts smartly with the jet-black metal case. This alarm comes in other colours too. . . and Fortune's low price is your good luck!

BABY BEN. You won't be disturbed by its quiet tick . . . and if you don't need a loud alarm you can adjust it to a soft reminder. The dustproof case is finished in pink, black or ivory. Non-luminous Baby Bens are made in the same colours plus a delicate blue.

Westclox tell the world the time



Distributors: BROWN & DUREAU LTD.

ALL STATES

Nothing Equals the amazing efficiency of

Warmray

TRIPLE-PURPOSE, SLOW-COMBUSTION,

AIR-CONDITIONING HOME HEATER

Model No. 3 Super De Luxe: Capacity over 8,000 cu. ft. Installs in rooms without fireplaces. Cuts fuel by 75%.



The secret of Warmray's amazing efficiency is the Patented Heating Tubes (here shown) built into the firebox. The air in the room passes through these tubes continuously, thus maintaining an even warmth in every part of the room.

BURNS ALL SOLID FUELS • WOOD IS CLEANEST
SOLD BY STORES, BUILDERS' SUPPLIERS AND HARDWARE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE • BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

WARMRAY PTY. LTD.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributors
Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney. BL 2217

If unobtainable locally, phone, write or call for illustrated Brochure and name of nearest agent



ADOPTED CHILDREN are among Pearl Buck's greatest interests. She has six of her own, the youngest an 11-year-old Chinese girl, and each year she holds a "Spring Thanksgiving" for groups of mothers and their adopted children. Here she is with some of this year's guests.

IT'S HERE! THE VIVACIOUS VAUXHALL VICTOR

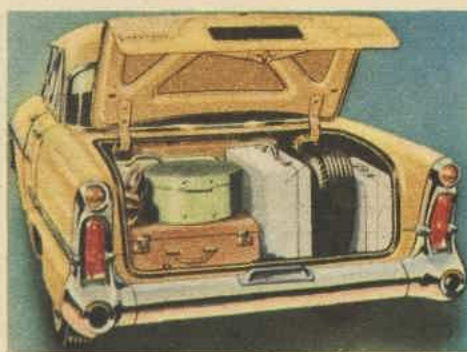


The completely new 4 cylinder saloon with full circle vision for **PANORAMIC MOTORING!**



Panoramic Windshield

Only by riding in Victor can you appreciate the difference the panoramic windshield, full wrap-round rear window and new low glass line makes in safety, driving ease and sight-seeing.



Exceptionally Large Luggage Boot

Smooth action, spring-loaded lid opens to reveal a surprisingly large luggage boot. Flat floor and vertical sides provide space wide enough for golf bags, deep enough for the family's holiday gear. Spare wheel removable without disturbing luggage.



The completely new Vauxhall Victor Super gives more beauty, more comfort, more safety, more driving pleasure than ever before offered in the lower-priced car field.

Powered by a 1½ litre, 4 cyl. "over-square" engine delivering 54.8 b.h.p., Victor gives a sprightly performance with outstanding petrol economy.

Drive this lively newcomer and experience the exceptional riding comfort and handling qualities bred of Vauxhall's 50-year tradition of engineering leadership. Let your Vauxhall Dealer prove **Vauxhall Value** now!

Salute the

VAUXHALL VICTOR

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

G.M.A.C. CONFIDENTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Convenient hire-purchase arrangements are available through General Motors' own finance company, G.M.A.C.

SPECIAL "AIR-CHIEF" CAR RADIO

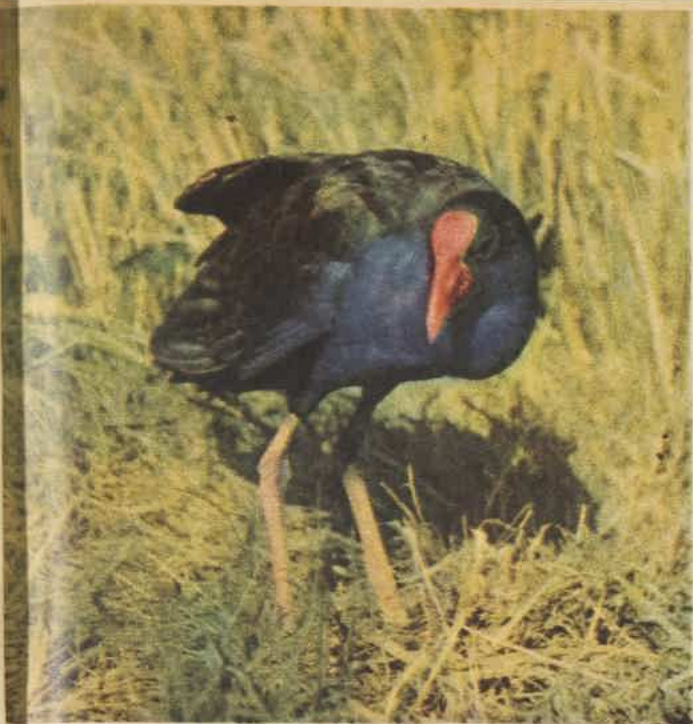
There's a six-valve "Air-Chief" car radio specially designed for your Vauxhall Victor.

GENERAL MOTORS-HOLDEN'S LTD.



All-round vision means safer, more enjoyable driving

From the driving position on the full width seat you command a completely unobstructed view of the road ahead and to the sides. All four fenders are visible for easy parking. Low bonnet and boot line present close-up view of road both front and rear. Instruments are grouped for easy reading. Driving ease is increased by 3-speed all-synchro gearbox controlled by positive-action lever on column, which also carries quick-release handbrake and direction signal lever.



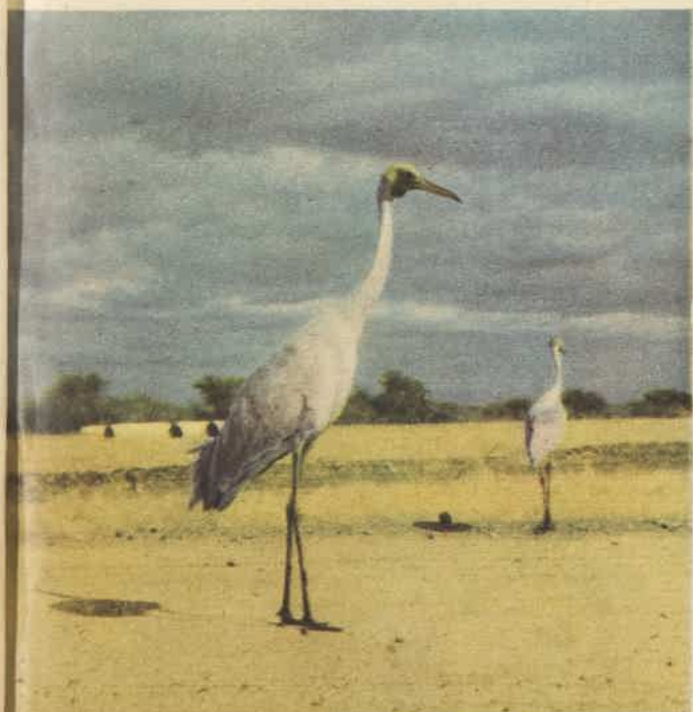
BALD COOT or Eastern Swamp-hen (*Porphyrio melanotus*) has a crimson bill with a horny shield running back over the forehead, feeds on grass and aquatic plants. Parties of these birds are often seen in swamps in many parts of the continent. This picture was taken by Dr. Allen Keast, Sydney.

These are Australian:

Queer Birds

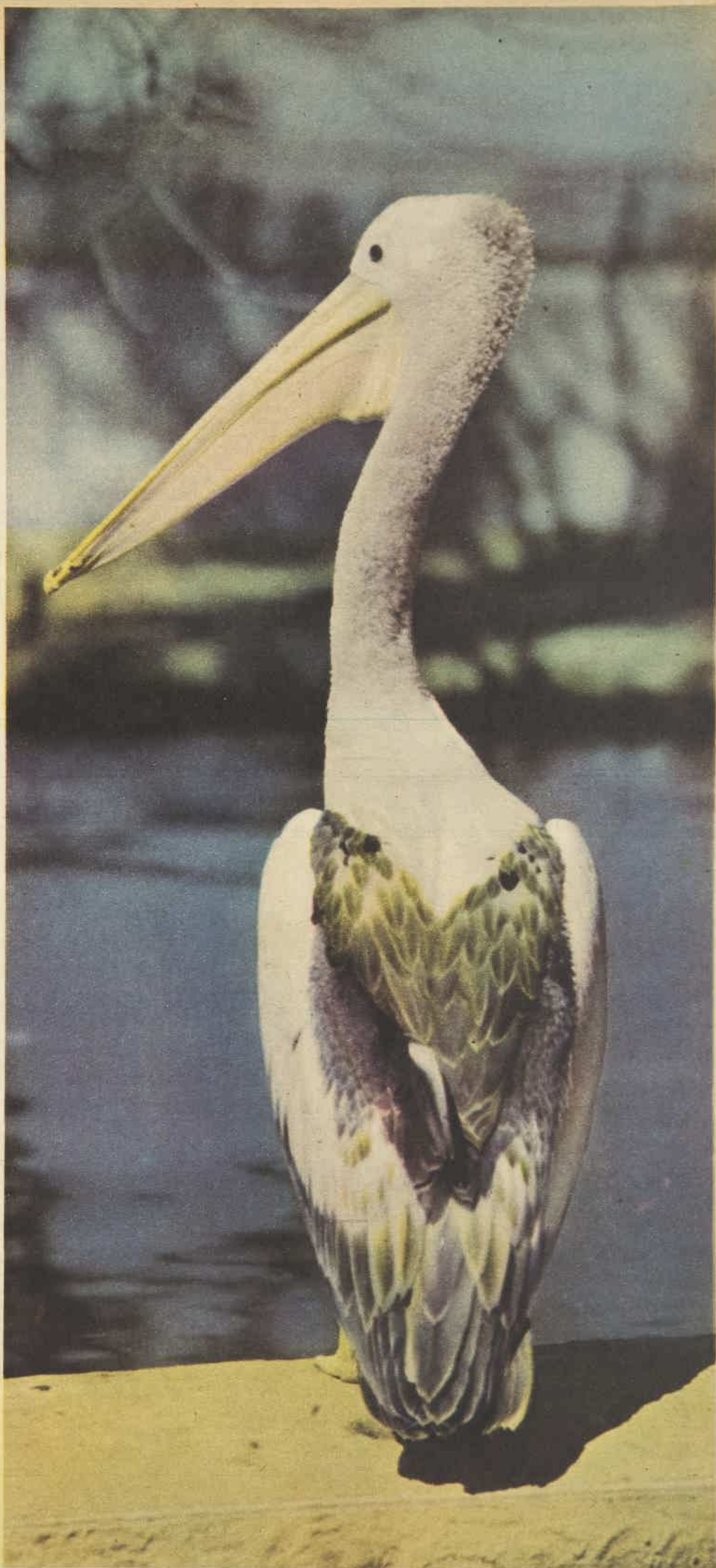
THESE three birds, usually seen around swamps, are unrelated, but all have some remarkable feature. The Bald Coot has very long toes which enable it to walk on the surface vegetation of swamps. The Pelican has that celebrated pouch on its bill, capable of holding two or three gallons of water. The Brolga or Native Companion is famous for its dancing. Flocks of them form "quadrille parties" and perform graceful dancing movements, which are most interesting to watch.

For "The Living Bush" order coupon see page 61

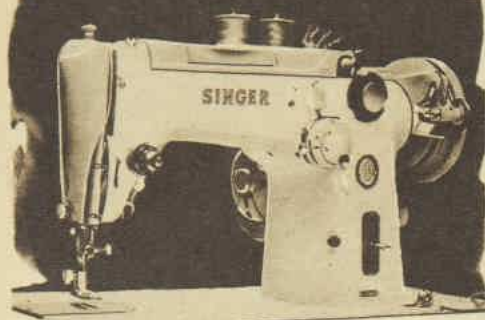


ABOVE: Brolga or Native Companion (*Megalornis rubicundus*) frequents plains and swampy areas, mostly in north of continent. Picture by Dr. G. Readshaw, of Winton, Qld.

RIGHT: Pelican (*Pelecanus conspicillatus*) lives on fish and crustaceans, is usually seen fishing in shallow water of lakes, swamps, or sea. Has wing-span up to 8ft. 6in. Staff photograph.



The machine of **TODAY**
as modern as **TOMORROW**



SINGER

Fully Automatic

319 WITH FINGER-TIP CONTROL

It took Singer experience to bring you the world's most modern automatic sewing machine. With just a flick of your finger you change from straight sewing, to zig-zag... from zig-zag to buttonholes. Everything a woman could possibly need in a sewing machine is automatically yours with the Singer Automatic 319. You'll always be assured of spare parts and efficient servicing—when you buy a Singer machine. Call at your Singer Sewing Centre and ask for a personal demonstration of the new-new Singer Automatic 319. In two-tone pastel green or smart black with modern carrying case or Console table model.



Sew through life with

SINGER

There are over 500 Singer Sewing Centres and Representatives throughout Australia. Refer to the telephone directory for YOUR nearest centre.

THE MANAGER, SINGER SEWING CENTRE

Please send catalogue of all Singer models ☐
Please arrange home demonstration for me ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

*A Trade Mark of The Singer Manufacturing Co.



Also in 1 gallon cans for Hospitals, institutional and commercial users.

Arthur Brun Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY do women fuss when a new hard-to-wear fashion is introduced? At present everyone is bemoaning how terrible they will look in the "Sack." What nonsense. The young who are attractive look beautiful whatever they wear. The young who aren't attractive, but have brains enough to adapt any fashion to their own style, look effective. Older women usually have enough sense to know that fashions come and go, and good foundation garments, plus a few fat tucks in the right place, work wonders in any frock. With a little ingenuity, we're all in the fashion, so let designers rack their brains. Women will adapt their ideas, anyway.

£1/1/- to "Schiaparelli Pink" (name supplied), Seaford, Vic.

IT should be made a law that any employee who takes time off work to donate blood will get paid. I know of several cases where bosses have refused permission to staff to have three-quarters of an hour off to go to the blood bank. It surely wouldn't be any great hardship on employers, because the visits are only once every three months. If all firms had this selfish outlook, many lives would be lost.

10/6 to Mrs. Patricia Clark, 11 Hutton St., Clayfield, Qld.

AS housewives generally are always interested to hear of reforms in hygiene, it staggers me to find how casual most women are when it comes to washing the dishes. Often they wash greasy dishes in tepid water with little or no soap, and just how they manage to make them even look clean is a mystery to me. Apparently these slap-happy dish-washers have no regard for germs.

10/6 to Mrs. L. Newton, 153 First Ave., Royston Park, S.A.

IT'S inspiring to note the number of migrants who are carefully saving their earnings week by week to build a life of security for themselves and future generations. These people are really to be admired, as many arrived here with almost nothing. In a short while they have set themselves well on the way to prosperity and happiness. Many Australians could take a leaf from their book.

10/6 to "Observer" (name supplied), Bayswater, W.A.

WHAT a pity the "do-it-yourself" craze has not extended to our entertainment and sport. We seem to have grown into a nation of spectators and listeners rather than "doers." Even digging a few weeds from the garden must be more beneficial and should be more satisfying than barracking at a football match. Also, I feel that any type of home-made music would be preferable to many of the pitiful recordings being aired now. I do not suggest that the "good old days" were generally superior, but people then were certainly superior in their ability to make their own entertainment and to extract the last ounce of enjoyment out of their hours of relaxation.

10/6 to Mrs. Leila Watson, 188 High St., Bendigo, Vic.

WOULD any reader who can feed a family of four on £4 a week please write out a menu for me? My husband thinks I should be able to, and he won't eat stews. This really makes life hard.

10/6 to "Very Worried" (name supplied), Belmont, N.S.W.

First nail the cause

NAIL-CHEWING is a difficult problem, and I sympathise with "Sandra's Mother" (28/8/57). I think she might find a cure if she first discovered the cause of her daughter's chewing habit. Is it reaction from insecurity? Is she a happy little girl? Does she have a well-balanced diet? Is she sleeping well? The most important thing for Sandra's mother to do is to ignore the nail-biting completely. This will allow Sandra to forget it, too. Children always react to their mother's moods. Then Sandra's attention should be drawn to a toy or game which makes use of her hands. I'm sure that if these points were observed Sandra would soon forget her bad habit.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Geater, 60 Blytheswood Ave., Warrawee, N.S.W.

Family affairs

OFTEN my young daughter finds she has nothing to amuse her at the weekends, so I have invented a game that also helps me with the housework. She pretends I've advertised for a maid, and knocks at the door and asks for the job, armed with make-believe references. I agree to put her on a week's trial. Then I set her to work dusting and arranging flowers and doing other cleaning chores. I inspect her work, growl if it's not right, and often order her to do it again. This keeps her amused, and sometimes she gives notice and then pretends to be a new girl. The game makes her forget her boredom and adds fun to household tasks which she normally wouldn't want to do.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Colin Flood, "Green Hill," Campbell Town, Tas.

● Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

FOR the past ten years I have been almost completely deprived of tripe.

This happened because I married a woman who does not like it.

In other ways the food my wife supplies is all I could wish. She knows many excellent dodges, such as boiling potatoes before she bakes them.

But where tripe is concerned she is uncompromising. She won't touch it or look at it, let alone eat it.

I would as soon bring the Luton Girls' Choir into the house as a pound of tripe.

This is a pity, because I am very fond of it.

I have told my wife often that with a little patience she would learn to like it too.

Once I gave her a book called "101 Ways to Cook Tripe." It was published by the Tripe Marketing Board.

But she would not read it. She said it was tripe.

It is common, of course, for married people to differ like this in their tastes.

The Jack Sprats were a famous example.

THE TRIPELESS YEARS

Some say that opposites attract each other—dancers usually marry non-dancers, and fierce women marry timid men. They would argue that I was attracted to my wife because she hates tripe.

I doubt this. I don't think we



discussed tripe in our courtship days.

Today we are a clear case of Spratism, but we have not made a satisfactory adjustment like the Sprats.

I gaze at tripe in butchers' windows, with its beautiful criss-cross patterns.

When I eat in a restaurant I look eagerly down the menu for it. But it is not often there.

Most restaurant-keepers think tripe is not chic.

I get an occasional tripe meal by an arrangement with my friend Perc Potluck.

His wife likes tripe, but she won't cook kidneys, to which Perc is partial.

Sometimes when the Potlucks are having tripe and we are having kidneys, Perc and I change places for dinner.

But it means walking round to the next street. It's a nuisance, especially in wet weather.

It is my belief that tripe will never get a fair deal until it is given a new name—something attractive like "blonde steak."

Under its present name too many people sneer at it.

Cricketers describe bad bowling as tripe. Poor-quality novels are called tripe.

To the tripe-lover this does not make sense.

It would be more reasonable to say: "War and Peace" is a magnificent book. It is pure tripe."

THE PELICAN

She swore on her honor it was all true ... an amusing story

By **NATHANIEL BENCHLEY**

ARTHUR LUDLOW drained his coffee-cup, put it down with a clatter, wiped his mouth and kissed his wife as he stood up. "See you at lunch," he said, and went out the kitchen door.

Anne poured herself another cup and stared idly out the window at the black rocks that jutted out into the shining, blue Pacific. She was not yet fully awake, and her mind hung dully on Arthur's parting remark. "See you at lunch."

That had about as much meaning as "take it easy," or "so long," or any of the other casual farewells. Only Arthur always said "See you at lunch" as though it were a new idea, or something. Of course he was going to see her at lunch; he had come home for lunch every day for the past five years. He'd seen her at more than fifteen hundred lunches, and yet he still said it every morning. "See you at lunch."

Suppose he didn't see her at lunch. Suppose she should put on her best dress and go all the way up to Los Angeles and have lunch by herself at Romanoff's — leave a note saying, "Gone to lunch—see you later." Then what would he say the next morning? He'd probably still say, "See you at lunch," out of sheer force of habit.

Anne finished her coffee, got up from the table, and slowly washed the breakfast dishes, her mind a complete blank. Then she began to vacuum the living-room. She liked to have the house clean and tidy when he came home.

After she had finished vacuuming, Anne took the bag from the cleaner and opened the kitchen door, outside of which stood the garbage-tin. There, beside the tin, was a large, dirty, grey pelican.

Anne stopped and waited, and the bird regarded her with an air of calm detachment that carried with it a hint of superiority. Its yellow eyes stared at her unblinking, and the feathered crest on the top of its head twitched. Anne saw the sharp hook at the end of the long, baggy beak, and her legs felt cold and naked.

"Hello," she said, and the bird continued to stare at her. "Look," she went on. "I just want to empty this bag into the tin. Okay?"

The bird made no movement as she stepped across and shook out the vacuum bag, but when she backed away from the tin it took one waddling step and tried to get its beak over the rim to sample the contents. It was then that she saw that its left wing had been broken, and was drooping almost to the ground. Unable to

fly, the bird was apparently starving. "Oh, hey," she said. "Wait a minute, and I'll see if I've got something for you."

She went back inside, and the bird started to follow her. "No," she said, closing the door. "You wait outside." She searched the shelves for anything faintly resembling sea food, but saw only canned soups, pancake mix, chili con carne, and baked beans.

She opened the refrigerator, in which were a half a cantaloupe, a little bacon, two hard-boiled eggs, some assorted vegetables, and a tube of anchovy paste. She started to close the refrigerator door, then stopped. Anchovy paste was, after all, fish. She took out the tube and looked around for something to squeeze the paste on to. She had no desire to feed the pelican by hand.

Taking three slices of bread, she slowly squeezed the contents of the tube on to them, then put them on a plate and took it outside and put it on the ground. The pelican tottered up and inspected the plate, then picked up the pieces of bread and gulped them down. It turned and looked at Anne.

"That's all there is," she said. The bird moved closer and she backed up to the door. "I'm not kidding," she said. "There isn't anything else. Just beans, and things like that. Now, run along." The bird remained where it was, and stared at her. "I'm sorry," she said, and went into the kitchen and hurriedly closed the door behind her.

She tried to get back to her housework, but the thought of the pelican haunted her, and every time she looked out the window she saw that it had not moved, but was staring at the kitchen door, waiting patiently for her to return.

She looked beyond to the ocean, and the thought occurred to her that if she could herd the pelican down to the beach and into the water it might at least have a chance to catch some fish by swimming around. No matter what, it would be better than having it slowly starve to death at her kitchen door. She took a deep breath and went outside. The pelican started towards her.

"No," said Anne. "The other way. Shoo!" She gestured with her hands, and the bird stopped and backed up. "Go on!" she said. "To the water! Whislt!" The pelican turned and

To page 57

FICTION SECTION

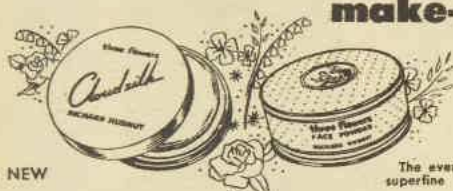
"Go on," Anne said, trying to persuade the bird to cross the road, but once again it stopped and refused to budge.



look natural



with the soft beauty of
three flowers
make-up



The NEW

The ever-popular
superfine

three flowers
Cloudsilk
three flowers
Face Powder

The newest combination powder-foundation make-up! Gives your skin a new, younger-looking, flawless look that will delight you. Lasts for hours without retouching. Never cracks or crumbles in the case... you can use it to the very end... so economical! Four beautiful shades... 6/11

If you prefer a loose powder, this is the lightest, loveliest powder you can imagine... so soft, so fine! Three flowers goes on so evenly, it blends perfectly with your skin tones... subtly conceals every tiny imperfection, yet retains the natural, fresh appearance of your skin... 4/6

Both at chemists and stores everywhere.

CREATIONS OF **Richard Hudnut** NEW YORK • LONDON
PARIS • SYDNEY

TP64-102

Wise men use
SPHINX
HANDKERCHIEFS

because they want the best—Sphinx finest Egyptian cotton handkerchiefs with guaranteed fast colours. Individually cellophane wrapped.



SPHINX—coloured borders, self colours; white satin striped, 3/3; plain white hemstitched, 2/10; individually initialed, 3/9; gift boxes of three for 9/9; gift boxes of six for 19/6. CAIRO—for men, colours only, 2/11. IDEAL—for ladies, colours only, 1/11.



SPHINX

men's handkerchiefs are made by:
Commonwealth Handkerchief Co. Ltd.,
61-65 Wentworth Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. MA3967

CS24

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER

You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

Page 20

MURDER WAS HER WELCOME

Final instalment of our murder mystery serial

By **MARGOT NEVILLE**

THE sudden rush of fear-driven blood brought Julia to her feet.

The stranger stepped quickly towards her. "Don't scream," he commanded so imperatively that the scream died at his bidding, his warning hand, raised, hushing it down.

They stared at each other dumbly for a long minute. She stood with one hand on her chair-back, and he midway across the blue and white squares of the floor. Every unfamiliar inch of him seemed to threaten her. And yet among the clamor of her feelings some more reasonable part of her was trying to tell her that if he hadn't struck her down before she turned there was the less to fear.

Then she heard her own frightened whisper: "What are you doing here?"

"That's better," he said. "I thought you were going to let out a yell from here to tomorrow. Don't you!"

"No," she said, desperately trying not to look like a frightened rabbit fascinated by a snake, not to show the terror that might excite the violence in him.

He eased a step nearer, looking at her with cool appraisal. "The first thing to do is to establish a bit of confidence in each other. Right?"

Confidence! She tried to gain it by noting the mere ordinariness of everything about him, the ordinariness of the race-course tout, the billiard-saloon habitue. A hawk's face, brown eyes with rather red-veined whites. Sallow, unhealthy looking, but with an abundance of thrusting vitality. A flashily cut light fawn suit. A heavy seal-ring with a red stone in it on the raised hand. His age, an ill-spent thirty.

"Who are you?" she said at the end of her long stare, and forced her eyes away from him, straightened the knife and fork on her plate.

"Now, what do you want to know that for?" His tone was lightly bantering. "My name wouldn't mean a thing to you. I'm only telling you, you haven't got anything to be afraid of. I'd be pleased to see you sit right down and finish your supper. Matter of fact, I'd be pleased to join you if you'd offer me a glass of something. Something stronger than milk, if I might suggest it!"

"You're the man—you're the man who got out of the taxi?"

"Right! Guessed in one!"

"How did you get in here?"

"Saw a lighted window." He jerked his head back towards the morning-room. "Saw it half open, popped in, took cover."

"But the policeman searched the house."

He shook his head slowly. "Your girl-friend was all of a jitter. Almost as scared as I was. She neglected to look down behind the big couch while the cop had his neck in the cupboard. Look, I've had luck tonight." He took out an outside cigarette case, flicked it open, and held it out to her. "Go on. Do. Just to show there's no hard feelings."

"Thank you, not now."

"Mind if I do?" He lighted up with a flourish, flicking on a gold lighter, inhaling smoke deeply, but never taking the challenging, slightly bloodshot eyes from her face.

Julia's courage was seeping back. "It'd be tactless, I suppose," she said, "to ask you a question?"

"Ask anything you like. Go ahead. Not that I promise to answer, mind."

"Why did you run at sight of the police car?"

"Ah!" He gave her a smile, a smile that winked on and off like a traffic light. And how hard his face was when it had gone. "You mustn't jump to the conclusion, you know, that because a chappie doesn't want to meet those— Careful! Mustn't say what we think of them in front of a lady—that he's come to steal the spoons. Look, let me convince you. Money talks." He fished out of his pocket a crocodile-skin wallet, opened it, and exhibited a thick wad of notes.

She glanced at it and away again. "I'm not interested. That money doesn't say a thing in this case. I realise that men who come to burgle don't walk boldly up the path in full view of lighted windows. What I want to know is, what brought you here at all? Why did you take a taxi and tell the man to drive you here?"

"Now, look," he said confidentially, "take my advice and don't ask any questions. It'd be a whole heap wiser. I'm telling you that for your peace of mind, not mine."

"My peace of mind?"

"That's how it is. You wouldn't like the facts one little bit if you knew them."

Wouldn't like the facts? she thought. What was this mystery that she ran up against at every turn? Something that Edmund had known about? But at what possible point could Edmund's life have touched this sinister young man's?

She found herself impelled to ask: "Did you know my husband?"

"Your husband?"

His tone advanced her nothing. "My husband who was—murdered on Monday night up in his office."

"Was he your husband?" he said in the same neutral tone. It might have meant, I knew him, but didn't know he was your husband, or simply I read about that murder.

"You saw about it in the papers, I suppose?" she said.

He nodded. "Somebody dinged him, didn't they? Why?"

"I don't know. The police haven't found the person who did it yet."

"They will. Or if they don't they'll find someone that'll suit their purpose every bit as good!" The smile came—went—and left a red gleam of hate in each watchful eye. "What about the drink? Is it still under offer?"

"There's gin there. Help yourself."

Still facing her, he stepped to the tray that she had brought in and left there before dinner. He poured half a glass of gin, barely wetted it with tonic water, and tossed it down his throat in one swallow.

She watched him as warily as he watched her, and the more she saw of him the less she liked him. The hard eyes, the controlled brutality that she sensed beneath the almost ingratiating manner.

He poured another drink, drank that, too, and dabbed at his mouth with a silk handkerchief.

Then for a swift moment he did turn his back on her, and she saw that with that handkerchief he quickly wiped clean the bottles he had handled and the outside of his glass.

Turning back, he said: "Why don't you join me?"

"I'm not inclined to extend this meeting, thank you, or look on it as a social occasion. You found cover in this house, you say. Well, that was nearly three hours ago. Why didn't you get out when the police left and the house was quiet?"

"The police left?" he repeated slowly. "Look, do you really believe they left?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you really believe they'd clear out and leave a place like this without a guard on it tonight?"

"You don't think they're still here?"

"I don't think—I know. There's a couple of cops prowling about your garden right at this very minute. One round the front, one round the back. I had a peek at them through the blind."

Desperation seized her. The comfort that knowledge should have given was washed away in the complications it conjured up. To throw up a window and call—how easy it seemed! Policemen within a few yards, and yet to make the smallest move to attract their attention—how impossible!

"How are you going to leave, then?" she asked. "What do you mean to do?"

"Don't look so worried. We'll manage it. That's why I crashed in on you at your supper."

"But how? How? With them out there...?"

"They're not worried. They saw the light come on in here, and they've decided it's all in order. They've guessed one of you has come down to have a snack or something. Well, you've had it; you've finished your supper. Now, look, I'm going to put out this light."

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't do that! What for?" Of all things on earth, don't let her be left alone in the dark with him! "I'm not going to try to stop you getting away," she said. "I'll go upstairs and leave you. I won't attempt to give any alarm."

He crushed his cigarette out on her plate. "Sorry," he said. "I need a whole lot more co-operation than that." The smile had left his face for good.

"What do you want? What do you want me to do?"

He fixed her with an eye that froze her. "To do what I tell you—and when I tell you—and not a second before. You've only got to string along with me and everything'll be O.K. Now, when I switch off this light don't you make a sound. See? Just keep that in mind. Understand?"

Speechless, she nodded faintly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 9, 1957



"Right." He stepped to the light-switch and plunged them in darkness.

Once again, Julia stifled the scream that rose to her lips! He had come quickly back and was standing close to her, and she knew that one of those vile hands over her mouth could soon finish any scream she might start.

Instead, his voice was in her ear, reassuring her: "O.K., that's right. Now, you just come along." He had her by the arm and was pushing her ahead of him into the kitchen.

Darkness in here, too, except for the moonlight that struggled in. By its light, and impelled by his hand and the hateful nearness of him, she found herself edging slowly forward across the familiar room.

They reached the door into the back garden. His grip on her elbow tightened. "This is it," his whisper came. "Military tactics. I open the door and you give one of those screams you wanted to when you first saw me. You scream as loud as you know how."

She stood aside. He reached past her and without a sound unlocked and set wide the door.

Scream, he had said. A diversion here to bring the police running so that he could be out and away through the front door. There was a second's silence in which she keyed herself for the outcry, imagined her own cries for help ringing out, shattering the dead hush that lay over the leafy moonlit night, imagined the policemen's running footsteps . . . She opened her mouth to obey.

A sound at her back. She swung round.

He was standing a pace or two behind her. The moonlight shone full on him and showed her the lifted arm, the cosh in his hand.

She screamed, screamed. No simulated terror these screams, but with all the voice that real terror could lend them. She crouched, started forward. The heavy thing came down. A moment's sickening pain, and then darkness.

On Monday morning, shortly after the men's outfitter's shop in George Street had opened, Sergeant Manning walked in and took the lift to the second floor. He stepped out and looked around for the manager of the department.

Directed to him, he found a tall, well-groomed individual

who, at sight of the light gabardine overcoat over Manning's arm, foresaw a complaint, and put a fraction of defence into his "Good morning, sir. Anything I can do for you?"

Manning explained the purpose of his visit.

The manager gave a little neighing laugh, took the coat, and turned it about. "Oh, dear me! That's rather a poser. We had a limited number of these coats, I admit—imported coats—about six dozen. It sold at forty-five guineas. They went very quickly." He examined the lining. "Size thirty-eight. You may be in luck. I'll be only too glad to help you if I can."

The look of distaste on his face gave him the lie. "The C.I.B., you say? Yes, well, as I said, a line like this goes quickly. Beautiful material, well cut. Can't beat the English tailors at this sort of job." He opened it up, exhibited the lining, as though selling the garment all over again. "But, as to saying who bought it—well— If it was one of our credit customers, of course, it would narrow it down. But if it was a cash sale . . ." He pulled a long face.

"I might be able to help you there. Our Scientific Department says the sleeves have been shortened."

"Oh? Is that so? Indeed?" He turned back one of the cuffs.

"Yeah. They say the silk stitching inside the cuff is a bit lighter than what was used for the rest of the lining, so they ripped it up here and found where it'd been shortened three-quarters of an inch."

"Well, in that case," the other said, "I may be able to trace the sale among the dockets of alterations made. If you don't mind waiting a little while, sir."

It was more than a little while, however, before he returned with the information that one of these coats, a size thirty-eight, had been altered, the sleeves shortened for a gentleman.

"Here is the name and address, sir," and he handed Manning a slip of paper.

"These cosh merchants know where and how to hit," Grogan was saying to Julia on this same Monday morning. "A very artistic job they can make of it. Just enough and not too much."

Julia's smile was pale. "It seemed plenty to me. The

Pamela pointed the revolver directly at the horrified Julia, who saw that Lindsay and Inspector Grogan were at the window.

headache I had yesterday! But I suppose it was kind of him not to kill me."

"Kind for himself for when he gets caught." The inspector's eyes were almost as hard as those of her Saturday night visitor.

"Will he get caught?"

"Let's hope so. If he liked the look of the police as little as he showed—taking to his heels like that—could be the police don't like him any too well."

"Somebody on your 'wanted' list, you mean?"

Lowered sun-blinds filtered the light in the morning-room, the hot day was barely presaged in its shadowy quiet. Julia, still feeling rather wan, was lying on the sofa.

The carefully planned attack on her at the kitchen door on Saturday night had not miscarried in one detail. When the two constables, brought by her screams, came running and found her, she was lying unconscious in the open doorway and her assailant well away with a comfortable start. The search of the house, the telephoning for police reinforcements and a doctor, while she lay out to it, had made the getaway a certainty.

During the long, painful Sunday, Olive was mistress of the house. Authoritatively she came and went, receiving callers with her widowed air, and, on Mrs. Duffy's return at late afternoon, giving her orders not as a deputy but as the fountain-head.

Never a willing invalid, however, Julia was up and dressed by eleven o'clock this morning and ready to see Grogan and answer his questions.

She leant forward and poured the coffee that Mrs. Duffy put down at her elbow. A Mrs. Duffy with disapproving lips and eyes and a something in her air suggesting that none of this could have happened had she been at her post.

Julia said: "I must have been innocent to think that he was

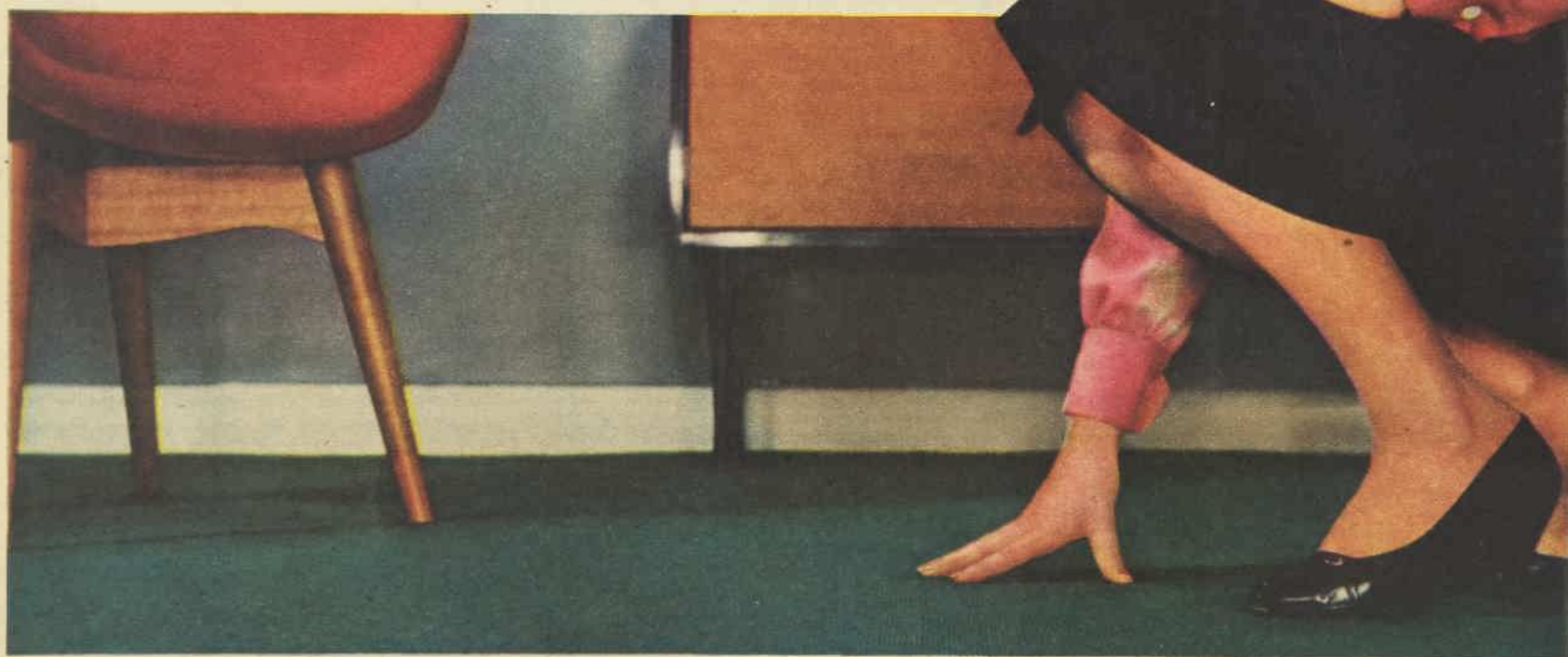
To page 58

Luxury, long-wear and low price make famous 40" width

Westminster

GENUINE BRANDED CARPET

your best carpet value



BEAUTIFUL CONTEMPORARY COLOURS



WESTMINSTER DEFINITELY OUTLASTS ORDINARY CARPETS...

WESTMINSTER IS ECONOMICAL—Its very reasonable initial cost, coupled with the full 40" width and long life qualities, make Westminster Australia's most outstanding carpet value. Small wonder Westminster is Australia's largest selling carpet.

WESTMINSTER IS LONG-WEARING—with its wear-resistant uncut pile of goat hair and wool mixture vulcanised into a resilient base of rubber and woven jute cloth, Westminster definitely stands up to more concentrated foot traffic than ordinary carpets. Dust and abrasives cannot penetrate Westminster's base, thus wear is reduced and cleaning so much easier and more thorough.

Westminster is branded on the back for your protection. Look for the genuine Australian made product.

WESTMINSTER IS BEAUTIFUL—The handsome ribbed pile with its faintly tweedy fleck in a range of glorious plain shades makes Westminster the carpet for every type of room setting. Period, conventional and contemporary homes are all enhanced by Westminster's simple charm.

WESTMINSTER IS EASY TO LAY—You can cut Westminster to shape with scissors; its edges can't fray and, because seams need no sewing but are simply joined with carpet tape, they are virtually invisible. Whether you lay it yourself or employ a laying service, you'll readily appreciate the big savings you make when you carpet with Westminster.

Ask to see **Westminster** in the carpet department of any leading store

W81.WWFP

SELLING AGENT: WENZEL PTY. LTD.

Just because it's Spring

A short story complete on this page

By AUDRIE
MANLEY-TUCKER

THE little wind came out of the west, puffing madly at the thistledown clouds in the blue March sky. He wasn't really a grown-up wind, only a young and mischievous breeze, with nothing to do, except send people's hats skimming the length of the High Street and make lines full of washing dance crazily.

At lunch-time he saw Christine Meredith stepping briskly along the street; she was slender and beautifully groomed, very sure of herself in her slim suit and high-heeled shoes.

And on top of her head was an elegant hat, simple enough to have cost a lot of money. The breeze looked at the hat, and decided he liked it; besides, Christine, looking very sure of herself, piqued him.

He swooped down from the chimney pots.

Christine put her hand to her head a split second too late; the hat was jerked from her frantic fingers.

"Oh, no!" she cried, horrified, almost colliding with a shopping-laden woman.

She began to run, but her narrow skirt and the high heels of her shoes defeated her; and the breeze whipped the hat high above the outstretched arm of the first man who leapt gallantly to grab it.

Tears of fury and frustration filled Christine's eyes; she thought, distractedly, of Andrew, waiting for her in the foyer of the Grand Hotel; Andrew, the sole reason for the hat and the costume and all the expensive accessories.

She was going to lunch with him, and it was to be a triumphant gala affair; for he had been boss when she had been dowdy little Chris Meredith who typed in the outer office, all of four years ago.

Lunch with Andrew had long been on the list of her wildest-dreams-come-true; she was half afraid of him—good-looking, rather reserved—and certainly, she reflected bitterly, not a man to be kept waiting while his secretary chased a runaway hat. A hat, she felt, that was possessed of a malicious life of its own, eluding several pursuers.

At the bottom of the High Street, it paused briefly at the feet of the astonished policeman on point duty, before it danced away, bowling along the bridge, level with the parapet.

"No!" whispered Christine. "Oh, no! Not my beautiful new hat in the river, please!"

The last time she saw it, it was sailing gracefully over the parapet; Christine didn't wait for the final act. Out of breath, unsteady, almost in tears, she slowly retraced her steps, surprised to find how far she had run in pursuit.

She sighed, squaring her shoulders, thinking bitterly of the little straw boater bobbing on the uncaring river, floating away to sea, taking with it all her dreams of impressing Andrew.

Christine wasn't so very late, after

all; a mere fifteen minutes. She walked through the revolving doors and caught sight of herself in a long mirror, as Andrew came towards her; pink-cheeked, the point of her blouse collar sticking up, her hair a feathery, untidy mass.

Her first thought was to turn and run away; but Andrew was almost beside her, relief and bewilderment on his face.

"Christine," he said. "What on earth's the matter?"

She was too miserable to make it sound like an amusing and unimportant episode; she blurted out unhappily, "My hat blew away! I chased it down the High Street, but it ended up in the river!"

He put a hand firmly under her elbow and steered her towards a couple of armchairs in a secluded corner of the lounge.

"Now tell me all about it," he said soothingly.

"I've already told you." She pushed back her hair, oblivious of the smut on the tip of her nose. "The wretched wind blew it away and I couldn't catch it. The last time I saw it, it was sailing over the parapet."

He felt a surge of amused tenderness for Christine, the immaculate and efficient, looking forlorn over a lost hat. He had never been quite sure before what lay under that very self-sufficient exterior of hers; the revelation was delightful. It made him feel strong and protective.

"Never mind," he soothed. "You're here—that's all that matters. Anyway, I like you better without a hat. You look a lot younger and prettier."

Slightly dazed, she looked at him and discovered he meant it.

"My hair's a mess," she murmured.

"A nice curly mess." She wouldn't smile, and he looked at her worriedly. "I'll get a boat out, shall I, and row down the river till I find the hat?"

The smile wobbled uncertainly into life.

"It's probably half-way to sea by now."

"Then I'll buy you another," he promised.

"There isn't another like it in the town," she mourned.

"Then I'll have a dozen made, especially for you," he promised crazily. "Anything you like, so long as you stop looking so unhappy, darling."

She blinked; the "darling" was real. It had a nice, warm sound about it, and the look on Andrew's face set a peal of joybells ringing inside her. I arrive late looking as though I've been dragged through a hedge backwards, she thought helplessly—and he looks at me as though he's seeing me for the first time. And likes what he sees very, very much.

Her smile, when it came, was pure sunlight.



Brian made a leap and caught the hat just as Nan came face to face with him.

"I don't want a dozen hats," she murmured, incoherently. "It isn't important; not now."

"That's better," he said softly. "Let's have lunch; and we'll give the office a miss this afternoon. It's the kind of day for driving out into the country somewhere."

She went to the cloakroom first, to repair the damage with a comb and powder-puff; the cloakroom window was open, and the breeze was jiggling the curtains. She put the tips of her fingers to her lips and blew it a kiss, and thought without regret of a pert little boater drifting seawards.

Christine was wrong about the fate of her cherished hat. At the last minute, the breeze repented; it was much too pretty a thing to waste on the cold, sluggish waters of the river. So he came behind it, and blew it, instead, on to the opposite towpath, where it lay, precariously perched on the edge.

Nan Rogers was scurrying along, her bare head bent. No particular reason for hurrying, she thought bitterly; no one would care particularly if she were five minutes late getting back to the library.

Why on earth had she ever thought that it would be fun to leave the village and come to work in a big town? she wondered. A town could be the loneliest place on earth. It had taken her only three months to discover that.

Brian Holland, sitting on a bench and trying to pretend it wasn't too cold to eat his lunch-time sandwiches in the open, looked up suddenly, saw the hurrying girl and the hat both at once, and leapt gallantly for the latter.

He picked it up, just as Nan came face to face with him.

"Got it!" he said triumphantly. "Don't think it's damaged, is it?"

"What?" said Nan, bewildered.

"Your hat. Another puff of wind and it would have been in the water."

Blankly, she took the pretty, expensive boater from him.

"That was very nice of you," she murmured uncertainly. "Only—" she paused, staring down at her grey suit, and suddenly she hadn't the heart to disillusion him.

She swallowed. "Thank you. It's much too pretty to go sailing down the river."

She stood there, turning the hat uncertainly in her hands, the fair hair blowing in her eyes; she was pretty and soft-voiced and he wanted to keep her there talking, but he didn't know how.

The breeze tried to be helpful; he blew the hat from her hands, letting it land nicely between them on the ground, so that they both dived for it together, and their foreheads met abruptly. They straightened, laughing, and Brian took the hat firmly from her.

"Better let me carry it—you're not safe with it. Where are you going?"

"To the library," she said. "I work there."

"Well, that's nice!" he said enthusiastically. "I've worked in the travel agency next door for the past

six weeks. This town can be the loneliest place."

They went along the towpath, and across the High Street, Brian still carrying the hat. I'll tell him, Nan thought happily, but not right now; some day soon we'll laugh over it together, and maybe we can find out who it really belongs to.

The afternoon turned into a faded grey, and presently the stars came out. Christine and Andrew were having tea by a log-fire at a country inn; her eyes were full of stars, and he had a slightly bemused look. Brian was waiting for Nan outside the library where she was handing out books with a smile like midsummer sunshine.

The little breeze yawned, and went away over the hills, pleased with his day's work. Very constructive, he felt. Any breeze can blow washing from back-garden lines, whip newspapers along the streets, and play havoc with hats. Very few, though, could claim the distinction of having played cupid to four people.

(Copyright)

The Maiden and the Mayor

A complete short story by **EDITH JOYCE SMITH**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

VIA VITTORIA might be the poorest street in San Stephano, but its heart beat the warmest and its loyalty was of the staunchest calibre. For years, for instance, the washerwoman and the barrow boys and all the other humble folk of the Vittoria had been asserting that Gino Frascalli, who lived in a bare room above Bianca's wine shop and who as yet had not earned a lira from his brush, was the finest living painter in the whole of Italy.

And on this momentous day, as Gino left his room above Bianca's for the fateful interview timed for three o'clock in the old town hall, they called to him from windows, doors, and sun-splashed balconies where red geraniums blazed and pomegranates ripened. They wished him luck and told him not to worry.

For surely, they added, unless the mayor was absolutely blind stupid, he, Gino Frascalli of the Via Vittoria, would get the commission.

Poor Gino, of humble and unassuming disposition, had none of their happy confidence in the outcome of the interview. However, of one thing he felt certain—that the large sample canvas of mural designs which he clutched under his arm, wrapped for safety in a piece of sailcloth, was the best thing he had ever done.

The old town hall, to which he was hurrying, was a dilapidated two-story building with a sagging roof, a converted distiller's warehouse. But there was in the process of being built, in San Stephano, a new town hall.

This was a magnificent affair of superb architectural design, for San Stephano was a harbor town rapidly growing in size and importance. The new town hall was to have murals in the civic dining-room, and Gino's aim was to secure the commission of these murals.

As Gino reached the corner of the Via Vittoria, Renato Apollonio came and stood in his cafe doorway. Renato, whose round, cherubic countenance was somewhat marred by his diabolical moustachios, beamed at Gino.

"Hey, Gino! When you come back we have a grand party for all the Via Vittoria to celebrate, eh? We will have the best wine—and a bouquet for La Belle Francesca."

At the thought of himself and his beloved Francesca celebrating victory, Gino felt as if the sun had blazed with singular brilliance on him and exploded in a cannonade of joy. A bouquet for Francesca! The whole world for Francesca if he got the commission!

"And, Gino!" Renato called after him. "Even if you do not get the commission, we will have a party just the same." He gave Gino a mournful wink. "To drown our sorrows."

Gino sighed. It was because of Francesca that it was so important for him to be successful at the coming interview. The artist who painted the murals in the new town hall would have a status which a dishwasher at the Hotel Paradiso did not have. And if the work was good, it would be noticed and then there would be many more commissions to advance him on the road to success—the altar backcloth in the new cathedral at Porto Tintoretto, for instance.

Such triumphs would make it possible for Gino to ask Francesca's eminent father, Lorenzo Giacinto—who, incidentally, was on the

interviewing committee at the town hall—for her hand in marriage.

Failure, on the other hand, would make such a request a pathetic waste of time. Lorenzo Giacinto, deputy mayor of San Stephano and proprietor of a chain of high-class restaurants, had already turned down two suitors for Francesca's hand—a toreador from Spain who was rich but socially unacceptable, and a diplomat from Rome who was socially acceptable but comparatively poor.

Gino knew full well that, as a dishwasher, he had at present less social standing than any toreador and far less money than the most impecunious diplomat.

Even Francesca realised that. She had not dared to tell her father that it was Gino she loved.

To show to the committee at the town hall, Gino had painted a Lautrec-style picture of Renato Apollonio, beaming in his cafe doorway and looking the epitome of all the trade and life and bubbling good humor of San Stephano.

He had felt so pleased with the painting at the time, but now, as he reached the market square where the old town hall stood, leaning drunkenly in the sunlight, his qualms grew. Was Renato a suitable subject to impress the committee? Should he perhaps have chosen a more dignified theme?

Gino looked apprehensively at the crooked, sun-shaded windows of the town hall, behind which was assembled the committee he was to face at the interview at three. He glanced at the clock on the tower. The black fingers on the white face registered five minutes to the hour.

He tried to relax and assume an easy, confident air that would help to impress the committee. He began to whistle. The distance between himself and the flight of steps leading to the town hall was growing shorter. He walked down one side of the square, under the sunny, blue-washed porticoes of the shopping arcade, across the market square cobblestones, cutting off a corner, past a large parked limousine belonging to the mayor; past a road sweeper, and three fruit carts in a row; and then he had one foot on the lower town hall steps.

"Gino! Gino!"

There was only one person in the world with so melodious a voice. Gino turned. It was Francesca.

She was running towards him, carrying something under her arm. She darted through the traffic with the lightness of a ballerina.

"Gino, amante," she said a little breathlessly when she reached his side. "I'm so glad I caught you before you went into the town hall."

Francesca did not give Gino time to utter a word. Swiftly, she snatched the sail-cloth-covered canvas from him, pushed another into his arms, and was away with the swiftness of the wind.

There was a split second of utter stupefaction as Gino stared with wild, amazed eyes after her flying figure. Then he came to life.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" he bawled frantically, and gave chase.

But Francesca had vanished. Gino stood in the middle of the street, panting, till three resonant chimes from the clock behind him made him turn and hurry back to the town hall steps.

Pausing there, he looked for the first time at what Francesca had left with him. Beneath its covering was one of his paintings tacked to a frame about eighteen inches square. Surely, he thought in amazement, Francesca did not expect him to show this to the committee?

It was a painting of a blue-and-black craft called the Vincere, anchored in shimmering blue Mediterranean waters—one of his earliest efforts, promising but amateurish.

Gino sighed deeply and shook his head in bewilderment. Slowly he climbed the steps. At the top he came to the small, musty room which served as the ante-room of the civic hall.

An old caretaker hovered near the door. "I'll tell you when you can go in," he said, and indicated a bench.

Gino sat down feeling dispirited, and put the canvas beside him. He wasn't taking that in with him.

He frowned heavily. Whatever had possessed Francesca to behave so stupidly? He remembered the day that she had first spotted that particular picture among the rest of his canvases. She had stood with it a long time, staring at it and smiling secretly. She had never told him why it merited her special attention.

He recollected the day that he had painted it. Looking for fresh scenes away from San Stephano, he had wandered a long way, losing his bearings and finding himself walking along a stretch of coast of uninhabited desolation—nothing but rocks and scrub.

There had seemed little fresh inspiration there, but then he had gone right to the cliff's edge and had seen the boat nestling in a little rocky cove. He had balanced his easel precariously on the cliff's edge.

Now he sat twisting his hands and thought of what he would say when he faced the committee. He would beg very humbly and apologetically for an interview at another time. He would say that, due to strange and peculiar circumstances, he could not give them an idea of the form his mural work would take.

A bell rang. "You can go in now," said the caretaker.

Gino took a deep breath and walked through the door.

"You've forgotten this," said the old caretaker, catching his arm and handing him the offending canvas.

Gino took it miserably and held it behind his back as he walked towards the mahogany desk in the centre of the room. He gulped as four pairs of eyes regarded him steadily. For a fleeting minute he had the feeling that already they had decided not to give him the commission but must go through the empty formality of interviewing him.

In front of him, behind the shining mahogany desk, sat Bernato, the mayor, portly and dignified; Lorenzo Giacinto, Francesca's father, with his venerable, stern, patriarchal exterior brightened by a gay white carnation; and the town clerk, a thin, wiry little man wearing a high white collar and smelling faintly of camphor.

The fourth was Luca Rapello, who gave Gino a comradely wink. At one time, Luca had been the king-spiv of the Vittoria, but apparently he now moved in more respectable circles.

Swiftly Francesca thrust one parcel into Gino's arms and grabbed the other before he could utter a word of protest.

The mayor smiled a welcome. "Gino Frascalli?" he inquired.

Gino nodded nervously.

"The design. We would like to see it," said the mayor.

Gino stared, inarticulate.

"But we can't see it when it's behind your back," said the mayor impatiently.

Dumb with despair, Gino slowly brought the canvas to their view. "But this is not my—" he began.

He was stopped by the amazing effect the picture had on the group in front of him. They stared at it, mesmerised, for a full half-minute. Then slowly they exchanged glances, like four desperadoes caught red-handed. The town clerk raised his brows and looked up to heaven. Francesca's father fingered his carnation. The mayor looked deflated.

Only Luca Rapello retained his ease of manner. With an expression of pure delight, he got up from the mayoral desk, came round to where the bewildered Gino stood and clapped him heartily on the back.

"Excellent, my good Gino!" he chuckled. "An excellent move. Your brains do you credit. I did not think before that you had it in you."

Gino looked past Luca to where the mayor was gathering his wits in order to address him.

"I suggest a fee of fifty thousand lire now," Frascalli, the mayor said. "And another fifty when the murals are finished."

"You mean that I have got the commis-





sion?" Gino asked, gazing at the committee in astonishment.

"But of course," the town clerk said thinly. "Isn't that what you expected?"

"Well?" The mayor smiled ingratiatingly. "What do you say to the fee of a hundred thousand lire?"

"I feel five hundred thousand would be a more worthy sum," said Luca, with a wink at Gino and a look of bland, sly arrogance in the mayor's direction. Luca appeared to be rallying at Gino's side with the comradeship of a fellow spirit.

Gino clasped the picture nervously in his

hands and stared at the committee. He had not expected more than a hundred thousand lire even if he got the commission, for that was an unknown artist's fee. Five hundred thousand was a professional's price.

"Five hundred thousand it is then, eh?" said the mayor in resigned tones, looking round at the rest of the committee.

"I feel that one hundred thousand is sufficient for an unknown though no doubt excellent artist," said Lorenzo Giacinto. He had been staring indignantly at Gino ever since the painting had come on view. "Anyway,

you didn't make a very good job of the Vincere," he snapped.

"One hundred thousand is not enough for an aspiring artist who is shortly to marry the daughter of our town's illustrious deputy mayor," Luca Rapello said smoothly.

Gino shot him a warning, imploring glance. But it was too late. The thing had been said—and Lorenzo had taken its meaning.

"My daughter?" he snapped. "What do you know about my daughter, Frascalli? How should she know such a person as you, let alone wish to marry you? You—a dishwasher at a third-rate hotel! This is madness."

"In these cases," Luca said softly, gazing innocently at the ceiling, "it is always the parents who are the last to know."

Lorenzo looked from Luca to Gino, his face slowly assuming a livid hue. Then he sprang to life.

"So! You have dragged my Francesca, my only child, my beloved daughter, into this seedy plan of yours. You—you good-for-nothing scoundrel! You rogue! You imbecile!"

Under the onslaught Gino quivered but tried

To page 26

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear
only.



Margaret-Anne

"MARGARET-ANNE."—Smartly tailored uniform has a wrap-over skirt with a two-button fastening at the waist. The material is headcloth, the color choice includes white, lemon, sage-blue, and green. The uniform is obtainable ready-made only. Special discount is given for orders of fifty garments or more.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/6; 40 and 42in. bust, 34/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

● Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

Continuing

to hold his ground. "We love each other," he said.

Lorenzo stormed round the desk and was only stopped from committing physical assault by the mayor, who caught him by the collar. The two dignitaries clung together in the most undignified manner.

"Now, now, Lorenzo," the mayor said. "Calm yourself." He gave Lorenzo a hefty nudge in the ribs. "It is better, much better," he hissed, "for him to be in the family."

"Yes . . . yes . . . I suppose so," said Lorenzo weakly, calming down like a dying hurricane.

"Well, well, then," said Luca Rapello gaily, "shake hands with your future son-in-law, Lorenzo."

"This calls for a celebration," said the mayor grandly. "Get out the glasses."

"What will you have, Gino, my friend?" Luca asked blithely as he brought bottles from the other side of the desk with a flourish. "As you see," he added in a grand, sweeping manner, "all the very best is to hand. A Vicomte D'Orthez," he suggested, indicating the champagne. "Or perhaps Tio Pepe . . . ?"

Gino left an hour or two later, his dazed condition not entirely due to the nectar he had drunk. He got to the Via Vittoria and stood in the doorway of Apollonio's cafe and looked in. Most of the inhabitants of the Vittoria seemed to be there—and so was Francesca. They all appeared to be celebrating with wine and music.

"Come on Gino, we're celebrating your success," they called to him.

"Francesca came to tell us an hour ago to get ready for the party—that you got the commission," beamed Apollonio, handing Gino a glass. "Though, indeed, didn't we know it anyway? Always we

say you are the best painter in Italy."

Gino took the glass from Apollonio and threaded his way through the happy patrons of the Vittoria, who always loved the chance of a celebration. He reached the table where Francesca sat demurely.

"Why did you give me that atrocious painting of the Vincere?" he demanded. "You knew it would get me the commission. Why?"

Francesca looked up at the

from page 25

your father?" Gino inquired stupidly.

Francesca nodded, laughing. "And to Bernato, and Luca, and the town clerk," she said in a conspiratorial whisper. "They also have an interest in running it."

Still Gino did not understand.

"Most of Bernato's wines and spirits come from France and Spain. But, you understand, the duty on them is

committee in the town hall and saw them in a new light. Smugglers!

Now he remembered all the labels on the bottles that Luca had produced from the cupboard with such a flourish . . . The honeyed nectar, the quintessence of all the vineyards of Europe.

Francesca, reading Gino's mind, challenged his thoughts before he voiced them.

"No, Gino," she said firmly and sweetly, "you will not see Inspector Paccaile of the carabinieri. For one thing he would be a friend of yours no longer if you give the impression to the higher authorities that he does not keep his eyes open. For the same reason you must not jeopardise your friendship with the harbor-master. And also, Gino, you cannot get your future father-in-law into trouble."

"But one thing I can do," said Gino morosely. "I shall refuse the commission. I have no right to accept it."

"And that you will not do," Francesca said forcibly. "Who else has the right to the commission but you? You are the best artist. Also, remember you will soon have a wife—and perhaps a family—to support."

She put her soft arms around Gino's neck, and kissed him. Gino hesitated and then was lost.

He took a last desperate gulp at the Apollonio "special" he held in his hand, and shook his head. The events and the shocks of the day, combined with ardor of the fiery goddess of wine, and the even greater ardor of Francesca, had proved altogether too much for him.

"I don't know. It is all so confusing. I cannot think," he said.

"Don't try to," Francesca reassured him. "Gino, amante, a married couple must share out their duties. You paint. I will do the thinking. Is that not an excellent arrangement?"

(Copyright)

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"My children always do as they're told—because I never tell them anything I know they won't do."

unfamiliar, stern Gino, and bubbled with laughter. She lifted her arms and gave her dazed Romeo a congratulatory kiss.

"So, Gino, amante. Are you not glad I get for you the commission?" she said, laughing.

"But—that painting!" Gino protested.

"The painting of the Vincere? Francesca said. "What did papa think of it? Does he not think it does justice to his beautiful boat?"

"The Vincere belongs to

rarely paid," Francesca explained. She gave way to another ripe burst of laughter.

"And they think you discovered their secret. They think you threaten them with exposure. For years the cove is the perfect spot to land a cargo. The cliff top, it is in a deserted part where no one goes, and it is very precarious to see down to the cove anyway. From the sea also it is invisible. And ah, my precious Gino, you, with your paints and easel, have to discover it."

Gino looked back on the

Enjoy summer comfort, and be well groomed too! . . .

in cool, lightweight

Federal Fabrics

Gaining more and more importance by the minute, is summer's newest concept . . . lightweight wool for hot, sunny days! These new, thinweave woollens have changed all the rules of wool wearing. Now on the hottest day, you can enjoy the elegance only wool can give — in cool comfort! These Federal featherweight woollens actually weigh a mere sprinkling of ounces! And, if you're travelling, remember, "who travels light travels fast."

Federal woollens pack and carry admirably. Nothing ruffles their poise and press. So, be smart in every sense of the word. Be cool, and well dressed this summer — in Federal lightweight woollen fabrics.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL—
YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER VALUE
AT ANY PRICE!

Makers of the finest woollen and worsted fabrics in Australia —

FEDERAL WOOLLEN MILLS, GEELONG

City Showroom, 36 Flinders Lane, Melb. MF 3710. Federalia Yarns sole agent—Harry L. Scott, 349 Collins Street, Melb.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 9, 1957



CLOTHES MADE FROM
FEDERAL FABRICS—

- Resist bagging and sagging
- Are permanently wrinkle resistant
- Are guaranteed to dry clean perfectly
- Will hold their shape indefinitely
- Will wear exceptionally well



COOL NEW LOOK... "Coral Ice"

NEW CRYSTAL-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

It glitters . . . it dazzles . . . it crackles with excitement! It's the new, all-the-rage colour by Cutex . . . an electric spark of coral, flashed with a potent touch of pink. Breathtaking the way "Coral Ice" lights up your spring and summer fashions! Bewitching the way it brings out the secret fire in you! And wait till he sees you with this "real cool" look! So tempting — it's tingling!



CUTEX

Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11
Cutex Swivel Lipstick, 7/11
Cutex Nail Polish, 3/3 Regular
Cutex Nail Brilliance, 4/9



Continuing . . .

DIOR *by Dior*

(from page 9)

● Once I have shown all my sketches, Mme Marguerite distributes the "petites gravures," according to personal preferences, to the premieres (workroom tailors).

THE premiere examines her sketch, pulls it to pieces, takes it away with her, gets the feel of it, and finally drapes the toile, using white cotton canvas, round a dummy figure.

Then she steps back, examines the effect, corrects it, balances it, and often entirely destroys it to start again.

After several fruitless attempts, the exact meaning of the material becomes apparent to her and the dress starts to take shape. An assistant is then called to pin the toile, which is still only draped, and little by little the pile of sketches diminishes in each workroom.

The new collection is like the arrival of spring in the studio. During the off-season it is as white, empty, and gloomy as a laboratory; now the pieces of material are like young shoots which ripen into a thousand flowery patterns.

Belts hang in dozens from the tables; scarves and hats clutter up the shelf under the blackboard where the names of the mannequins are written.

This happy world of wool and silk is sternly guarded against intruders. Whenever there is a rumor that a stranger is approaching, veils of white toile are flung over everything, thus covering the new materials and obscuring the accessories. The busy workroom is transformed in an instant into a peaceful, deserted salon. This little comedy never ceases to amuse me.

Solemn moment

When the veils are removed, the studio is once again a hive of life, and the great day approaches when the first toiles are to be shown. Of course, Mme Marguerite turns faint at the idea of showing them to me, and the premieres are terrified that they have made some awful mistake. Even I myself begin to wonder what these dream-children of mine will really look like.

What follows next is a solemn moment for us all. The first toiles generally number about sixty, and they consist of reproductions of the most significant of the "petites gravures"; those which I have asked to see at once.

Two or three mannequins are chosen to show them to me.

The couturier is too often pictured gaily disposing the folds of a drape upon a mannequin; this happens, in fact, extremely rarely. One only builds a model after long hours of preliminary labor, and then it is constructed on a well-planned base. The process of draping the dress on the mannequin cannot take place until all the cutting of the collection has been accomplished.

The first showing of the toiles on the mannequin is done amidst "Ohs" and "Ahs," equally expressive of joy and disapproval. Some of the exclamations are more explicit:

"Darling, your toilette is perfect!"

"My dear, for heaven's sake throw that dress in the waste-paper basket!"



HANDS of Christian Dior as he sketches a design. He often does several hundred drawings in two or three days.

Like the sketches which inspired them, these toiles have very little detail; their importance is entirely in their cut, line, and shape. These are the fundamental toiles on which the whole collection is based. Details like revers, bows, pockets, or belts are added later unless they happen to be indispensable to the construction of the model.

The day when the first toiles are shown is the crucial day in the whole development of the collection. Now I am able to select from among the models I have designed five or six basic lines, expressed in dresses, costumes, or coats.

Next, I call a grand meeting of my mannequins. I have them all appear in toilettes of the same kind—all in evening dresses or all in suits. The session continues until every model has been inspected—often well into the night.

As I go home, new designs dance in front of my eyes and I am in a state of tumult over all I have seen; I am confused and delighted at the same time! I am well aware, of course, that this first moment of enthusiasm will not last: long and hard work lies ahead before these tentative approaches to creation become models worthy of the name.

The next day finds me in a more sober mood and I decide to see the toiles all over again in order to decide which are to be the significant lines of the collection. I have the models paraded before me once more, one by one, in order to have them noted down.

The session does not always run absolutely smoothly! Advice is bandied about freely, and a mannequin is sometimes made to show the same dress two or three times, sent out, asked to come in once more . . . only to find that the model is being tried on another girl.

Many people believe that a collection develops in bursts of enthusiasm and caprice, without any co-ordinated plan. In point of fact, it is always built up along lines established well in advance.

Mme Raymonde draws up a complete chart of the collection on several large sheets of paper; she maps out space for a certain number of day dresses, suits, coats, and evening dresses. I force myself to reduce this skeleton plan to the minimum, knowing perfectly well that we shall soon break our bounds.

Even my most fanatical clients and admirers agree that there are always too many models in any one collection.

They are absolutely right. A two-hour show without an interval is far too long. Besides, it is always too hot in the salons.

But though it is true that there are far too many dresses for each individual woman, you must not forget that I am addressing myself to a professional clientele—and also clients of vastly differing needs. In every country there are thin women and fat women, dark women and fair women, women of discreet taste, and others whose taste is more flamboyant. There are some women with a beautiful décolletage and others whose aim is to disguise their thighs. Some are too tall. Others are too short.

Time to decide

The world is wonderfully full of beautiful women whose shapes and tastes offer an inexhaustible diversity. My collection must cater individually for each one of them, and if I really wanted to satisfy them completely I should have to design not seventy models, but at least seventy times seven.

Fortunately, the chart of my collection is there to keep me in check, even though it seems to be acting like a straitjacket on my imagination.

At last the moment has come actually to decide. The toiles which have been judged worthy of transformation into actual models have been classified, described, enumerated, and roughly sketched by Mme Raymonde. Now I have them paraded singly in front of me one last time. The next step is to indicate which mannequin will wear which dress and

A wide assortment
of Costume
Jewellery that will
add glamour to
your wardrobe

At all leading Retailers

ROBE DE VIRGINIE—PARIS

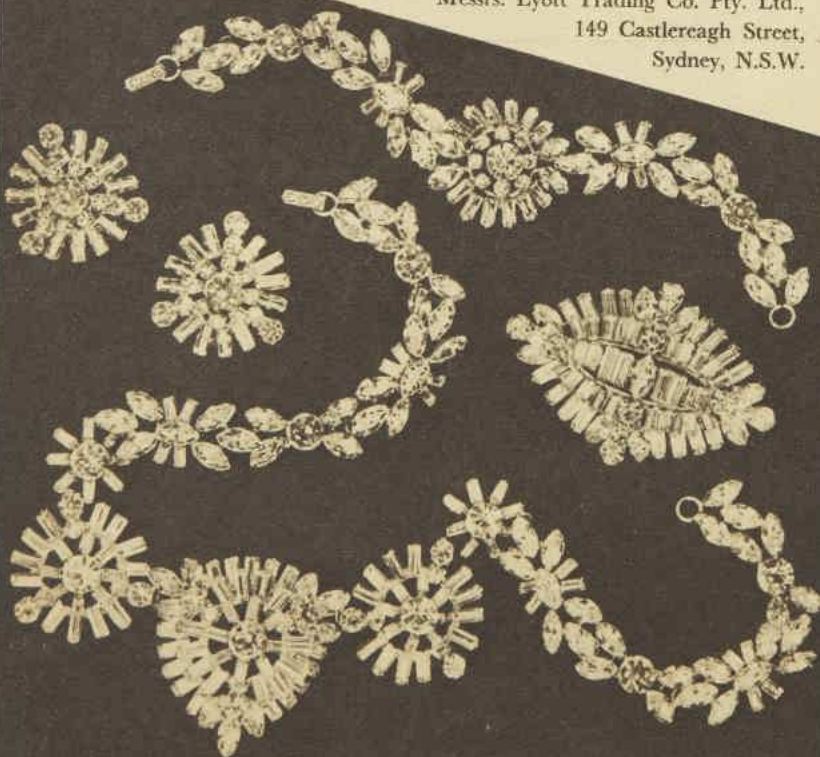


JABLONEX

Jablonex n.N., Czechoslovakia

Representatives (for Wholesale only):

Messrs. Lyott Trading Co. Pty. Ltd.,
149 Castlereagh Street,
Sydney, N.S.W.



'Happy world of silk and wool'

the material in which it is to be made.

The dress and the mannequin are often as inseparable one from the other as the dress and the material. Of the dozen "jeunes filles" who present my collection, three or four of them can put on anything and show it off to advantage.

The others probably belong to a more pronounced type of feminine beauty: for them I have to be careful to choose models which will harmonise with their appearance. Not only do I have to consider the physical attributes of my mannequins—I must also be very careful to divide the models equally, else there will be war in the mannequins' cabine.

But if the choice of mannequins is important, that of material is even more so, because once chosen it is very hard to remedy a mistake.

My prime inspiration is the shape of the female body, for it is the duty of the couturier to adopt the female form as his point of departure and use the materials at his disposal to enhance its beauty.

I have no wish to deprive fashion (and women) of the added allure and charm of color, but I could perfectly well design a whole collection simply in black or white and express all my ideas to my complete satisfaction.

Color cannot transform a failure of a dress into a success; it merely plays a supporting role in a cast where the cut is the star performer.

In order to relate material to the general background of haute couture, I must digress a little. Two months before I have even roughed out my first sketch for the new collection, I have to make my preliminary selection.

For that is when they arrive to see me—the silk merchants, the wool merchants, the lace-makers, men from all over the world, from Paris, London,

Lyons, Milan, and Zurich, bringing with them the wealth of the Low Countries and the richness of the Orient.

Each firm has its characteristic method of display. Some, respectful of the great traditions of the past, are accompanied by a cortege of seven or eight trunks which are carried in by bearers, like gifts being brought from far-off countries by Eastern potentates.

Then there are those who arrive with small despatch cases, like the spivs selling boot-laces in the street. Out of them they produce tiny samples, often only the size of postage stamps.

At this moment I have no idea what materials I shall be wanting in two months' time. Paradoxically enough, this makes it quite easy for me to choose. Instead of hesitating between what I think will be useful and what I think I want, I am able to decide what pleases me and what doesn't.

It is from amongst this profusion of materials that I have selected months before that I make my choice.

Texture first

Surrounded by my staff, I now concentrate entirely on the problem of the mannequin still in her toile. Amidst all these engulfing materials, there must be one which suits both the dress and the girl. I have to resist many temptations: sometimes the color attracts me, sometimes texture of the material.

Of the two, the latter is the more likely to captivate me, because I never choose a material solely because of its exquisite shade of color, but more often because its texture seems exactly adapted to the effect I want to achieve.

A number of factors have to be considered: The suppleness of the "body" of the stuff, the weight or the thickness. The material is stretched out

straight and on the cross; it is weighed, stroked—for it must not scratch the skin—rubbed—for the dye must not come off—and examined in the light—for the color must suit the complexion of the mannequin who is going to wear it.

There are probably eight or nine of us altogether there in the studio. Facing me stands a lone mannequin dressed in white cotton canvas in front

By the mannequin stands the premiere who was responsible for making the toile. In a corner stands Jeanine, nicknamed "Boutonnnette," who is in charge of the accessories (her hour has not yet come), and Madame de Frontine, pencil in the air, ready to make the notes destined for the files.

From time to time Mme Bricard emerges out of her hat boxes, sails in magnificently,

and try to formulate my ideas, in turn the pieces of material are draped over the shoulder of the mannequin, so that I can judge the softness and fall of the material in relation to the toile which is still visible on the other shoulder.

Certain combinations are obviously unsuitable.

"Oh, no—take that off at once."

False tries

I point to another piece of stuff. This one, instead of immediately sliding off the mannequin's bust, stays there. We all look at it. Does it really suit her? It certainly seems to. But, after all, perhaps not. So I ask anyone at random—

"What do you think of it?" They know perfectly well that I do not really want to hear their opinion, and probably don't answer me seriously. All the same, their mere presence is of assistance to me.

Sometimes the decision is taken almost at once; sometimes there are dozens of false tries; in the end, we may revert to something we had previously dismissed as hopeless, after rummaging among the discarded pieces of material.

Wretched fabric! Once again it is draped, redraped, examined and re-examined. It is never manipulated by the same hand twice; a dozen hands are there to wreak their will on it.

At last, the length is cut. The dye has been cast, the model's fate is decided! Mme Raymonde returns to her seat, registers the material in her book, makes a note that she must tell the manufacturer, and passes the docket to Frontine, who will have it filed.

We may now either pass on to the next toile, or take the

same one all over again and choose a second material for it; a particularly striking toile may give birth to a whole trend of models in a variety of different colors and materials.

At the same time as a second choice is made, I hastily draw, on a corner of a table, the details which will make the new model different from the previous one, unless I postpone deciding them until I have seen my reactions to the first fitting.

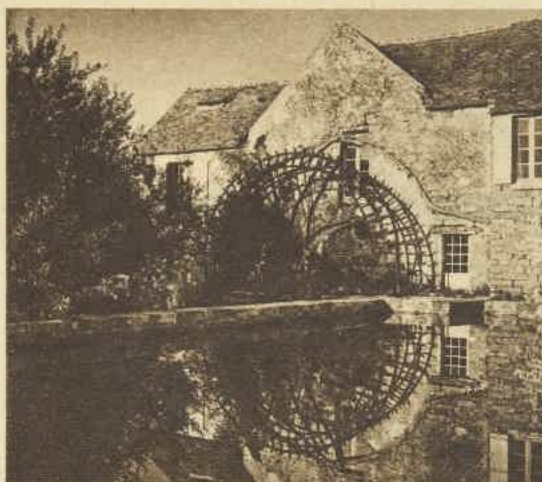
Now another mannequin enters. Perhaps as many as fifty or a hundred pieces of material will have to be enrolled to suit her. One visualises the dress in grey, in pink, in green, first in matt and then in shiny black.

No, none of them will do! The only thing that has been decided so far is the weight and feel of the material, for the shape of the toile has decided that in advance.

The bales of cloth mount upon the floor; they seem to get uglier and uglier; time passes; silence falls. I no longer fire off questions, and my gestures of command become curter and curter. Finally, I decide to put off making my choice until the next day.

Once I am at home, I find myself thinking about the debatable toile in the middle of the night—those collection-haunted nights which turn the days into a single feverish sabbath. The next day I manage to reach a decision.

In spite of all this concentration, it does sometimes happen that materials which have been chosen with the greatest possible care are found to have kept some unexpected revelation in reserve when the dress is sewn together. Couture is the marriage of design and material. There are many instances of perfect harmony—and there are a few of disaster.



CONVERTED-MILL home of Christian Dior, near Fontainebleau, to which he retires to plan a collection. Recently he let the mill to author Francoise Sagan, who had her nearly fatal accident while driving to it.

of a large looking-glass; behind me are two designers.

Mme Raymonde is busy hunting for the material which most nearly corresponds to my scarcely formulated desire, with the help of Claude, her assistant. Mme Marguerite is supposed to remain at my side, but cannot sit still on her chair. Unable to mask her impatience, she runs up and down between the model and her post, to which I keep recalling her.

gives one definitely adverse comment, condemns an unfortunate stuff with a look, or suddenly plumps for a daring color.

But most of the time this ritual, which would baffle an outsider, consists of choosing, from thirty black wools all of excellent quality, the sole one which is in fact suitable. As I hesitate between the rival claims of the various stuffs which are submitted to me,

Pounds to shed? Make RYVITA your bread!

Makes you fit—keeps you slim

ALWAYS SOLD IN PACKETS, SO ALWAYS FRESH



The modern way to a second-look figure.

This summer, why not enjoy the slim styles and good times that go with an attractive figure? Even if you hate dieting (and who doesn't?) you can lose pounds and like it by simply making Ryvita your daily crispbread.

It takes rye to satisfy. Delicious, crunchy Ryvita satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer because it is a rye crispbread. That is why no other crispbread can take its place. Ryvita, Australia's only rye crispbread, is an energising, sustaining food for the whole family. Its whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins give you new energy and zest

for living. You look better, feel better, as unwanted fat is burnt up in healthy exercise.

Delicious with everything you serve. Munchy, crunchy Ryvita makes other foods taste better. Serve it every day in delicious sandwiches, savouries, after-school snacks—or with cheese and salads. Start today!



No trust-to-luck that wallpaper and fabric
will rhyme and chime together.

With Sanderson you have
so many ways to
success. Look at
the proud colours,
the light-step
patterns. Compare,
choose — *know!*

Wallpaper No. S. 6273

Fabric No. AB 17825



SANDERSON

wallpapers and fabrics

You will find the name on the selvage

Sanderson Fabrics are supplied to all the leading Stores in the Six States of Australia, and Wallpapers to all leading stockists.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● A letter in this week's mail revives an age-old problem—the shy sixteen-year-old who wants to be popular but finds herself tongue-tied or reduced to the weather as her only conversation.

Here is her letter:

"I AM 16 years old and rather shy. I cannot start a conversation with boys and I find it hard to continue one. A boy I know made it worse when he said something about my shyness which I overheard.

Is there any way you can help me? Perhaps you could give me some clues or a list of headings I can use in conversation."

"Boobie," N.S.W.

At 16, shyness can certainly seem the end of everything, but I wonder if you will re-

member it when you are 26? There have been many methods suggested to overcome it, like your list of headings, but, in moments of stress, you'd probably forget the lot.

The best, if not the easiest, method is mixing with people of every age. The more people

you meet the more you become adapted to talking to outsiders, and with each a little of their self-confidence will brush off on you.

You are not the only shy sixteen-year-old. If you look among your friends you will find others as shy as you. You mightn't realise it unless you look hard because they probably cover it with a rush of conversation that leaves the boys to whom they are talking as ill at ease as your obvious shyness.

A smile and an interest in the boy to whom you are talking, his school, job, or hobbies—and you can do it if you really want to—make a good start until you have acquired the poise that will reduce your shyness to another stage of growing-up.

"A FEW months ago the boy to whom I planned to announce my engagement at Christmas died after an accident. It happened in another city and his mother wrote and told me, but few people in the town in which I live know about it. Now when people ask about him or

thing Simple," "The Wind," and "This Year's Kisses." No. 3 has "Maybe You'll Be There," "Dearly Beloved," "Round Midnight," and "A Lovely Way to Spend An Evening." A great deal of the credit goes to Pete Rugolo's orchestra.

If you haven't got "Swan Lake" on LP, you'll find a fine version of the suite—not the complete ballet—in spectacular hi-fi on P8140. It's played by the French National Symphony Orchestra, under Roger Desormiere, and, as an added incentive to part you from your money, the reverse side is occupied by that other all-time Tchaikovsky favorite "The Nutcracker Suite."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

DISC DIGEST

ONE of the distinguishing features of the singing of June Christy is her very good taste. She could, no doubt, make a lot more money by singing the hits of the day. Instead, it is evident that she selects only songs that have a strong appeal for her. A perfectionist in her way, she plans her recordings months in advance, and secures the best arrangements and accompaniments. The results are worth waiting for.

June, as you probably know, succeeded Anita O'Day as vocalist with Stan Kenton, who chose her "nom de disc," June Christy. Although she left Kenton in 1951 to go out as a single, she made her first European tour with the band two years later, and married

Kenton's tenor sax player Bob Cooper.

June's LP "The Misty Miss Christy" is not being issued in Australia. Instead, it has been divided into three extended-play 45 r.p.m. discs, each of which is sold separately in a 7in. cover, a reduction of the original 12-inch.

It's a joy to listen to June's subtle phrasing and the intelligent way she handles the lyrics. This girl really knows her music.

The first disc (EAP-1-725) contains "That's All," "I Didn't Know About You," "For All We Know," and "There's No You." She continues her uncommon collection on platter No. 2 with "Day Dream," "Sing Some-



A word from Debbie...

RECENTLY I promised you a few more simple rules to avoid the pitfalls of eating in a restaurant.

First, to order. Make your selection, tell your escort, and he tells the waiter or waitress. Remember that your escort isn't made of money, so don't ask for the most expensive dish on the menu if you want to be taken out again.

If there is an impressive battery of forks, knives, and spoons on the table, the waiter usually removes the ones not needed for the food you have ordered.

If you are still in doubt, start with the pieces on the outside and work inwards.

Whatever you are eating, take time to watch your manners. Don't play games with your food, and don't move the silverware around. These are just bad habits and make you appear ill at ease. Relax, enjoy your meal, and your escort will, too.

the girls at work (I have been there only two months) ask about my boy-friend I do not know what to say. I do not know whether to avoid their questions, say nothing about him, or explain. I am 19 and have not been out with a boy since—I do not seem to enjoy myself. Could you tell me how to forget him and what to do when people ask questions?"

"Sad," N.S.W.

Sad as you feel, you must realise that a similar tragedy has happened in many other lives and the fact that you are asking how to forget shows that you have taken the first step to happier memories.

As for the questions from friends and acquaintances, it

would help if you asked your family to explain the circumstances. But wouldn't it be better if you tried to tackle it yourself? You might have to do it only once or twice—news soon spreads.

The questions at work will lose their sting. Until then, answer them as naturally as you can without mentioning your fiancé. Your workmates' talk is only gay chatter and you don't want to dampen it.

Make a real effort to be happy. It will not be easy, so keep busy—at work, reading, sport, anything you once enjoyed. It's a trite old saying, I know, but time does work wonders—if you will help it.

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

2

such a wonderful week in my life. John had to fly to Sydney and asked me to go. As you know, I hadn't flown before so I was a little hesitant but, Ethyl, it was simply wonderful. I just can't describe the thrill it gave me. Not a bump the whole way and what grand girls the ANA hostesses are, I'll never forget their kindnesses to a first flier. We arrive

ANA DOUGLAS DC-6B SKYCHIEF

For Reservations phone
Australian National Airways Pty. Ltd.
or your nearest travel agent

SUMMER LIVING

On these pages we show round-the-clock fashions chosen for summer in Australia. Overleaf is the new swimsuit story.

● During hot weather Australian cities have the air of a resort, so for summer we nominate cotton as the star fabric in wonderful prints and heavenly colors.

We don't suggest a bare-top sundress for town; an easy-tailored cotton dress or linen suit is more elegant.

In the evening cotton will do beautifully for a short evening dress, for theatre-going, and dining.

The well-dressed summer-look-by-the-sea includes a cotton sunsuit and matching wrap-on skirt; and for the young, tailored shorts with their own jacket.



● Cotton dress, as romantic as you could wish, for dancing under a summer moon. The colors, pink and orange, are important news.



● New way to wear stripes (above) in an after-swim rig consisting of tailored shorts topped by a soft shirt and easy jacket. The jacket is unbelted, and finished with a big sailor-type collar and threequarter-length uncuffed sleeves.



● How to keep the look of city chic (above) under a blazing sky. First it's cotton jersey, second it's white, and third the cut is easy and casual. The accessories, yellow and polka-dotted, add the final look of town elegance.

● Cotton at play (right) in a single glistening line of blue for an all-of-a-piece sunsuit and separate wrapped-on skirt. The tailored-collared bodice-top has the new covered-up look and wide threequarter-length sleeves.





● Sky-blue cotton twill moves into town for summer (above) in an easy tailored suit with its own sprigged-lawn blouse. The suit is worn with white accessories. Note the new look of the casual, back-from-the-face hat.

● Evidence (right) of the blouse emerging from beneath its jacket to become a pretty fashion for lunching or dining in a restaurant. The blouse is low-cut, has short sleeves and its own tailored sash with streamer ends.



THE SWIMSUIT STORY



Protect your sight
with Atlas light

ATLAS

LAMPS and
Fluorescent Tubes



DISTRIBUTORS: VIC.: A. J. Ferguson & Co. Pty. Ltd., 562 Swanton St., Carlton.
N.S.W.: D. Hamilton & Co., 36 Chippen St., Chippendale; T. F. Stewart & Co. Pty.
Ltd., 231 Clarence St., Sydney. QLD.: B. Martin Pty. Ltd., 35 Charlotte St.,
Brisbane; Synchronome (Atlas Division) Pty. Ltd., 40 Charlotte St., Brisbane;
Chandlers (Aust.) Ltd., cnr. Albert & Charlotte Sts., Brisbane. S. AUST.: Parsons
& Robertson Ltd., 172-174 Pulteney St., Adelaide. W. AUST.: G. G. Martin Ltd.,
832 Hay St., Perth. TAS.: Burgess Bros. Pty. Ltd., Franklin Wharf, Hobart;
Electrical & Engineering Supplies Pty. Ltd., 9-13 George St., Launceston.

16768

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive,
free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

- (1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you
daily need to renew your body tissues.
- (2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and
diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are
harmless and safe for the most delicate persons
and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free
from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching
joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for
9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.



• News on the beach—red-and-white-striped
lurex boucle for the precision-cut one-piece swim-
suit (above) by Sutex. The fly-front opening is
piped in black to match the narrow shoulder-straps.



• Three functional one-piece swimsuits (above)
designed by Scamp. At left, a tailored white
sharkskin accented in black; centre, a parasol-
printed, form-fitting suit with a halter top and
trim legs; and, at right, a suit in sunshine-yellow.

• These suits, to swim and sun in,
will be seen this year on Aus-
tralian beaches.

The fitted, hugging, sweater-like
one-piece suit is news; so is the
suit with its own "cover-up."

Stripes are important, and dark
plaids have fresh chic.

For those who don't seek a tan,
a prettily colored umbrella is the
accessory of the season, one of the
biggest boons on the beach.



• Christian Dior designed the two cotton swimsuits
(above)—one with matching jacket—for Cole of Cali-
fornia. Dior describes them as "functional bathing-
suits to show the female figure in a romantic manner."



• "Venus" (above), a one-piece figure-moulding suit with
the new "sweater" look, by Jantzen. The suit is made in
Helanca nylon, has a scooped-out neckline and short sleeves,
and is slightly gathered at the hemline to give a semi-puffed
effect. Out of the water this is a quick-drying swimsuit.



**STILL- THE GREATEST
CLEANSER**—REALLY CLEANS
BATH TUBS, SINKS, ALL TILE WORK
BANISHES ODOURS!

OLD DUTCH FOAMING
CLEANSER
WITH BLEACH

FAMOUS AMERICAN FORMULA

**Summer
Living**
CONTINUED ...



• Form-fitting princess-line swimsuit (above) from Jantzen, England. The suit has an embroidery of cherries.
• Pink stripes woven on white cotton (right) for the suit and matching shirt-tail blouse-jacket ensemble by Sutex.



• Dark plaid cotton is smart resort news in Australia. The three plaid suits (above) by Sutex can be worn on and off the beach. At right, a ruched one-piece swimsuit with a perfect bra-line; centre and left, two superbly tailored two-piece sunsuits; the tops are sleeveless.



• One-piece pantie-leg swimsuit (above) from Jantzen, Switzerland, is made in white satin-faced poplin with a delicate tracery of pink flowers. The suit features the new wide shoulder-straps. The voluminous short-cut beach-coat is banded with the pink flower design.

He will want to meet you when you are wearing...

Passport by Goya



An
astonishing
new
perfume



Handbag Phial
Perfumed Talc 5/9
also in the complete range
of Goya perfume products

GOYA • 3 RUE SCRIBE • PARIS
LONDON • NEW YORK • MELBOURNE
at all leading retail stores and chemists.

The faster you're rid of
dangerous congestion the faster
you'll be rid of your cold or
'flu. Bonnington's Irish Moss
provides the fastest way to
get rid of all that dangerous
congestion. Keep up that
steady

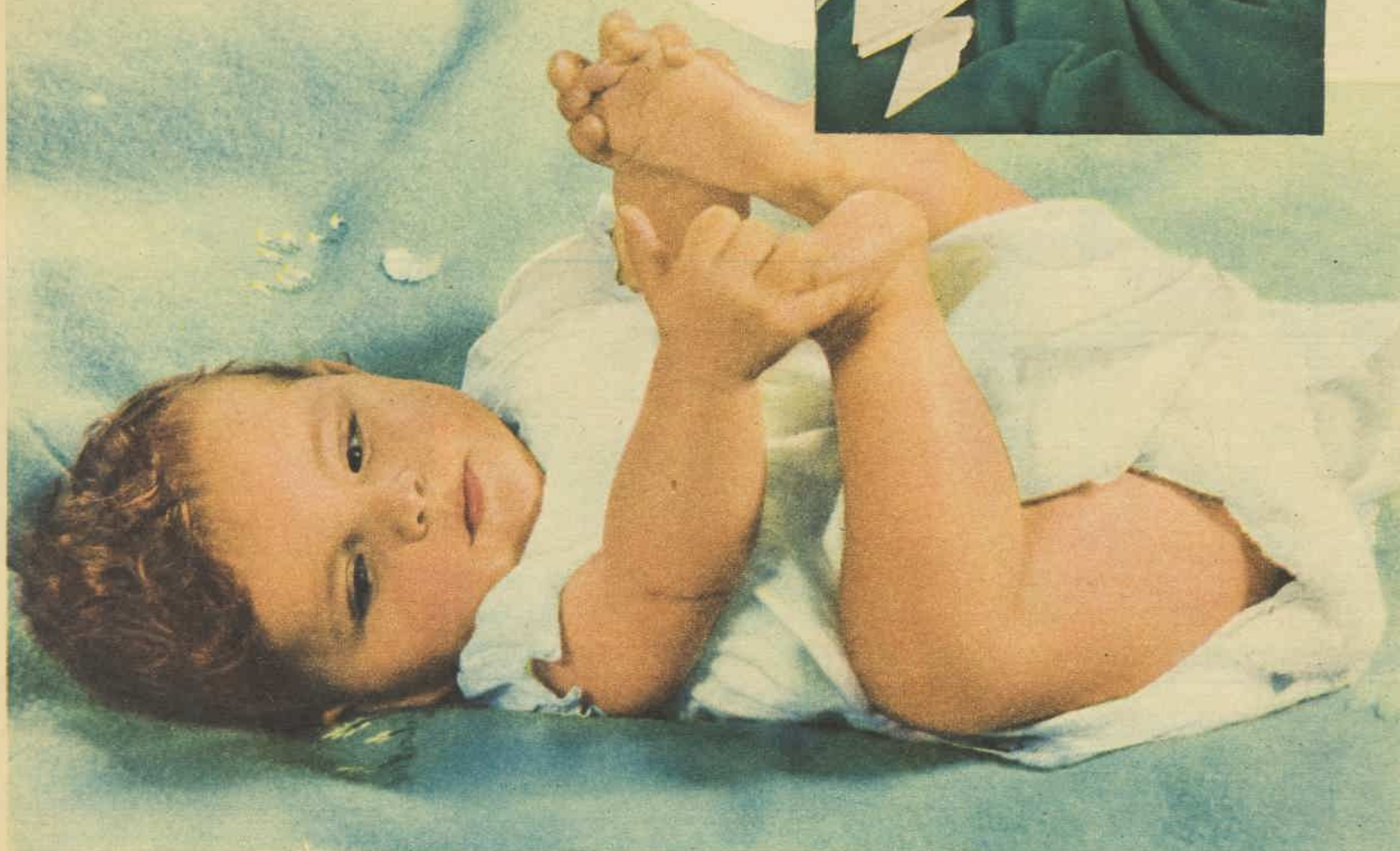


at home and at work.

3/6 everywhere.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

From Blankets to Baby Clothes



Everything washes cleanest—freshest—best in your

MALLEYS AUTOMATIC

Blankets come up fluffier, curtains are crisp and fresh — ALL your heavy things wash beautifully in a Malleys.

So do your lovely, delicate things — baby clothes, woollens, lacy underwear. For everything you wash, you can *depend* on Australia's own, proven, completely automatic Malleys!

**It's so easy to put a MALLEYS
in your home**

— it doesn't need a hot water system.

Malleys heats its own water, right up to boiling if you wish • you may choose the *exact* temperature and washing time you require • no other washing machine can beat its 12-lb. capacity • washes best because it pre-

soaks • gives 3 thorough rinses • damp-dries your clothes and adds a final, fresh-air tumble! *Costs less than any other comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas with single-dial control.* Prices slightly higher in country areas. **BUY EITHER MODEL ON THE EASIEST OF TERMS.** Free installation to approved sites, of course.

**Husbands! Check these
construction details:**

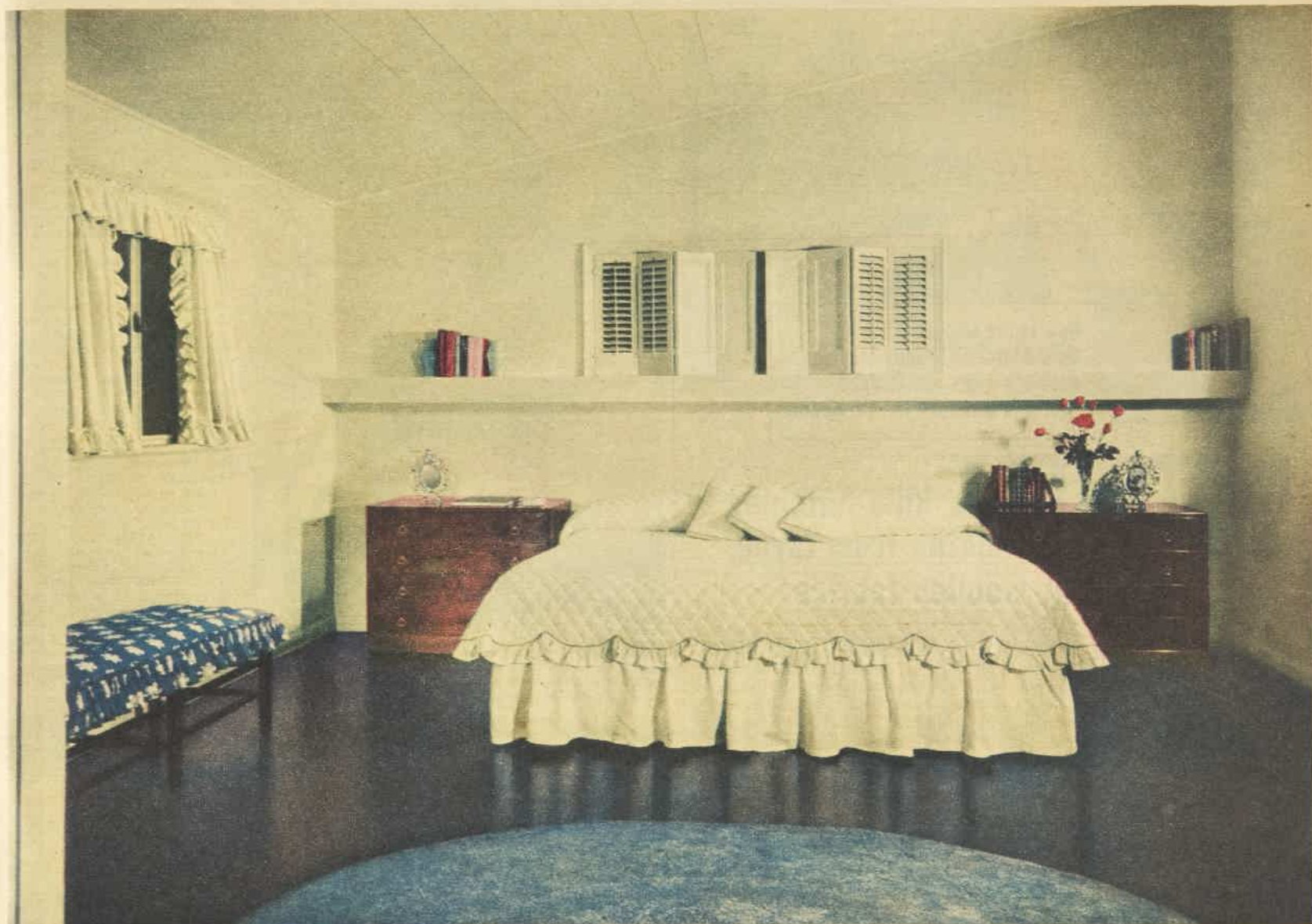
- Frame is of 14-gauge steel (the same steel used in today's most modern cars) rustproofed for life • non-rusting alodised aluminium, finest material for the job, makes the basket and tank • bearings are of sintered bronze, to show less wear than any other type in any other washing machine • a powerful pump gets rid of washing and rinsing water in seconds • built-in heating element can never burn out • whole transmission operates through an overdrive, permanently sealed in oil • there are no clutches or gear boxes to wear out or create service problems.



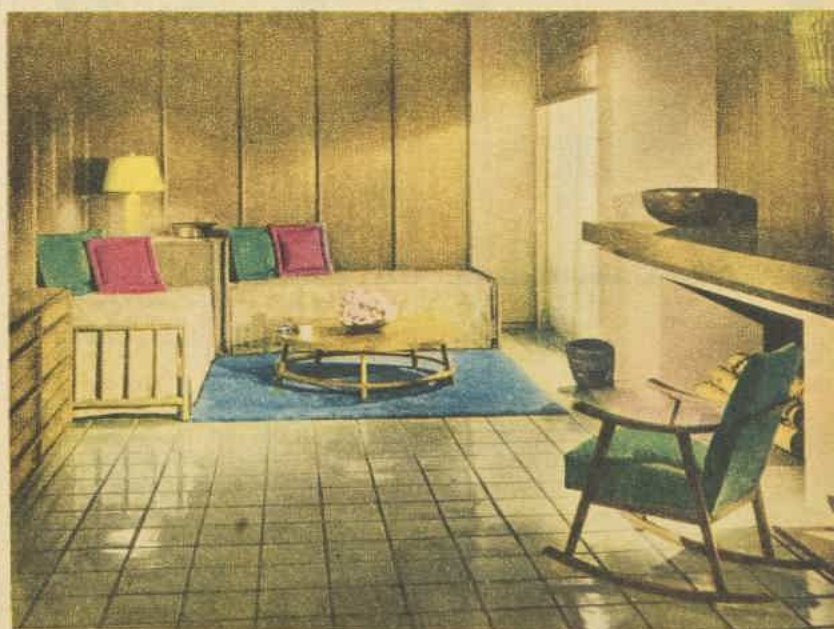
Beautiful Bedrooms

● These three beautiful bedroom settings, widely different in style and taste, illustrate how flexible the rules of home decoration are. If the decorator's taste is sure, the rules can always be altered or even ignored.

● Comfort is, of course, the main essential of all good bedrooms, and, once it is assured, the decorator can proceed to make a bedroom an artistic triumph, using fabrics and splashes of colors that delight the eye.



HOW TO BE FEMININE without fuss. Here is evidence that you can have a most feminine bedroom without using frills and furbelows. This tranquil blue-and-white sanctum features bare walls and minimum floor-covering. Only the scalloped bedspread and ruffled curtains break the strict order. The sparse effect is charming.



THE BED (at left) extends from a corner because of broken wall space. Behind the low headboard a shelf replaces night tables. Pictures from "Good Housekeeping."

CONTEMPORARY BEDROOM (above) looks austere, but all the comforts are there; a fireplace, space, daybeds angled pleasantly behind a coffee table on a rug.

NEW MOTH PROOFER PROTECTS WOOLLENS TWO WAYS! (without stain or odour)



Now is the time to spray
on MOTH-TOX! One spraying
destroys eggs and larvae!
Protects woollens for 12 months

MOTH-TOX kills hatching larvae—and stops moths from laying eggs in your woollen fabrics!

No more smelly "tell-tale" moth balls! No more bulky paper bags! Here is the modern way to protect those winter clothes you are about to put away—Moth-Tox! This new, odourless, non-staining liquid sprays on in a jiffy—and stays on to kill all hatching moth larvae and eggs. Quick! Clean! Sure!

DOUBLE PROTECTION! The moment you spray on Moth-Tox it covers the fabric with millions of tiny, misty spray

beads. These destroy all hidden moth larvae and eggs which may be hatching in your clothes. Moth-Tox also repels moths from laying eggs in your fabrics. And effect of Moth-Tox lasts for a full year! So buy Moth-Tox and protect all your woollen clothes and fabrics this new, easy way.

Moth-Tox is also effective against silver-fish, ants, cockroaches, fleas and spiders. Gives full protection to stored blankets, rugs, carpets and upholstery.

Proof that MOTH-TOX repels larvae!



See how this wool swatch, treated with MOTH-TOX repels moth larvae that have purposely been placed on the fabric. They refuse to feed!



This wool swatch, untreated, was destroyed by the moth larvae soon after they were hatched. Moth-Tox gives double protection! Destroys both eggs and larvae.



Look for this big BLUE and
YELLOW can of MOTH-TOX MOTH PROOFER.
Sold by Chemists, Department Stores, Hardware
Stores and Grocery Stores.

MOTH-TOX

MOTH PROOFER

A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

GIFTS TO MAKE

● On this page are three ideas for gifts for friends or relatives at Christmas. On the opposite page are three attractive toy animals made in crochet. They are cute enough to delight any lucky child who finds them in a stocking on Christmas morning.

Crocheted set

HERE are the directions for the matching apron and placemat set illustrated at left:
Materials: 3 balls selected color Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 40; 1½ yds. of 36in.-wide linen; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 4½.

PLACEMAT (Make 4)

Strip: Starting at narrow end, ch. 53 to measure 3½ in.

1st Row: Dbl-tr. in 13th ch. from hook, * ch. 5, skip 4 ch., dbl-tr. in next ch., rep. from * across (9 sps.), ch. 6, turn.

2nd Row: Holding back on hook the last loop of each dbl-tr., make dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., 7 dbl-tr. in next sp., dbl-tr. in next dbl-tr., thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), * ch. 5, make a cluster as before, making first dbl-tr. in same place as last dbl-tr., rep. from * across, ending with dbl-tr. in 4th ch. of turning chain (9 clusters). Ch. 9, turn.

3rd Row: Dbl-tr. in loop between next 2 dbl-tr., * ch. 5, dbl-tr. in next loop, rep. from * across (9 sps.), ch. 6, turn. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows alt. for length desired, ending with 3rd row. Break off. Cut a piece of linen 12½ in. by 18½ in. Make a rolled hem around all edges. Place strip on right-hand side over the linen and sew in place.

APRON

Cut a piece of linen 15 in. by 36 in. Make a rolled hem around 3 outer edges. Gather the top edge in to measure 14 in. Make 2 strips long enough to place over each side and sew in place.

With rem. material make waistband and ties and sew in place.



WIDE BANDS of heavy crochet trim the sides of the placemats above. The same crochet is used in two bands to edge the sides of the pretty matching apron. This is an ideal gift for the woman who likes to entertain.



CORNERS of heavy embroidery are used on the mat shown above. This attractive design can be done in three colors.

Lunch mats

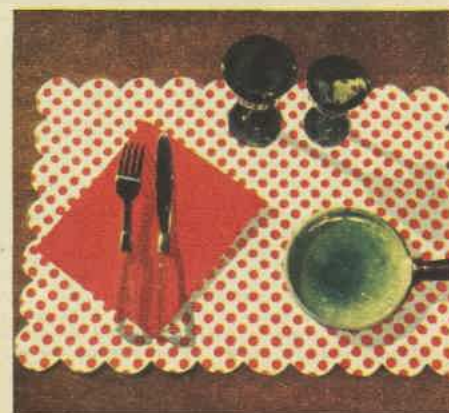
EMBROIDERED in heavy cotton, this pretty set can be done in no time. It is illustrated above.

Materials: 1 2-3rd yds. 36in.-wide cotton or washable linen for a set of six table mats and napkins in matching or contrasting colors; thick embroidery cotton in two selected colors.

Cut six pieces of the material 18 in. by 12 in. for the placemats, and make a wide hem for extra support. Then cut out and hem the table napkins, each one measuring 12 in. by 12 in.

With chalk or pencil carefully draw two rows of crosses on opposite corners of the placemats and table napkins, as shown in illustration, making sure they are all exactly even. Use a ruler or a commercial transfer to guide you.

With a very thick embroidery cotton, cover the pencil lines or transfer outline with a couching stitch.



POLKA DOTS look gay and fresh. Make a set of dotted mats with plain napkins in a contrasting color for a smart effect.

Polka dot mats

MAKE several sets of the dotted mats shown above, using different colors.

Materials: A set of 6 mats takes 2 yds. of 36in.-wide polka cotton material; 2-3rd yard plain cotton for 6 napkins.

Cut two pieces of the spotted material 18 in. by 12 in. for each placemat. You can use the polka dots as a guide, but if the weave is not straight, damp the fabric and pull into place before cutting.

Then cut one of these pieces down the centre and join it again down 2 in. on both ends. Tack the two pieces together with right sides facing. Leaving ½ in. around the edges, mark the scallops clearly. Sew along this line, and make a small nick in between scallops to avoid puckering.

Turn the mat inside out and carefully sew up the slit at the back by hand.

Cut 6 pieces 12 in. by 12 in. from the plain material for the napkins. Fringe two opposite ends and hem the other two.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Pink elephant

HERE are the directions for making the pink elephant with the floppy ears and turned-up trunk shown at right.

Size: Approximately 10in. high, 8in. wide (with legs).

Materials: 4oz. pink (P), 1oz. white (W) Paton's Double Quick knitting wool; crochet hook No. 9; scraps of green and red felt; stuffing; tapestry needles; 2 black beads for eyes.

Tension: 5 d.c. to 1in., 5 rounds to 1in.

BODY

Beg. at bottom, with p, ch. 3, join with sl-st. to form ring.

Round 1: 7 d.c. in ring. Mark ends of rounds.

Round 2: 2 d.c. in every d.c. (14 d.c.). Inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 25 d.c., in every 3rd d.c. until there are 35 d.c., in every 4th d.c. until there are 48 d.c. in last round. Work even until 31 rounds from beg.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Miss first and 24th d.c. of next round. Rep. dec. each side

(always over previous decs.) for 7 rounds more (32 d.c.). Stuff body. Miss every 2nd d.c. until no stitches rem. End off.

HEAD

Beg. with trunk, work first 2 rounds as for body (13 d.c. only). Work until 11 rounds from beg.

Round 12: Inc. in every 4th d.c. (16 d.c.). Work 7 rounds even.

Round 20: Inc. in every 4th d.c. (20 d.c.). Work 4 rounds even. Inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 55 d.c. (mark last 28 d.c., work for forehead), finish round even. Work 15 rounds even.

Dec. for back of head: Miss every 6th d.c. until 22 d.c. rem. Stuff head. Cont. with dec. until 13 d.c. rem. Draw sts. tog. with needle and end off.

FRONT LEGS

(Make 2.)

With W ch. 12.

Row 1: D.c. in 2nd ch. and in each ch. across (11 d.c.).

Row 2: Ch. 1, turn, d.c. in each d.c. across, drop W. With P, work 2 rows, drop P. With W, work 2 rows. Rep. last 4 rows until there are 6 stripes of each color. Ch. 1, working along side, work 1 d.c. in every

2nd row (gathering for top of leg). Draw sts. tog. with needle, sew leg seam. Stuff.

HIND LEGS

(Make 2.)

With W, ch. 14, work as for front legs until 7 stripes of each color and finish same.

FOOTPIECES

(Make 2 of each kind.)

With P, work first 2 rounds as for body, then inc. in same way to 30 d.c. for front legs; 35 d.c. for hind legs. Sew foot-pieces to each leg.

EARS

(Make 2.)

With W, ch. 17, work as for front leg until 6 stripes W and 5 stripes P. Gather side (where colors were changed) with needle and sew to head.

TAIL

With P, ch. 10, d.c. in 2nd ch. and in each ch. across. Work 3 rows even. Fold lengthwise and sew together. With W, make a small tassel and sew to end of tail.

TO MAKE UP

Sew head, legs, and tail to body. Make eyes and bow of green felt, mouth of red felt, sew to head as illustrated.



Blue giraffe

THE giraffe at left will delight all children.

Size: Approximately 17in. high, 6in. wide.

Materials: 4oz. blue (MC), small quantities white (W) and black (B) Paton's Double Quick knitting wool; crochet hook No. 9; tapestry needle; 45in. featherboning; stuffing, 1yd. pink ribbon.

Tension: 5 d.c. to 1in.; 5 rounds to 1in.

BODY

Beg. at back, with MC ch. 3, join with sl-st. to form ring.

Round 1: 7 d.c. in ring. Mark ends of rounds.

Round 2: 2 d.c. in each d.c. all around (14 d.c.).

Inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 30 d.c., then every 4th d.c. until there are 42 d.c. in round. Work even until 16 rounds from beg.

Round 17: Inc. in every 5th d.c. (50 d.c.).

Work 13 rounds even.

Round 30: Miss every 3rd d.c. 14 times, finish round (36 d.c.).

Short Row (underpart of neck): Turn; miss first d.c., d.c. in each of 19 d.c., turn; miss 1 d.c., d.c. in each of 21 d.c., turn; work same way 23 d.c., turn; miss 1 d.c., work to end of round (32 d.c. in round). Work 6 rounds even. Stuff body. Round 38: Miss every 8th

d.c. (28 d.c.). Work 2 rounds even.

Round 41: Miss every 7th d.c. (24 d.c.). Work 8 rounds even.

Round 50: Miss every 8th d.c. (21 d.c.). Work 12 rounds even.

Round 63: Miss every 7th d.c. (18 d.c.). Work 3 rounds even. End off.

Stuff neck, insert two 7in. lengths of featherboning.

HEAD

Beg. at nose with W, work first 2 rounds as for body (14 d.c.).

Round 3: Inc. in every 2nd d.c. to 20 d.c., finish round. Work 5 rounds even. Break off W. Join MC, work 1 round more.

Round 10: Inc. in every 5th d.c. (24 d.c.). Work 2 rounds even.

Round 13: Inc. in every 4th d.c. (30 d.c.). Work 6 rounds even.

Round 20: Miss every 6th d.c. to end of round (25 d.c.). Stuff head. Cont. to dec. same way until 12 d.c. rem. Draw sts. tog. with needle and end off.

HIND LEGS (Make 2.)

Beg. at top with MC, ch. 22, join with sl-st. to form ring.

Round 1: D.c. in each ch. of ring (21 d.c.).

Work 11 rounds more.

Round 13: Miss every 7th d.c. (18 d.c.). Work until 31 rounds from beg. Break off MC. Join W, work 4 rounds

even. Break off W. Join B, work 1 round. End off. Stuff, insert 7in. featherboning.

FRONT LEGS (Make 2.)

Work as for hind leg, working 39 rounds of MC, finish same. Stuff, insert 8in. of featherboning.

FOOTPIECES (Make 4.)

With B, work first 2 rounds as for body, then inc. in every 2nd d.c. to 19 d.c.; sew to bottom of each leg.

EARS (Make 2.)

With MC, ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. and in each of 2 ch., 3 d.c. in last ch.; working on other side of ch., d.c. in each of 3 ch.

Rounds 2 and 3: Ch. 1, turn, d.c. in each d.c. around, 3 d.c. in centre of d.c. of 3 d.c. group. End off. Sew straight edge to head.

TAIL

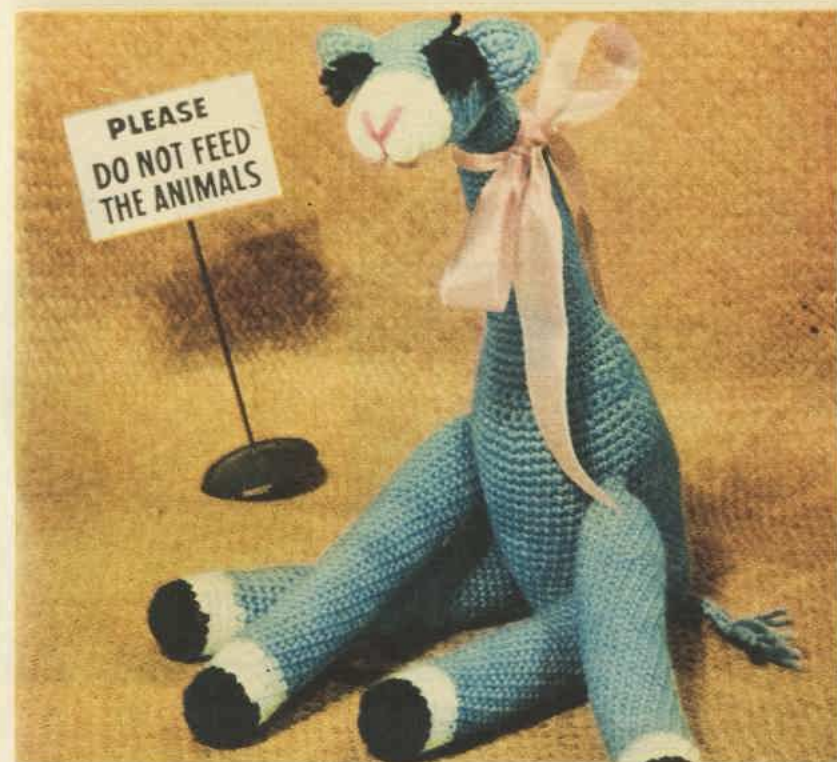
With MC, ch. 14.

Row 1: D.c. in 2nd ch. and in each ch. across (13 d.c.).

Rows 2 and 3: Ch. 1, turn, d.c. in each d.c. across. Sew tog. lengthwise. Make small tassel, sew to end of tail.

To Make Up: Sew head, legs, and tail to body. Embroider nose and mouth with red embroidery cotton. Tie pink ribbon around neck.

Eye Fringe: Cut 12 lin. strands of B wool, fold 2 bunches of 6 strands in half; sew folded edge to each side of head for eyelashes.



Rose cat

EVEN a beginner can follow the simple directions for making the crocheted cat illustrated at right. He is an amusing fellow and will make a lovely gift.

Size: Approximately 6in. high, 7in. long.

Materials: 3oz. pink Paton's Double Quick knitting wool; small quantity of black for trim; crochet hook No. 9; scraps of green and pink felt; stuffing; tapestry needle; beads for eyes; ribbon.

Tension: 5 d.c. to 1in., 5 rounds to 1in.

HEAD

Beg. at nose, ch. 3, join with sl-st. to form ring.

Round 1: 6 d.c. in ring. Mark ends of rounds.

Round 2: 2 d.c. in each d.c. all around (12 d.c.). Inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 34 d.c., finish round. Work 3 rounds even.

Inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 52 d.c. Work even until 20 rounds from beg. Dec. for back of head: Miss every 6th d.c. until there are 21 d.c. in round. Stuff head. Cont. dec. as before until 12 d.c. rem. Draw sts. tog. with needle, fasten off.

EARS

(Make 2.)

Ch. 9.

Row 1: d.c. in 2nd ch. and in each ch. across (8 d.c.).

Row 2: Ch. 1, turn, d.c. in each d.c. Rep. last row until a square is formed. Fold diagonally. From right side, with pink, sew outside edges together with overcast sts.; sew to head.

BODY

Beg. at front, work first 2 rounds as for head, then inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 40 d.c. in round. Work even until 18 rounds from beg.

Round 19: Inc. in every 2nd d.c. 5 times (mark these 15 d.c. centre top of body), finish round (45 d.c.). Work 15 rounds even. Dec., stuff, and finish as for back of head.

FRONT LEGS

(Make 2.)

Beg. at paw, work first 2 rounds as for head, then inc. in every 2nd d.c. until there are 14 d.c. Work even until 9 rounds from beg.

Round 10: Inc. 3 d.c. evenly around (17 d.c.). Work 3 rounds even. Dec.: Miss every third d.c. (12 d.c.). Stuff leg. Cont. dec. until no sts. rem. End off.

HIND LEGS

(Make 2.)

Work as for front legs, inc. to 16 d.c. Cont. as for front legs until 10th round has been worked. (19 d.c.). Work 4 rounds even. Dec., stuff, and finish same.

TAIL

Work 1st round as for head (6 d.c.). Inc. 2 d.c. evenly around next round. Work 8 rounds even. Inc. as before. Work 6 rounds even. Inc. as before (12 d.c.). Work even until 27 rounds from beg. Stuff and sew to body.

TO MAKE UP

Sew head and legs to body. Make eyes of green felt, tack to head with black beads. Make tongue of pink felt. Make whiskers of heavily waxed black thread about 3in. long. With pink thread, embroider nose. With black wool, overcast 5 sts. on each paw for claws. Tie ribbon around neck.



KRAFT makes all these wonderful cheeses

—a flavour to suit every taste . . .
and all so nourishing

Did you know Kraft now makes 20 different cheese varieties—right here in Australia? It's a fabulous selection!

Mild or tasty, mellow or tangy, there's a Kraft cheese for every taste. Swiss, Coon, Monterey, Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese are just a few of the Kraft cheeses at your grocer's. He has many more varieties—in both packages and glasses.



"Kraft cheeses are all food", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition expert. "No waste, and good to the last bite because even Kraft *bulk* cheeses are rindless. So high in food value . . . packed with protein, vitamins and minerals. . .

So many ways to serve cheese: Enjoy Kraft cheeses in sandwiches and salads . . . for snacks . . . in main course dishes and desserts.

And try a cheese tray . . . biscuits, buttered bread, and plenty of fine, fresh Kraft cheeses.

Enjoy Kraft cheeses often!



Kraft Cheddar: Australia's family favourite for snacks, sandwiches, savouries, salads and hot dishes. Available in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf. A bargain in nutrition.



Kraft Velveeta: A mild flavoured cheese food—made in a special way to retain the full nutriment value of milk. Velveeta spreads like butter and grills to perfection. Choose the yellow 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



Cheez Whiz: Different from any cheese food you've ever tasted—and you'll enjoy it so many ways. Spread Cheez Whiz on sandwiches and savouries. Spoon it over vegetables. Heat Cheez Whiz for a quick cheese sauce.



Kraft Old English: Popular with those who like a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Made from fully matured cheese. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



Cheese portions: The 1-oz. portions are perfect for lunch boxes, picnics and parties. Big variety—Cheddar, Velveeta, Old English, Cheese and Bacon, Gorgonzola and Gruyere.



Kraft Spreads: Choose from Gorgonzola, Smokay, Danish Blue, Cheddar Cheese Spread, Cream Cheese Spread and a non-cheese variety—Sandwich Relish. All come in 5-oz. re-useable glasses—smart and sturdy.



CHEESE IS A WONDERFUL FOOD AND KRAFT MAKES WONDERFUL



Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese: Creamy white, fresh and delicate tasting. Made from whole milk and added cream. Try it on toast with jam—for making appetising cheese dips, desserts and "Philly" cakes and frostings.



Coon Cheese: Great news! This old-time "tasty" favourite is now available in convenient 1/2-lb. plastic packages. No rind or dried out edges—a fresh 1/2-lb. of "tasty" cheese that's fully matured and specially selected.



Monterey Cheese: The mellow, well-balanced flavour and delightfully smooth texture of Monterey are fully protected in its new 6-oz. sealed plastic package. Monterey is ideal for snacks and lunch sandwiches.



Kraft Swiss Cheese is now in slices. A full half pound of individual slices comes to you in a plastic package that seals in the delicate nut-sweet flavour of this cheese with distinctive "eyes". Enjoy slices of Kraft Swiss in sandwiches and salads . . . snacks and savouries. Kraft Swiss slices are also available in smaller 4-oz. plastic packages.



Kraft Bleu Cheese: A rich, piquant flavoured blue vein fancy cheese. Bleu cheese is delicious served on cracker biscuits with salad greens . . . on the buffet table and in salads and sandwiches.

POWERFUL CHEESES

Kraft have just recently introduced these new convenient sized packs, and in some areas you may have difficulty in obtaining them. However, storekeepers have Kraft Swiss, Coon and Monterey available in plastic wrapped rindless loaves, and will cut for you the quantity required of these fine cheeses.

FROM ROUGH PADDOCKS



BEFORE (right) and AFTER (above) views show the transformation of the Walters' farmhouse entrance. New features are a slate terrace, basalt sitting-walls, and extended pergola, since covered with foliage.



A wilderness transformed

● An attractive parkland garden at Narre Warren North, Victoria, is a colorful inspiration for people whose house surroundings resemble reproductions of the Wild West wastelands.

THE one-and-a-half-acre parkland is round the farmhouse of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walters, and before landscaping was an uninteresting stretch of rough paddock with stark concrete paths.

Now the house is set in picturesque surroundings, featuring a slate terrace, formal rose garden, sweeping lawns dotted with shrubs selected to block out unattractive views and highlight others, and "outcrops" of granite boulders to give a touch of rugged beauty.

Undulating land provided a good basis for landscaping, so Mr. Ellis Stones, landscape

gardener, of Ivanhoe, decided to follow the natural contours, even though the concrete paths presented a problem.

Since removing the paths would have been costly, he left them, and planned the garden to make them less conspicuous.

His three reasons for keeping to the natural contours were that the garden is easier to keep than if it were terraced, it is economical, and terracing foreshortens the view.

One of the major problems was making something of the farmhouse's unimposing front entrance, with its bare pergola over a concrete and wooden porch floor.

After the floor was torn up and the area enlarged, it was paved in local Castlemaine slate. The pergola was extended over this, wistaria planted at its base, and a small stone sitting-wall, built round the paving, created a modern living-out area.

The effective "playing down" of the concrete paths was achieved by planting shrubs at intervals along the drive and footpath, encouraging low ones to grow over the edges, and taller varieties to lean just above head-level.

In the only levelled part of the garden, Mr. Stones designed a formal rose garden, which now has about sixty bushes set in oblong beds, bordered by gravel paths. This is protected by a shrubbery of fast-growing melia trees and small "ground-covering" bushes from cold winds rising from a nearby gully.

The rest of the garden has a parkland character, with vistas between concentrated shrubberies and silver birch specimen trees dotted over the lawns, which are simply the natural grasses trimmed down.

Instead of flower-beds, flowering shrubs save maintenance.

The only skilled work on the project, apart from the planning, was the slate-paving and rock-walling, for which broken bricks and rubble from an old barn on the property were used as foundations.

THE CONCRETE DRIVE softened by the planned garden. Shrubs, backed by trees, spill over the edge.



Here's how to protect your home and family from insect-borne infection!



LIKE THE LUCKY LUCKE QUADS

Mrs. Lucke knows what's best to protect her precious babies from sickness-bearing insects: keep all flying pests out with Agco Roller Screens.

SPRING ROLLER INSECT SCREENS BY AGCO

Agco Spring Roller Screens provide the most convenient way of keeping out flying insect pests (and the germs they carry!) Agco Screens roll easily up or down so that when you want to throw open all your windows to let in cool, fresh air, you can do so without exposing your family to insect-borne sickness. Protective, smooth-running Agco Screens can be fitted to any type of window (including louvres), they're economical, health protecting, and very easy to instal.

Agco Spring Roller Screens are made with genuine "Cyclone" Bronze Screenwire for long life.

Also available are Agco Hinged, Slide, and Flat Screens with your choice of "Cyclone" Bronze, Aluminium or Zincoid Screenwire.

OVER 250,000 AGCO SCREENS ARE NOW IN USE IN AUSTRALIA!

easy to fit!
easy to operate!



Roll up—out of sight when not in use.



Roll smoothly down and lock by finger clip at bottom; efficient, unobtrusive, nothing to get out of order.



POST THIS COUPON to your nearest

AGCO Distributor. Please indicate your requirement:

Free Brochure and Price List — ☐

Representative to call and quote without obligation: ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

N.S.W.: A. F. Agnew & Co. Pty. Ltd., 93 Princes Highway, Arncliffe, LK2251.
VIC.: A. F. Agnew & Co. Pty. Ltd., 579 Collins St., Melbourne, MB3151, MB5229.
Q.LD.: A. F. Agnew & Co. Pty. Ltd., 38 Commercial Rd., Valley, Bris. L1097.
S.A.: Roofcote Ltd., 175 Currie St., Adelaide, LA3008.
W.A.: W. Drabble Ltd., 44 Bayview Tce., Claremont, F4451.
TAS.: Barranger Lansdell (Hobart) Pty. Ltd., Cnr. Elizabeth & Patrick Sts., Hobart, B7051.
Complete installation service available.

TO PARKLANDS



BEFORE AND AFTER shots (right and above) show the contrast of rough paddocks and parklands. Before, the only tree in the grounds apart from the distant pines was the lemon tree (right). The above winter view from the drive was taken looking up the path to the house, which in summer is hidden by foliage of deciduous growth in the foreground. Only japonica and daffodils are flowering. On the sheltered south-east side of the house, easy-to-care-for rhododendrons and hydrangeas make a colorful display.



LEFT: The transformed view of the south lawn, looking towards the house and rose garden. Also showing is a shrubbery planted as a wind-break for the whole garden.

BELOW: Granite boulders from another part of the property were placed as a "natural" outcrop, forming steps down into the rose garden of the parkland. Between the boulders are "alpine" (rock plants).



IT'S A BOY!



During those anxious hours of childbirth, and in the days that follow, doctors and nurses are never off guard against the risks of septic infection. Today, in Australia's leading maternity hospitals, doctors and nurses use Dettol — the approved antiseptic. In your own home, Dettol is the safe, effective way to guard against the risk of septic infection.



It can happen anytime — especially in the kitchen! Remember: "It's only a cut" can be very dangerous thinking. Never fail to reach for Dettol. Use Dettol on all cuts to kill germs and help heal the wound — quickly.



Hilda Scurr — popular radio actress — says: "Dettol is a good friend of mine ... my daily gargle with Dettol helps to protect my throat from infection." Dettol in water brings cool comfort, protects your throat from infection.



Bathtime should be protection time. Soap and water is not always enough — especially with school children. A little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does ... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning ... in the room from which sickness may spread ... in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) ... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic ... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.



QUEEN BEE XLO

*Soaks up
moisture
like magic*

**Saves towels,
time and trouble**



XLO soaks up more than $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup of liquid—8 times its own weight!

One wipe and it's dry—for hundreds of washing and wiping jobs, there's nothing better than XLO, the perfect two-way Sponge Kloth.

Available in four gay colours, hygienically wrapped in sealed packs and sold throughout Australia.



Steamy bathroom mirrors cleaned in a trice with XLO.



Splashes and spills mopped up before they've time to mark.



Plastic bags and covers quickly dried with XLO.



Perfect for windows—leaves them clean and clear.



Sinks, basins, baths and tiles wipe dry and shiny with XLO.



Wet refrigerators easily dried with XLO.



Keeps **windscreen clear** of mist.



Save car washing—after rain wipe dry with XLO.



Sandy youngsters come cleaner with XLO—saves dirty towels.

Keep an XLO in your bathroom, kitchen, laundry and car.



BLUO makes whites whiter each wash.

Bluo

*To-day's easiest way
to keep whites
at their whitest!*

Just a sprinkle of BLUO to a tubful of water!



Quicker and cleaner to use, harmless to all fabrics, BLUO is perfect for washing machines and ideal for hard water. No streaks, no sediment... BLUO dissolves instantly without risk of staining.

Obtainable at stores throughout Australia.

produced by the manufacturers of STEELO!

FOR BEACH HOLIDAYS



Our home plan shows design with lightness, gaiety

● The lightness and gaiety demanded for a building in a holiday resort are skilfully expressed in the attractive beach-house design that is our Home Plan No. 345, shown on this page.

READERS can buy the plan at our Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. The price is £7/7/-. Details of our Centres and the addresses are given in the panel at right.

Our beach-home design is eye-catching in its contemporary appeal, but its construction has been kept simple because so many people build their own holiday homes and prefer a plan within the capacity of the average handyman.

The roof is flat and could be covered with either bituminous felt or aluminium foil. It could be altered quite easily to a skillion roof, sloping slightly to the rear.

Any of the corrugated roofing materials could then be used.

The roof extends in an unbroken line to cover the carport, and this tends to give an impression of more imposing size to a small home, because the car-port and the supporting louvres become an integral part of the design.

The essential spirit of a holiday home is achieved with an uncluttered interior, rooms flooded with sunshine and breeze, and close harmony be-

tween indoor and outdoor living.

Although the holiday-maker always is confident of perfect weather for his holiday, he is often disappointed. But whatever the weather, it is more pleasant to be in a house with an open outlook than in one that is depressing and closed-in.

In the beach-house illustrated, the glass doors and wide windows extending up to the eaves reflect the sunny holiday mood.

Three terraces surround the house, the sun-deck opening off the bedrooms, the car-port opening into the living-room for ease in entering the home from the car, and the spacious front patio also opening with double glass doors from the living-room.

The home has a wide, friendly approach, with a paved area at the foot of the steps. This is yet another pleasant spot for outdoor relaxation.

Compact planning keeps down the size of the service-rooms, grouped closely together, to an efficient minimum. This reduces plumbing costs, and makes the work of cleaning and running the house as simple as possible.

A shower for use after swimming could be included in the

laundry at a very small cost.

The kitchen has the perfect U-shape layout, with an uninterrupted line of benches connecting the stove, sink, and refrigerator.

The benches should all be at the same level with no gaps between to trap dirt, making cleaning a matter of minutes, as it should be in a holiday home.

The end wall is entirely of glass, combining doors, casement, and, at the top, hopper windows.

The spacious living-room is left quite open for easy furnishing. The personal taste of the owner could be reflected in the addition of an attractive room-divider in the form of a light screen or furniture units.

This charming contemporary beach-house has an area of 7 squares and a width of 33ft. 4in.

To have the home completely erected by a builder, and in timber, the cost should be approximately:

In New South Wales: £2400.
In Victoria: £2200.
In Queensland: £2100.
In South Australia: £2000.

These costs could be reduced considerably, of course, if the owner undertook all or part of the building work himself.

OUR HOME PLAN No. 345 is bright and cheerful, in keeping with its sea-side setting. The design is simple, and the handyman could build it himself. Three terraces are a feature. The interior is uncluttered, and wide glass areas admit the sun.

Where to buy this plan

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with the leading stores named in the addresses below, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres, simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

Plans in stock range from the small holiday-type home to the more imposing two-storied residences and large country homesteads.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design, at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Readers can call at our Centres to obtain plans or any advice on home-building. Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee.

Addresses of our Home Planning Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

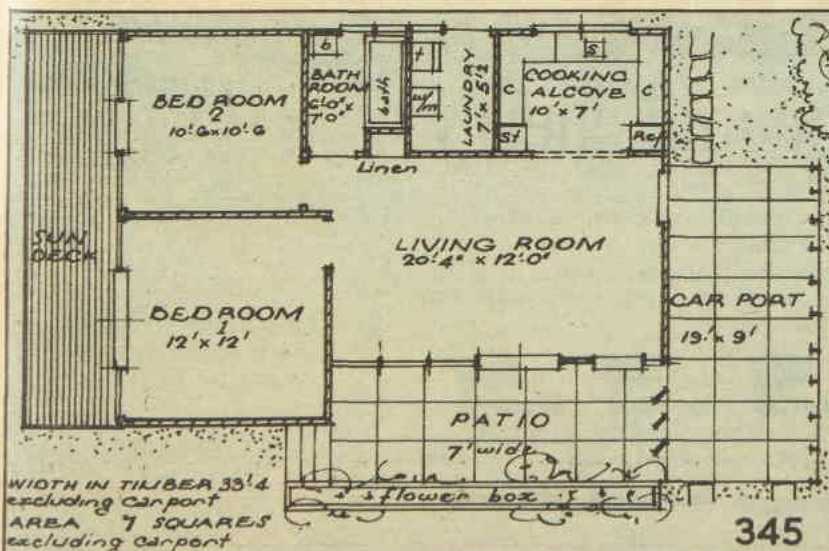
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representatives will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Thursday to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629, G.P.O.

All our plans are available in any building material. If ordering plans by mail, readers should specify the building material to be used.



345

FLOOR LAYOUT OF THE HOLIDAY HOME. The service rooms are closely grouped together to save work, and to reduce plumbing costs. The spacious living-room is left open for easy furnishing, and could have a room-divider.

I know, and you know!



that washing is to get clothes clean, but washing alone cannot make your white clothes dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

... only

Reckitt's Blue

keeps white clothes truly white

Every woman knows that she can never hope for dazzling white sheets and shirts and other white things unless they have a last rinse in Reckitt's Blue. WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, and then into RECKITT'S BLUE for that proud, lovely white. That's the secret.



Remember! Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch —your perfect washday companions

Hay Fever and ASTHMA ATTACKS

What to do about them

Many people are sensitive to pollens and house dust. These particles irritate the mucus membranes and render them easy to attack by germs. Therefore, in treatment, it is necessary to counteract the effects of these pollens and dusts and build up resistance against the invading organisms.

DOUBLE BENEFIT. First, Lantigen 'E' contains extracts from the pollens and dusts that help the body resist attacks of similar air-borne materials, and combat irritation. Secondly, Lantigen 'E' provides an oral vaccine which helps build up natural resistance against germs which follow allergic attack. The combined effect relieves the distressing symptoms and helps promote immunity against future attacks. A chronic sufferer from hay fever for over five years says: "I tried Lantigen 'E' this year and have not had one sign of hay fever." Lantigen 'E' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. No injections. Safe for young and old. Costs only a few pence per day.

Ask your Chemist today for

Lantigen 'E'
ORAL VACCINE

Taken just like an ordinary medicine!

FOR HAY FEVER AND ALLERGIC ASTHMA
More than 5,000,000 Bottles of Lantigen sold in over 50 Countries



Every woman dreams of owning a

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

because it saves money, time and energy!

Why go on dreaming any longer! Once you own a Mixmaster, you'll find it soon pays for itself. You'll start saving money on cakes, biscuits, ice cream, etc., right from the very first day. In fact, on these items alone you'll save much *more* than the small weekly payments. Never again will you tire yourself with arm-aching food mixing, beating, mashing, stirring, whipping, folding or juicing. Mixmaster does it all for you . . . quickly thoroughly . . . at scientifically correct speeds. And remember, results are always *perfect* when you use a Mix-

master. Let your dreams come true . . . see your nearest Sunbeam retailer today. Available in gleaming black and white, or in the following choice of modern colours to match your kitchen:



GREEN

YELLOW

BLUE

CORAL

*Wouldn't it
be wonderful to
get a MIXMASTER
for Christmas!*

You couldn't ask for a more sensible, practical gift! Plan **now** to make this coming Xmas your Mixmaster Xmas

AS LITTLE AS 6/- A WEEK AT Sunbeam DEALERS



FOODS to be served while viewing television should be of a type that is easily manageable with a fork or fingers. Illustrated above are Canadian mince pie, sherried chocolate balls, devilled open sandwiches, toffee-coated popcorn. There is also a tossed salad, cheese tittbits, and nuts, together with a steaming pot of coffee.

TV

SNACKS

TO replace the familiar sit-down evening meal, housewives are busy searching out recipes for dishes that are substantial yet easy to manage while watching favorite TV programmes.

Regular TV evenings with family and friends also mean more entertaining, with suppers that can be prepared beforehand and require only last-minute heating and serving.

Below is a selection of recipes for simple, buffet-type dishes that are suitable for meals to be eaten while watching TV.

All spoon measurements are level.

DEVILLED OPEN SANDWICHES

One tin crab or tuna, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped stuffed olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, 6 slices bread, butter.

Drain tin of crab or tuna and break into small pieces. Add olives and celery, and bind together with mayonnaise. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Toast slices of bread lightly and spread with butter. Pile on devilled crab-mayonnaise mixture and place back under griller for a few minutes before serving.

Note: If desired, the bread could be replaced with toasted crumpets or waffles.

SLASHED FRENCH BREAD

One loaf narrow French bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup softened butter, 2 cloves garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tasty cheese.

Slash bread diagonally into thick slices, cutting almost to bottom. Mix

● Television-viewing is a popular pastime that has brought about some changes in the domestic routine at mealtime.

softened butter with crushed garlic and spread between slices. Insert thick wedge of cheese into each slash and wrap loaf in aluminium foil. Place under griller or into moderately hot oven for 15 minutes or until loaf heats through and cheese partially melts. Serve piping hot broken into chunky pieces.

Extra flavors such as diced cooked bacon or ham, mustard, spaghetti or baked beans, tomato slices, asparagus can be added if desired.

CANADIAN MINCE PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 lb. mince steak, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup stock or water, 3 tomatoes, salt, cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Separate meat into small pieces and toss in flour. Sauté onion in fat until golden brown. Add meat and cook, stirring occasionally until browned all over. Stir in stock or water and chopped tomatoes. Season with salt and cayenne; cool. Roll out pastry thinly, line a 9 in. pie-plate. Trim edges, decorate, and fill with meat mixture. Sprinkle with grated cheese, glaze pastry edge, and bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and continue baking 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into wedges and serve hot.

CHUTNEY CHEESE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, sweet fruit chutney, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 extra tablespoon shortening (preferably butter).

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dough with milk. Roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness on floured board, cut into 3 in. circles. Place a teaspoonful of chutney on one half of each circle, moisten edges, fold over and press edges together. Melt cheese over low heat with balance of shortening, spread over tops of scones. Bake on greased tray in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

HOT SPINACH CHOWDER

Three potatoes (small or 2 medium size), 1 parsnip, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, 1 teaspoon sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup cooked spinach purée.

Grate peeled potatoes and scraped carrot and parsnip. Dice onion and celery. Place in saucepan with sugar, salt, and butter. Cover and cook 4 or 5 minutes, shaking pan to prevent sticking. Add water and grated vegetables. Cook 25 to 30 minutes. Blend flour with milk, stir

into vegetable mixture, add spinach, and simmer 5 minutes. Correct seasoning. Serve hot in handled mugs.

Alternative method of serving: Chill thoroughly, serve topped with a sprinkling of grated cheese and parsley.

BRAIN CANAPES

One set brains, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water, juice of 1 lemon, 4 peppercorns, salt, pepper, bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices of bread, butter or substitute, lemon wedges and parsley.

Soak brains in salted, lukewarm water and vinegar for 1 hour. Remove skin, bring to the boil in stock or water with lemon juice, salt, and peppercorns, cook gently 10 minutes, drain. Cut brains into pieces about 1 in. square, sprinkle each piece lightly with salt and pepper, roll in small strip of bacon (rind removed), and secure with cocktail stick. Place on a square or round of bread brushed with melted butter or substitute. Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes. Remove cocktail sticks. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

TOFFEE-COATED POPCORN

Half cup home-popping corn, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons golden syrup, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter.

Pop corn according to directions given on packet. Prepare toffee coating. Place brown sugar, golden syrup, salt, water, and butter in a large saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture comes to boil. Continue boiling until mixture reaches 280 deg. F. or when a little of the

mixture will crack when dropped into cold water. Pour carefully over popped corn spread over base of greased shallow tray. Toss corn gently, so it will be evenly coated with toffee. Separate into biscuit-sized portions and allow to harden. Store in airtight tin until ready for use.

ORANGE NUT CAKES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4 oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, chopped nuts and orange wedges to decorate.

Cream butter with sugar and orange rind until soft and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, brush sides lightly with heated honey and orange juice, toss in chopped nuts. Slit tops and insert thin wedges of orange.

SHERRIED CHOCOLATE BALLS

Eight ounces stale sponge or plain cake crumbs, 3 oz. ground almonds, 3 oz. chopped walnuts, 6 oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry, 3 tablespoons strained apricot jelly (made by heating 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 2 tablespoons water, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice until well mixed together), chocolate icing, 1 pkt. chocolate nonpareils, 1 cup toasted coconut.

Mix crumbs, nuts, and sugar together, add sherry, apricot jelly, mix well. Shape into small balls with the hands, chill 3 hours. Coat with thin chocolate icing; roll in chocolate nonpareils or toasted coconut. Keep in a cool place.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

**IT'S
TWIN SIZE**

**IT'S
KING SIZE**



in flavour saving
GOLD-LINED CANS
that bring you 12 generous serves of
REAL Swiss Style CREAM



It's cream with a difference, so rich and delicious... Your desserts take on a new interest with Tongala Swiss Style cream because that rich dairy flavour adds an extra taste thrill to your most delectable desserts

Try it on Strawberries—Peaches—Apple Pie or Plum Pudding, in fact Tongala is the cream for every dessert.

It's so convenient to serve straight from the flavour-saving gold lined can, or if you wish, it can be whipped. Tongala stays fresh tasting right to the last spoonful.

Next time you shop for cream be sure you ask for Tongala Swiss Style cream in the Twin size, King Size can.

TONGALA
REDUCED CREAM
for every dessert

You can enjoy **Swiss Style** richness
in Evaporated Milk too.....

Tongala Swiss Style unsweetened evaporated milk makes the smoothest ice cream you've ever tasted. Packed in the flavour saving gold lined can it makes creamier coffee—smoother gravies—creamier white

sauce and your family will love the delicious flavour lift it gives to your soups. Tongala Swiss Style milk is always fresh and full of rich country goodness. Buy some today!

TONGALA MILK
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED



Makes
melt-in-the-mouth
ICE CREAM

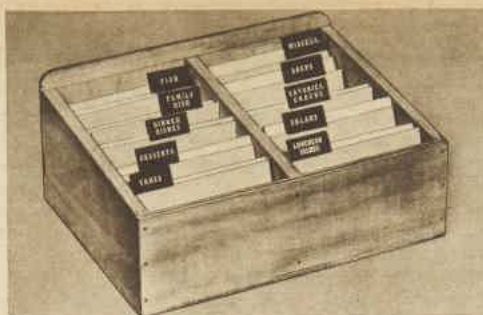


and there's Swiss goodness in
TONGALA
CONDENSED MILK



Tongala Swiss Style sweetened condensed milk. Packed in cans or in the convenient tubes.

KITCHEN-TESTED RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE



● The kitchen-tested recipes on this page and overleaf are arranged back to back so you can cut them out along the dotted lines and file them in the neat wooden file shown at left. Readers can make the file themselves, or buy it ready made at our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office. Price is 10/-, plus 2/- postage. Directions for making this handy kitchen file are given overleaf.

COCO LEMON DESSERT



GLAZED MOCK HAM

● One pumped leg of hogget or mutton, 1 lemon, a little mixed mustard, 1lb. scone dough, brown breadcrumbs, pineapple rings, whole cloves, melted shortening.
Soak leg one hour in cold water, wipe dry. Rub well with cut lemon and smear lightly with mustard. Roll scone dough to good 1/4 in. thickness, mould around leg. Place in thickly greased baking-dish in very moderate oven and bake until meat is tender when pierced with a fine steel knitting needle (allow about 35 minutes per pound). Remove scone mixture, brush meat with melted shortening, and coat with browned breadcrumbs. Stick with cloves, allow to become quite cold before serving. Garnish with pineapple ring. To make a simple scone dough, sift 1lb. self-raising flour and 2 teaspoons salt into a basin. Add approximately 1 1/2 cups cold water and knead lightly before rolling out on a floured board. Serves 5-6 persons.

BEEF OLIVES



WAFFLE SHORTCAKE

● Two eggs, 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine (melted), 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 4oz. package cream cheese, milk, fresh strawberries, crushed and sweetened, shortening or oil for greasing.

Beat the egg-yolks, add the milk and melted butter, and add this mixture to the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Preheat waffle iron. Grease both sides, pour four tablespoons batter carefully on to iron. Close lid down and cook 5 to 6 minutes. Regrease before cooking next waffle. Spread half of each hot waffle with cream cheese which has been softened with a small amount of milk. Sandwich the waffles together for shortcakes and serve with strawberries. When serving waffles, if it is necessary to reheat place them under a griller or in a toaster. Serves four.

CABBAGE CANTONESE



SCALLOP BISQUE

● Half pound scallops, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 1/2 teaspoon anchovy essence, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, pinch mace or nutmeg, 2oz. shredded processed cheese.

Blanch scallops by bringing to boil in salted water; drain. Chop the scallops into chunky pieces and set aside. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in the flour, and gradually blend in the milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon until sauce boils and thickens; cook further 3 minutes. Season with anchovy essence, mace or nutmeg, salt and pepper, and lemon juice. Add the scallops and cheese to sauce. Simmer for a few minutes. Serve garnished with parsley. Using the basic sauce recipe, other seafoods such as oysters, prawns, etc., can be substituted for the scallops in this bisque. Four servings.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" SAYS KLEENEX[★] TISSUES 3/9 2/- 1/6 EVERYWHERE

GOLDIE LOCKS

Here's a way to keep your top knot shining with Kleenex. Place a tissue over the bristles of your hair brush—then brush vigorously — helps to keep brush clean, too. Keep Kleenex handy for applying and removing make-up too. Saves lipstick marks on hankies and towels.

CLASSROOM PAL

Give the youngsters a supply of Kleenex for school — the strong disposable tissues are just the thing for wiping pens, paint brushes and sticky fingers — saves hankie washes.

HAYFEVER SNEEZES

Use lint-free Kleenex tissues when those sneezes start. Soft disposable Kleenex is strong enough to stand the hardest blow. So hygienic too.

ALL WRAPPED UP

Taking your precious pearls with you? Wrap all valuables in soft Kleenex tissues before putting them in your handbag — Kleenex protects them from bumps and scratches.

And choose a new plastic wall dispenser — six colours.

★ Registered Trade Mark.

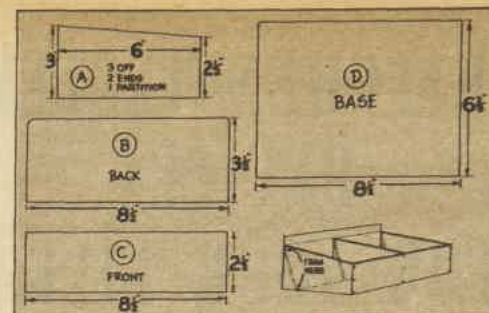
KK261

Page 49

How to make file for these recipes

MATERIALS: Several pieces of scrap plywood 3/8in. and 3/16in. thick; some light panel pins. The box consists of the parts shown in the diagram at right. The two ends and centre partition are cut from 3/8in.-thick plywood and taper along top edge from 3in. at back to 2 1/2in. at front. Back (B), front (C), and base (D) are all cut from 3/16in. plywood to sizes shown. Back panel projects 1/2in. above two ends and centre partition. Outside top corners are rounded.

TWO other sections of 3/16in. plywood are cut to fit neatly into compartments and to rest at slight angle as shown by dotted lines. These pieces allow recipe cards to fall back slightly in file. To assemble file, tack back and front panels to ends of the three partition pieces, making sure compartments are exactly the same size. Bottom panel is then tacked on. Glue sloping rest pieces into place. Trim top and bottom edges of pieces. Smooth joints and corners, then varnish.



BEEF OLIVES

• One and a half pounds round steak, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt and pepper, pinch nutmeg, squeeze lemon juice, little milk, 1 1/4 cups water, 1 teaspoon gravy powder, 1 teaspoon flour.

Trim steak, cut into even-sized pieces about 5in. square. Mix together in basin breadcrumbs, parsley, and herbs. Rub in butter, add nutmeg, lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Moisten slightly with milk, mix well. Spread a spoonful of seasoning over each piece of prepared steak. Roll up and secure with coarse cotton. Brown rolls thoroughly in a little hot fat. Add seasonings, one cup water, gravy powder and flour (both blended with remaining water). Simmer for 2 hours or until rolls are tender. These beef olives can be varied in flavor by adding tomato paste or sauteed mushrooms and a little red wine to the gravy. Serves 4-5 persons.

GLAZED MOCK HAM



COCO LEMON DESSERT

• Three-quarters pint milk, 3 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup cake-crumbs, 1/2 cup coconut, grated rind of 1 lemon, pinch cream of tartar, glace cherries.

Warm milk, beat in the dry powdered milk, 1 egg and 1 egg-yolk, and half the sugar. Fold in cake-crumbs, coconut, and grated lemon rind. Place mixture in a greased ovenproof dish and stand in a shallow tray of warm water. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until just set. Beat remaining egg-white to meringue consistency with balance of sugar. Add cream of tartar. Pile on to pudding roughly and bake until meringue is set and pale brown. Garnish with glace cherries. If stale cake-crumbs are not available, biscuit or breadcrumbs can be used as a substitute, in which case an extra tablespoon of sugar will be needed. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. Serves 4-5 persons.

SCALLOP BISQUE



CABBAGE CANTONESE

• Half cabbage, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 egg, 1/2 lb. minced steak, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup rice, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup peas (parboiled), 1/2 lb. prawns, 1 cup diced shallots, salt.

Wash cabbage, shred finely. Toss in pan with 1 tablespoon shortening, add vinegar, cover and cook gently, shaking pan frequently, 10 minutes. Remove from pan. Grease pan, add lightly beaten egg, stir gently while setting over low heat. Remove from pan, cut into strips. Fry steak and crushed garlic in small quantity of shortening 5 minutes. Wash rice, add shallots, cook until light brown in remaining shortening, stirring constantly. Add water; cook until dry. Season with salt, add all par-cooked ingredients and shelled prawns. Toss lightly while reheating. This recipe makes an ideal dish for buffets or round-the-fireside dinners, because it is easy to manage with a fork. Serves 6-8.

WAFFLE SHORTCAKE



THE GOOD OIL



ALWAYS CHRISTMAS

IT'S ALWAYS CHRISTMAS ON THE OIL FIELDS! OIL MEN REFER TO THE VALVE SYSTEM ON A DRILLING DERRICK AS A CHRISTMAS TREE, BECAUSE OF ITS SHAPE.

COOL, COOL WATER!

EVERY HOUR FOUR MILLION GALLONS OF SALT WATER ARE PUMPED THROUGH SHELL'S \$28-MILLION REFINERY AT GEELONG. TREMENDOUS HEAT IS GENERATED IN MANY OF THE PLANTS, AND THE WATER IS USED FOR COOLING PURPOSES.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY....

OIL IN PIPELINES, FLOWS AT A RATE OF ABOUT THREE OR FOUR MILES AN HOUR — ABOUT AS FAST AS A MAN WALKS.

FAITH IN AUSTRALIA

Since the end of World War II, Shell has invested more than £58-million in Australia, bringing its total investment to more than £70-million.

OIL FOR DESERT "SHIPS"

MARCO POLO, 13TH. CENTURY ADVENTURER, WAS AMAZED TO FIND CHINESE IN THE GOBI DESERT RUBBING OIL OVER THEIR CAMELS TO CURE MANGE. TODAY PETROLEUM PRODUCTS ARE USED IN MANY MEDICINES.



Shell serves Australia... YOU CAN BE SURE OF



Toasted to crisp perfection

Fortified with added vitamin B₁!

Sanitarium
WEET-BIX
MALTED

Short cut to
Happier
Breakfasts

By the time your family has dipped in for their second spoonful of Weet-Bix, they'll know that this is the *happiest* breakfast ever. A breakfast to be enjoyed — not just eaten!

How do we make it that way? We start off with sun-kissed whole wheat . . . add pure malt for energy and Vitamin B₁ for essential growth elements. . . then toast each biscuit to a crisp, golden-brown turn.

That's why little sleepyheads come wide awake the moment you set this hearty goodness before them. And nothing in the whole wide world could give them a better and more healthful start to each day's work and play. And what a wonderful budget-balancer Weet-Bix can be! 24 big breakfasts in each large packet — about 1d. a serving.

Sanitarium
WEET-BIX

Vitamin Fortified **WHOLE WHEAT BREAKFAST BISCUITS**



★ Exciting "Age of Speed" coloured picture plates now in every packet! Two in the large size; one in the small. Watch for them and help your boy or girl save the complete set!



P.S.

To make that husband of yours a "regular" fellow, simply add one Bran-Bix biscuit, or some San-Brans flakes, to his morning Weet-Bix. Rich in gentle-acting "bulk", these two pleasant-tasting cereals are the sensible way to restore pep, sparkle and daily regularity.



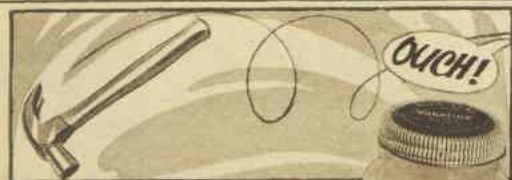
Men go for Mustard!



Make a hit with every him . . . serve Keen's Mustard with every meal. Keen's is mustard with a difference! Its subtle, spicy taste stimulates appetite, gives extra enjoyment to plain or fancy dishes. Use flavour, savoury Keen's Mustard with meats, fish, cheese, salads, sandwiches and in your mayonnaise and watch your men enjoy their meals more every day.

Keen's Mustard Makes the Meal!

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.



Heals Bruises

Hit the wrong nail? Then heal that bruised thumb with pure 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It's a first aid kit in a jar. Economy size 3/11 Standard size 2/6.

'Vaseline' is a registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.



POCKET PORK CHOPS served piping-hot with apple cups filled with sweet potatoes and topped with marshmallows make a colorful dish for luncheon or dinner.

TWO RECIPES WIN PRIZES

Pocket pork chops, an appetising dinner dish served with stuffed apple cups, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

THE potato stuffing used in the apple cups in this recipe can be replaced with an ordinary breadcrumb mixture, if preferred.

Crisp gingerbread biscuits, from an original Lancashire recipe, win the £1 consolation prize.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

POCKET PORK CHOPS
Six thick pork chops, 2 tablespoons oil or good shortening, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, pepper and salt, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tin evaporated milk, browned breadcrumbs.

Heat oil or fat in pan, add onion, cook until lightly browned, add green pepper and celery, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Place onion mixture in basin, add breadcrumbs and salt, moisten with ½ cup of the evaporated milk. Make a slit in the side of each chop, fill with breadcrumb mixture. Secure opening with cocktail sticks. Dip each chop into evaporated milk, toss in browned breadcrumbs. Brown on both sides in extra fat, arrange in baking-dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add sufficient water to cover base of dish, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until tender. Lift chops from pan, remove cocktail sticks. Serve with apple cups, garnish with parsley.

Apple Cups: Six small red

apples, 3 medium-sized sweet potatoes, ½ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 6 marshmallows.

Cook potatoes in lightly salted water until tender. When cooked, remove potatoes, add the ½ cup sugar to the water, bring to the boil. Core apples, place in shallow dish, add sugar syrup, bake in moderate oven until apples are soft. Meanwhile, mash potatoes, add ½ cup evaporated milk (in which chops were dipped), brown sugar, salt, and walnuts. Pile into cavity of apples, top each with a marshmallow. Return to oven until marshmallows melt slightly.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Dew, c/o Kippilaw Pastoral Co., via Goulburn, N.S.W.

ORMSKIRK GINGERBREAD

Half-pound butter or substitute, ½ lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. golden syrup, ½ lb. treacle, 2oz. chopped peel, ½ lb. flour, ½oz. ground ginger, pinch cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar together, add heated syrup and treacle, then peel. Work in sifted flour, ginger, and cinnamon until well mixed. Roll out on floured board to ¼ in. thickness. Cut with small round cutter or into finger-lengths. Place on greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Loosen, cool on trays.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Barnes, 17 Dampier Cres., Forrest, Canberra.

FAMILY DISH

LEFT-OVER meat makes an appetising dish when combined with sliced apples, onion, and potatoes, as given in this week's family dish. It costs approximately 6/9 and serves five.

SCOTCH BAKE

Three-quarters to 1lb. sliced roast beef (or any other cold cooked meat), 2 apples, 2 onions, 3 cooked potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons chutney or relish, 1½ cups thin gravy or stock or water, chopped parsley.

Lightly brown sliced onions and apples in melted butter or substitute, turning to brown evenly. Arrange in layers in greased ovenproof dish with meat slices and sliced peeled potatoes. Sprinkle layers with salt and pepper and spread chutney or relish over meat layers. Pour in gravy or stock and bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Serve topped with chopped parsley.

it's got everything men want

MORLEY

Velnit

(REG.)

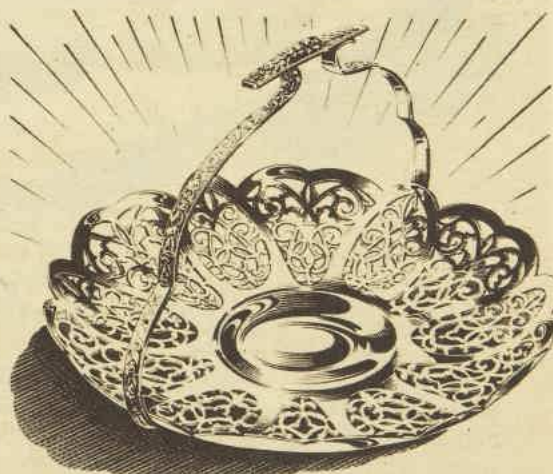
MORLEY "Velnit" Underwear is easiest of all to launder, stands repeated washing and won't shrink. Lasts longest, too! Once men wear it they prefer MORLEY "Velnit" always



Always look for the name

MORLEY

M 73



Rosepoint: Dainty Dish by PARAMOUNT

An exclusive old-world pattern created by Paramount, one of Australia's most renowned makers of fine silverware.

Paramount and other famous silverware makers throughout the world say: You can trust Silvo Liquid Silver Polish to clean and polish your silver safely and beautifully. It is so much easier with Silvo.



Restores the natural lustre to all silver

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Detachable panels provide the smart and simple answer in converting a slim daytime sheath to a special-occasion dress. This fashion solves the problem of a married woman with a limited wardrobe.

I HAVE chosen the design, illustrated at right, in response to this reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"FOR summer I want to make a good dress I can wear for all occasions. My social life consists mainly of lunch in town with a girl-friend, a show with my husband, and an evening spent at a friend's home. I have seven yards of a nice printed silk I want to use. Could you please suggest a not-too-elaborate style for which I could obtain one of your Dress Sense patterns in a size 34in. bust?"

A slim sheath with detachable panels would be an attractive way to utilise your printed silk. This type of garment could be worn two ways, as a sheath or with the panelled over-skirt. For the design (at right), a paper pattern is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD it be correct to dress a flower-girl in a floor-length skirt and a page-boy in ankle-length pants? Both children are to be included in a very formal wedding party. Please give me details of designs for their clothes."

Perfectly correct. For the flower-girl I suggest a dress in flower-sprigged white organdie, made with a fitted bodice shaped into a peak centre-front, and tiny "puffed-up" sleeves. Have the ankle-length full skirt outlined with a 2in.-wide self-material frill. The small boy attendant will be correctly dressed in a white satin shirt with a pleated jabot and black satin ankle-length pants.

"AS my bust measurement is 38½in. and my hips 40in., I wondered if I would be too big to wear a draped afternoon dress."

It depends on the design. For instance, a one-piece,

made with a cartridge-pleated midriff section separating a draped V-neck-line bodice from a side-draped sheath skirt, would be slim and flattering to your size group.

"MY problem is a fairly tailored style for a frock to wear to an afternoon wedding. The material is a floral chiffon. If a wide skirt is still worn, I want one for the style you choose."

My suggestion is a shirt-waist dress made with a deeply yoked bloused-back, full, wrist-length sleeves, and an all-round, knife-pleated skirt. A full skirt for the daytime looks newest when it is slim in repose.

"I WOULD like a suggestion for an informal evening wrap to wear over a short-skirted dance frock in floral cotton."

The decorated white cardigan is a popular summer evening wrap. It can be bound in satin to match the predominant color in the dress, or embroidered with pearls or beads.

"MY coloring is a rather mousy mid-brown, and as I never know which shades to wear, I would like your advice."

What is your most attractive feature: hair, eyes, or complexion? Whichever it is, choose colors to make that feature more noticeable. For instance, if your eyes are blue, grey, or clear-blue, soft yellow and navy will be flattering. If your complexion is creamy, dramatise yourself with red, vivid blue, and rose-pink.



DS264.—Sheath dress with flying panels in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for sheath without panels, and 5½yds. 36in. material for sheath with panels. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief

ROSES IN THE CHEEKS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Did nature forget to give you rosy cheeks? Then you must learn to apply rouge expertly.

ALWAYS be sparing with rouge. One of the most common make-up mistakes is the doll-like look that comes from too much artificial color in the cheeks.

Rouge comes in two types: cream, for a dry or normal skin; and dry, for an oily skin.

Dry rouge has its best effect if applied

on top of both powder and foundation. Put it on with a clean wad of cotton-wool.

Cream rouge should be applied after foundation.

Put a little of it on a fingertip and dab it gently on two or three places on each cheek. Then blend it in with another finger till you have a soft color. Powder last.



THE PRINCESS LINE? INTERLINE IT WITH VILENE

Use Vilene interlining to make and keep the fabulous Princess line, lightweight or mediumweight throughout.

The secret of professional dressmaking success as easy as ABC for you to use at home

VILENE MAKES AND KEEPS THE SHAPE IN SHIRTMAKER BLOUSE

See how crisp Vilene keeps your new Shirtmaker blouse. Use lightweight for facings, collar, cuffs and pocket.



VILENE INTERLINES FLYING PANELS

Use lightweight Vilene interlining to sew permanent shape into Flying Panels.



Now YOU can sew 'professional that dressmaker' shape into the clothes you make at home with wonder interlining Vilene. Vilene is washable, dry-cleans, easy to use — and, most important, holds the shape so well that you don't need to use starch!

PIN THIS UP OVER YOUR MACHINE		
What Weight to Use Chart		
FEATHERWEIGHT	Vilene 40	Combine with fine silks, nylons, soft woolsins.
LIGHTWEIGHT	Vilene 50	For collars, cuffs, facings, and as a complete interlining for the Princess and Empire lines.
MEDIUMWEIGHT	Vilene 65 Grey 70	Summer frocks, stand-up collars, flaring half-slips, and collars of heavy woollen topcoats.
HEAVYWEIGHT	Vilene 80	Strapless bodices, belts, waistbands, Wedding Gown petticoats, hats, beachbags, cummerbunds.

VILENE, THE NON-WOVEN MIRACLE INTERLINING, IS NOW AVAILABLE AT YOUR STORE

TODAY - BUSY HANDS



**TONIGHT -
BEAUTIFUL HANDS**



Ansell "SILVER-LINED" outsell all other rubber gloves for slip-on, slip-off hand protection

ON AND OFF IN A FLASH



The secret's in the silver lining! Ansell "Silver-Lined" Rubber Gloves slip on and off like lightning — without powder! So comfortable to work in!

**ALL-OVER CREPE GRIP — JUST
LIKE A SURGEON'S GLOVE!**



You can handle even your most delicate china without qualms. "Silver-Lined" give you the sureness of barehand touch. They're strong, too — and extra-flexible!

**WASH THEM — THEY DRY INSIDE
AND OUTSIDE IN A JIFFY!**



You can eliminate perspiration odours quickly, easily. "Silver-Lined" wash and dry like no other rubber glove. Ask for the red glove. Only 3/6 a pair, everywhere — in six sizes!

Ansell "SILVER-LINED" Rubber Gloves — 3/6 PR.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Oct. 7

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a romantic episode.</p>	<p>★ Do not try to force your financial decisions on partners at this time. Let them make up their minds, but refuse to subscribe to what you believe unsound.</p>	<p>★ Your problems are likely to be connected with people. An ailing, old person, or perhaps strained relationships with the neighbors might worry you.</p>	<p>★ At present most need a partner to be happy. Romantic partners mean most to you. If alone and fancy free, go where eligible potential partners may be found.</p>	<p>★ An organisation to which you belong, decides to hold a dance. Possibly you will be a guest of honor, or you may meet an old flame again.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in discharging a task.</p>	<p>★ Rather than postpone purchases, new enterprises, or investments, accomplish the lot at one stroke while influences are favorable. This will make for efficiency.</p>	<p>★ You may have been afraid to tackle a certain job, but finally you try your hand. Whether it's baking a Pavlova or using a new dress pattern, now's the time.</p>	<p>★ Being busy with a hope chest in one way to make the hours fly, filled with plans for your happiness. Your best beloved might be fashioning a gift for you.</p>	<p>★ Being on the supper committee is a serious responsibility. You may be collecting food, baking, setting tables, or washing up. It's fun when "done with a team."</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a dividend.</p>	<p>★ Your appreciation of beauty, the desire to enhance your personality or your surroundings could send you on a shopping spree for luxuries. You'll be the one to pay.</p>	<p>★ If your family prefers going out to staying home, why not make your place of residence compete with other attractions. Create a gay atmosphere.</p>	<p>★ You show your affection in a hundred different ways and keep the beloved wondering. This is an important part of your charm, for life with you will never be dull.</p>	<p>★ The more people you know the more pleasure you will have. Invitations come like snowflakes. If you sing, play, or act you'll be centre stage.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a gift for the home.</p>	<p>★ Those who have been working too hard may now lay down a part of their burdens or be relieved of certain tasks. This will provide a welcome breathing spell.</p>	<p>★ Don't imagine that your housing disabilities are unique. There may be compensations. An old house may be inconvenient but sound-proof, or the rooms may be large.</p>	<p>★ So you claim you are just a home body. You know perfectly well that you make your most effective impression against a domestic background.</p>	<p>★ Fewer dates than usual, but that's the way you want it. However, a house guest or new neighbor may brighten your surroundings with conversation.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in the printed word.</p>	<p>★ You will have a better chance of finding what you want in your own neighborhood. Seeking farther afield you will be lost in the crowd.</p>	<p>★ All housekeepers should have some regular recreation, and a fixed appointment is easier to manage. It should be active whenever possible.</p>	<p>★ Little journeys bring small adventures and new subjects for discussion. If engaged or married you may explore a district in search of a home.</p>	<p>★ Day events are the main emphasis, probably in company with friends of your own sex. Luncheon engagements are favored. In some cases reunion with an old friend.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in buying and selling.</p>	<p>★ Those in between jobs have an offer of temporary or part-time work, not very remunerative at the start, but with future possibilities. You might try it out.</p>	<p>★ The management of home finances may devolve on you this week. Teenage children may ask your advice or help, or relatives may desire co-operation.</p>	<p>★ Your sign is level-headed, but the beloved wants glamor from time to time. Get him to comment on your new frock or hairdo. He'll love being consulted.</p>	<p>★ Mix business with pleasure and receive both personal and financial dividends. Committee members engaged in raising money for a good cause enjoy sociability.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck early in the morning.</p>	<p>★ Never underestimate the importance of an attractive, poised personality. You may be most efficient, yet wear a permanent frown. The pleasant gai wins.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps your new dress doesn't do the expected for you. Maybe you can't fit into clothes that were fine in the autumn. Exercise never hurt anybody. Get busy.</p>	<p>★ Nothing can be more exasperating than the girl, when on a date, who has no idea where she would like to go or what she would prefer to do. Show enthusiasm.</p>	<p>★ Can you take the lead in an emergency? Your qualities may shortly be tested. You may be required to serve as a deputy, filling the place of one who is ill.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in using your own judgment.</p>	<p>★ Quick results may be trifling. What counts is the slow, steady pull. Forgo praise and prestige for the £ s. d. now, and you'll be solid as a rock.</p>	<p>★ These homemakers who live bottled up within themselves are liable to grow glum and mousy. Take interest in others. You then discover they have troubles, too.</p>	<p>★ Emotional tension may be due to the fear of disillusionment if you've built up, in your own imagination, a slight acquaintance-ship into a thrilling love affair.</p>	<p>★ When your vanity has suffered a blow, resigning is easy, but is no real solution if the activity holds your interest. You are probably receiving more than you give.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a kiss from a stranger.</p>	<p>★ Work friends are valuable, but don't blindly accept their opinions on every subject. This week you could be mortified at finding yourself wrong in a matter of fact.</p>	<p>★ There's no sense in keeping the lounge swept and garnished if nobody ever sits there. Polks who live in the kitchen to save work don't get much pleasure.</p>	<p>★ If quite young, it might be better if you decided to remain just friends, still free to form other attachments. Compare your present beloved with other candidates.</p>	<p>★ Out-of-doors activities are a must. Some are working on new schedules for the coming season, others are busy polishing up their skills. Gardeners are rewarded.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through official channels.</p>	<p>★ An elderly friend or relative, possibly the head of a business firm, could give you a valuable hint in an important matter. Act immediately and you'll gain.</p>	<p>★ Are you a homemaker who sits in the theatre wondering if the iron is off? Do you burn the saucepans while talking on the phone? It's expensive.</p>	<p>★ Your social group may have many plans afoot, a number of parties may close their season's activities, and you and the one-and-only may be prominent.</p>	<p>★ One or two really big events are likely to fill your week. This could mean that you will be called upon to act as hostess or preside over a gathering.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck at the end of a journey.</p>	<p>★ Set your imagination to working overtime. Some of your problems can be solved through a brain-wave which is also a money-saver. Save for vacation plans.</p>	<p>★ Make holiday bookings early. If you have children you might decide to share a cottage with friends who have youngsters of the same age.</p>	<p>★ The one you love best may be looking forward to a new stage in his career, or he may have outside problems to face. Let him talk if he wishes, but don't pry.</p>	<p>★ That cooking class may be going to hold a party, or lampshade-making or pottery-making class may hold an exhibition to celebrate graduation.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in playing the lone wolf.</p>	<p>★ Most jog along the track, their chief complaint being lack of novelty. Get up to date in work and be comforted by the thought of a new deal around the corner.</p>	<p>★ Are you made unhappy by having to pick up the family belongings left lying untidily around? Make a game of it and impose a forfeit on the guilty.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved managed fairly well before he met you. Don't keep telling him what he should do. If there is a bone of contention, don't resurrect it.</p>	<p>★ It's a new game staying home, saving money, and discovering that you have more leisure than suspected. There is a brand-new hobby lying in wait.</p>



For soft, smooth skin
like theirs... use

Pears

Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too!



Pears... so pure you can see right through it



ECONOMICAL!
LASTS LONGER — NO WASTE!
Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.

Wonderful new
Sunsilk Shampoo
is another product
of the famous
House of Pears.
Have you tried it yet?



Jack Davey says

**"Do it better
with a
Pressure★Pak
product"**



Listen to The Pressure★Pak Show, every Tuesday at 8 p.m.
when Jack Davey tells you more about these amazing products

GOSSAMER

Press the button and a fine mist of Gossamer sets your hair with a delicately perfumed invisible net. Gossamer keeps your hair naturally in place! Gossamer banishes wandering wisps and straggling ends.

Regular size 13/11
Large Salon size 21/-

MORTEIN PRESSURE★PAK

You just press the button and a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is immediately released. This mist quickly kills every fly, every insect pest — even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings.

Two sizes 8/11, 15/11

AIR★O★ZONE

A touch of the Air-O-Zone "button" releases a fine deodorising mist that instantly absorbs and destroys every trace of odour. Air-O-Zone leave a pine-scented freshness that lingers for hours. Most important — where hygiene is concerned — Air-O-Zone helps abolish harmful air-borne bacteria.

Two sizes 9/11, 17/9

SMOOTHEX

Smoothex Shave Cream for Dad! Press the button and the liquid inside the container expands into a rich, smooth, creamy lather that gives truly luxurious shaves. Smoothex will not dry on the face. It contains a blend of special beard softeners plus lanolin ... and Smoothex also has its own built-in after-shave lotion ... only 8/6

MORTEIN ANT AND ROACH KILLER

Press the button and spray Mortein Ant and Roach Killer around the sink, skirting boards and cupboards. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer not only kills quickly, but keeps on killing cockroaches, ants, carpet beetles, silverfish and other crawling insect pests.

Large size only 8/11

Continuing . . . The Pelican

from page 19

started to waddle away, dragging its wing and every now and then looking back over his shoulder.

Anne followed it apologetically, making shooing noises only when it stopped or turned in the wrong direction, and she herded it out the driveway and down to the highway that ran parallel to the seacoast.

The traffic was fairly heavy, and she stopped for a moment, trying to figure out how she and the bird could get across. The pelican also stopped, and looked back at her balefully. "I'm sorry," Anne said. "This is for your own good." The bird turned and started limping back towards the house, and Anne jumped after it. "No!" she shouted. "This way! Hey! Back here—to the water!"

There was a squeal of tyres and an automobile veered off the highway and stopped next to her. A man put his head out. "That's a sick bird you've got there, Madam," he said.

Anne tried to tuck the stray hair back. "I know it is," she answered. "But it's not mine. I'm trying to get it into the water. I mean, it came to the house and I fed it, and now it won't leave." She looked frantically at the bird, which had started to hobble back up the driveway. "Come back!" she called. "This way! Hey!"

The man opened the door and got out of his car. "That bird needs to go to a vet," he said as he started after it. "Do you have a piece of rope on you?"

"No," said Anne. "And I don't have a vet handy, either. I was trying to get him down to the ocean."

"Give me a hand," said the man, taking off his belt. He went up behind the pelican and made a noose with his belt and slipped it over the bird's beak. Then he picked it up and began to stroke its head. "You have to let him get used to you first," he said. "Otherwise he might take a piece out of you." He handed the bird to Anne. "You hold him while I drive," he said, and started back toward his car. "Where's the nearest animal hospital?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Anne said. "It's ten or fifteen miles, anyway. And it happens that I—"

The man opened the door of his car. "Come on," he said. "You don't want him to die, do you?"

"Of course not," said Anne. "But it's just that—"

"I can't drive him alone," the man said. "It won't take long. Get in."

Anne hesitated, then climbed into the car. The weight of the bird was making her arms tired. It struggled briefly and she almost dropped it. "Do I have to keep him in my lap?" she asked. "Couldn't I put him in the back?"

The man eased the car into gear and swung out into the highway traffic. "Let him get to know you a little better first," he said. "Then you can do whatever you want with him. Scratch him right behind that crest on his head."

Anne scratched the pelican's head, and for the first time looked carefully at the man who was driving the car. He was in his early thirties, she guessed, and he was deeply tanned and had high cheekbones, like an Indian. He drove fast but carefully, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Where did you get to know so much about pelicans?" Anne asked.

He smiled. "Weekends," he said. "Friends of mine and I go fishing, and sometimes we

catch a pelican, just for the fun of it. Tie a string to a fish and throw it overboard; the pelican dives on to the fish and won't let go, and we just haul him in. Sometimes they get so tame they'll sit on the gunwales and ride around with us."

Anne continued to scratch the pelican's head and it began to look drowsy. "Is it all right to take the belt off its beak now?" she asked.

The man glanced quickly at the bird. "Sure," he said. "He's okay now. You can put him in the back if he's too heavy for you. Just scratch his head every now and then and he'll be happy."

Anne removed the belt and lifted the bird into the back seat, one side of which was piled high with cardboard cartons. Then she offered the man his belt, and laughed. "I guess you can't take this right this minute," she said.

"Not right now, thanks," he said. "But don't let it kick around and get lost. I may need it later."

"I'll guard it with my life," said Anne, and she rolled the belt up tight and put it in her lap. Then she looked back at the pelican, which was balanced with precarious dignity among the cartons. She scratched the bird's head and turned to the man. "What's in the cartons?" she asked, and then said, "I'm sorry. It's none of my business."

"Not at all," he said. "It's just samples. I'm a salesman."

"Oh, really," she said. "What do you sell?"

"It's nothing very exciting," he replied. "Just honey. I'm a honey salesman."

"I want to hear all about it," she said.

ANNE turned and sat so she was facing him directly, and gradually, without being aware of it, she stopped scratching the pelican's head.

They drove for about half an hour before they found an animal hospital, and the man took the pelican and carried it inside. Anne followed him, and they sat together in the waiting-room. A woman with a Chihuahua and a young man with a Siamese cat stared at them so hard that Anne finally felt she had to say something. She looked at the woman, smiled, and cleared her throat. "He broke his wing," she announced.

The woman made a clucking noise, and the young man with the Siamese cat said, "Ugly brutes, aren't they?"

Anne started to say something, but her companion spoke first. "Actually, in some countries they're considered a symbol of beauty," he said.

Anne listened in astonishment as he went on: "In some of the Eastern countries, Siam especially, they keep pelicans on the palace grounds instead of peacocks. Only about a month ago a Siamese gentleman came around and offered us two hundred dollars for our pelican, but my wife and I wouldn't part with him for anything. He fishes for us."

He looked at Anne and smiled, then continued: "The man even offered to throw in his cat as a sort of bait, but, of course, cats are worthless to us, because they can't fish." He smiled at Anne again, and she had to bite her lips to keep from laughing.

"Incredible!" the young man said coldly. The woman with the Chihuahua made a clucking noise again, and Anne looked at her companion.

He looked back unsmilingly and said, "I don't know who's going to fish for us while Gavin's wing is healing."

He glanced at the Chihuahua. "I suppose we could always rent a dog," he said thoughtfully. "But those damned fishing dogs cost so much. I've often wished we'd got a small dog and taught him how to fish, because the money they bring in is fantastic. Just fantastic!"

Out of the corner of her eye Anne saw the woman clutching her dog and staring wide-eyed, and with a feeling something like strangulation. Anne turned to her companion and assumed as wisely a look as she could manage. "No more," she whispered to him. "Please, I can't stand any more."

"Certainly, my dear," he said. "Anything you say. If you think we can afford a dog, then a dog it will be." He drew a deep breath, sighed, and settled back in his chair.

When their turn came the vet set the bird's wing, and the man took out his wallet and gave him enough money to pay for its board until it could fly again.

Then he and Anne went outside, and she doubled over in helpless laughter. She collapsed into the seat, and as the man started the car she said, "Where, oh, where did you dream up all those crazy things? They were just miraculous! She began to laugh all over again.

He looked at her seriously. "What do you mean, 'dream up'?" he said. "All those things I said were true, every one of them."

It seemed to Anne as if only five minutes passed before they were turning in the driveway to her house, and as the man stopped the car he hesitated and said, "There's one favor I'd like to ask. It may sound strange, but I hope you'll understand."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well," he said, and paused again. "Those birds—or all birds, for that matter—are full of lice, and—well—I've got to be out all day, so I wonder if I could take a bath in your house. Just to get cleaned off. I feel I need it."

"Of course you can," said Anne. "Come on in."

In the house she showed him to the bathroom, then went into the kitchen and tried to organize her thoughts. It seemed like several days since she had last been in the kitchen, and she was staring at the refrigerator door when she heard Arthur's car come up the driveway. She looked at the clock; it was twelve-thirty. The door opened and Arthur came in.

"Hi, honey," he said, kissing her as he walked past. "What's for lunch?" Before she could answer he had gone out of the kitchen and started down the hall toward the bathroom, saying, "I'm going to clean up—be right with you. Whose car is that, by the way?"

"Arthur!" Anne called.

"Arthur—wait a minute!" She ran after him and found him standing at the door to the bathroom, from which came splashing noises. He looked at her.

"Now, Arthur," she said. "I want you to sit down. Light a cigarette and listen carefully. I have a rather complicated story to tell you." His eyes wide, Arthur stared at her and fumbled for a cigarette, and as he sank into a chair she was saying, "All I ask you to remember is that every word of it is true."

(Copyright)

BAND-AID

ADHESIVE BANDAGES

with **SUPER STICK**

Splash around in water—swim or shower—your waterproof Band-Aid Adhesive Bandage stays just where you put it—right on that blister, cut or scratch. That's because Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages with Super Stick, stick to you better than any other bandage.



When you need
a new
toothbrush

ask for TEK. With its
Teklon super nylon, TEK
stimulates the gums while
it cleans your teeth

always
insist
on . . .



Tek

THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH
MONEY CAN BUY!

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

going to be satisfied by my just screaming. Of course to give him time, I had to be unconscious so that I couldn't give anyone the faintest notion what had happened." She handed Grogan a cup of coffee.

"That's right," he said. "The look of him will be imprinted on your mind for ever."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I'm not likely to forget that face in a hurry. Those opaque brown bloodshot eyes going down at the outer corners... the low forehead with the widow's peak of dark hair... the irregular teeth, with their lavish gold stoppings... with the soft, soft voice and lady-killer manner."

"And then," she went on, "taking out his great crocodile-skin wallet stuffed with notes to prove to me he hadn't come to steal the spoons."

"Carried a big wad, did he?" "Apparently. I could see plenty of pink tenners."

"Anything else you noticed? About what height would you reckon he'd be? Tall? Short?"

"Oh... medium height, I suppose... five feet ten, perhaps."

"Fat or thin?"

"Very thin." She looked across at Grogan. "You think you might know him?"

"Well, you've certainly built up a nice likeness."

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 21

"I see . . . yes. What else, I wonder, could I tell you? Flashy clothes. His hands, white-looking, and a ring with a red stone in it, and—yes, a scar on the back of the right hand, an old scar, like a white seam, running across it diagonally from the first finger to the wrist bone."

Swallowing his coffee, Grogan put the cup down. "I might know this customer."

"No! Really? Who is he?"

"Well, if it's the feller it sounds like, at the moment we want him on a car-stealing charge with violent assault. That's why he took to his heels when he saw the police car. Laying low just now, he is. Then a while back he ran a two-up school out at Redfern. He got that gash on his hand the night it was raided."

"What's his name?" "Actually, he's got more than several. His name wouldn't mean a thing to you, Mrs. Wetherby."

"He said that. But what did he come to this house for? Get a taxi at the gate and walk up like an invited guest?"

"Now don't you ask too many questions."

She smiled reminiscently. "He said that, too!"

"My word, this feller and me must be twin souls. Anyhow, there's one thing you can be quite comfortable about. He won't be paying you another visit."

"I would like to know why he paid this one."

"You'll know soon enough, if I'm right," he assured her. "By the way, about that bottle of bromide you gave me on Saturday night."

"Oh, yes?"

The inspector got up and took his hat and said, with all the cheerfulness she lacked: "We analysed it and checked with the chemist on the prescription. While it was standing there in your pantry something was put into it that the doctor never ordered. Sodium amytal."

Quickly she got to her feet. "But—but that's a sleeping drug, isn't it?" she stammered. "That's right."

"You mean, somebody's trying to poison me?"

"No, we don't need to conclude that. The dose is one tablespoonful, even if you took it three times a day, wouldn't have done you any damage."

"No . . . I see . . . It had to do with all that happened on Saturday night?"

GROGAN nodded. "You were in somebody's way that evening. If you'd taken a dose of that stuff after dinner you'd have got sleepier and sleepier and gone up to bed real early and woken up yesterday morning feeling fine, without that sore head."

When he had gone, Olive came in with Katherine and Alec Keller. Coffee and commiserations, and inquiries as to what the inspector had thought of the affair and what he had said and whether in his opinion it was linked with Edmund's death.

But at last Julia had shut down. She found to her dismay that her trust in everyone had evaporated, leaving inside her only a dry emptiness. She let them talk, saying practically nothing herself, nothing at all of the drug in her medicine bottle.

Just before leaving Alec put their cups on the tray and went to take it outside.

Julia put out a hand and stopped him. "Leave it, Alec, don't bother. Mrs. Duffy's back. She'll see to it."

Did Alec, or did she just imagine it, give way with some reluctance?

She watched them go out—Alec in his gay clothes, Katherine erect and stiff-lipped as ever—then threw herself back among the sofa cushions and covered her eyes with her hands.

Olive leant over her. "What is it, Julia, what is it. Is it something you haven't told us? Is there something more?"

"No, nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing!" That, just that, was what it seemed her world had been reduced to this morning.

Back at Headquarters, Grogan was in his office talking to Manning. He could relax now, and did, a cigarette in his mouth, his feet on the desk.

"Is that so?" he said when Manning had imparted the result of his visit to the tailor. "Now! . . . Peel, eh? He's the owner of the overcoat? That fits in nicely. Very nicely indeed. I couldn't have picked on a more likely bloke for what I had in mind."

"Fits in what with?" Manning's tone showed him ready to knock back any undue optimism on the inspector's part.

"With my guess about what's been going on at the Wetherby

house while it's been empty at the weekends during the past couple of months."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"A nice profitable little game. Two-up? Baccarat? Roulette? Take your pick of the games. I can't say off-hand which it was. But that's what I'll lay they've been up to."

"Peel and young Raymond Keller."

Even Manning showed traces of surprise. "How'd you get around to that?"

"Well, I'll tell you." Grogan's feet came down and he leant forward across the desk for emphasis. "What's Barney Moon's favorite occupation, Les?"

"Two-up," Manning answered automatically, then looked injured, as though an unfair advantage had been taken of him. "What's Barney Moon got to do with it?"

"Because I think he's the guy that knocked Mrs. Wetherby out, that's what. Mind you, this is only speculation, too. But the picture she draws of him is as clear as the one we got out there in the files. The physical description, the manner, the scar, the cosh. Barney that loves the swag game so well he'll come out of smoke to play. He rolls up there on Saturday night thinking the game's still on, a well-lined wallet to play with, and when he sees the police cars he thinks it's another raid and beats it."

"Peel and young Keller?" Manning said. "A swag game in the Wetherby's ritzy mansion? They wouldn't take a risk like that."

"Who says they wouldn't?" "Take the chance that Wetherby'd walk in on 'em some weekend unexpected?"

"What risk won't people take if it pays them well enough? No, it was well worth the risk. What an opportunity! Don't you wish you had half as good a chance to clean up some easy money, Les? . . . A house set away there among the trees. The cook goes off at midday on the Fridays and doesn't have to turn up there again till the Tuesdays to get Wetherby's breakfast."

"They had the weekend of the game and the whole of Monday to make the place shipshape again, take away the bottles and glasses, polish the floor and that. In the big music-room I expect they'd have it, with an entrance from the garden there. Young Keller has the key of the house. Why, he'd even been told to go round and turn on the lights at the weekend to make the place look lived in to the outside world. They had a clear go."

MANNING looked up at Grogan as he paused to take another cigarette. "I suppose you got a few facts to support this theory?"

"I have."

"I wouldn't mind hearing what they are." Grogan shook the unlighted match in front of the sergeant's face. "Barney, old son. Barney Moon."

"If it was him."

"Now look, Les, don't be so damn contrary. It was him, all right. I told you. Even the scar on the back of his hand. And give me one other reason that'd bring him prancing up to that house at nine o'clock of a Saturday evening loaded with dough. Come on, let's see if you can."

Manning chewed hard on this for a minute or two, but

he didn't come up with anything.

"You can't, can you? No. It was gambling that took him there. He'd been there before. Mrs. Wetherby asked him what he'd come for. He told her to ask no questions. Never tried to put it over her that he'd come to the wrong house or anything. Then take Peel's coat. Is that a fact or isn't it?"

"It's a fact all right, but if he was up to something like that, why'd he leave it laying there in the Wetherby's hall?"

"Look, I can't tell you everything," Grogan said mildly, dropping into his chair again. "I don't know why it was left there. And I don't know why that rug disappeared and turned up again. Or how that towel with blood on it comes into it. Or even if it does. There's plenty still we haven't got the answers to. I'm giving you that. But Peel's coat and a gun in the pocket to protect the night's takings as he goes home—Isn't that fair enough?"

Manning brooded for a while. "The gun," he said. "What's become of the gun, do you reckon? Who took it?"

"Not Peel, I guess, because why wouldn't he have taken the coat, too? That's certainly got me guessing . . . But let's talk about Peel himself for a minute. What do we know about him, what have our inquiries turned up? He's a well-known punter, doesn't like earning money, only likes

taking it off the books. And when the horses are against him there's that girl of his with a steady job and a nice little flat."

"He only needs to be at the Kellers' one night when the kid goes round to turn on the lights at the Wetherby house, stroll round with him, see the possibilities of the place, put it up to him, tell him what they could make out of it, dazzle the kid with pictures of a lot of quick, easy money. Then what happens?" He waited for Manning's habitual challenge.

It was unexpectedly mild when it came. "You tell me."

"Well. Right. I will. Everything goes along fine for four—five—maybe six weekends, depending on how soon they got on to the idea after Mrs. Wetherby set off on her trip. Then she falls for this young English professor and switches to the plane, arriving a week earlier. This is the way it looks to me, anyhow. Nobody happens to mention to Peel or young Keller about her change of plans."

"They've fixed to have their last game at the house this Saturday just past, the night before last. But she lobs in on the Monday previous. Right? So they have to run around contacting everybody that's likely to turn up. 'The game's off,' they warn. 'No can do at that house any more.' But the only person they can't get hold of is Barney Moon. Say they get hold of the feller that introduced him there, say they

To page 60



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH

Colgate Dental Cream

CLEANS
YOUR
BREATH

WHILE IT
CLEANS
YOUR
TEETH

STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

Keeps children's teeth healthy

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter—brighter—and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream

Get the family economy size and save up to 1/10.

G733

Take DeWitt's Pills for quick relief from



BACKACHE and FIBROSITIS

THE cause of certain types of muscular pain is faulty kidneys. When the kidneys become inactive, your system is clogged with toxins and body waste. Then you suffer fibrositis, backache and stabbing muscular pain!

—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day longer. Buy a bottle of DeWitt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-
Regular Size (40 pills) 5/-
New Trial Size (20 pills) 3/-

Knowing the cause of your pain, you may well wonder how to stimulate your kidneys to proper action again. The answer is DeWitt's Pills. World famous, sure acting DeWitt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys immediately

Mrs. H.C., Wonthaggi, Victoria, writes:—
"I still derive tremendous benefit from your great health-giving relievers of pain and distressing backache. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills do everything they claim to do."
(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)



DeWitt's PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains



Stop — and love your "new look"...

skin flattering colour that clings for hours . . . no streakiness



Go Angel Face

by **POND'S**

go sweet . . . go fresh . . . go young

Pond's *Angel Face* **is all new!**

. . . glamorous new pink compact . . . new "stay-fresh" colour.

Never before — a powder and foundation in one, so radiantly fresh as all-new Angel Face by Pond's! Never before has any make-up gone on so smoothly, so easily . . . stayed looking so heavenly.

You'll love its clean, natural colour that really clings, never turns shiny. With just a smoothing of its soft puff, Angel Face does beautiful things to every face it touches, and looks fresh hour after hour.

That's because Angel Face won't soak up

moisture, won't discolour — Angel Face is triple creamed . . . proofed against streaking from skin moisture.

Look like an angel — choose all-new Angel Face today.

Easier to hold . . . easier to carry . . . Angel Face in this pink 'n' square glamorous compact — complete with mirror and puff. Six "stay-fresh" shades: Ivory Angel, Natural Angel, Golden Angel, Blushing Angel, Bronze Angel and Tan Angel.

In the new glamorous compact . . . Only **9/11**



A beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

Also available in the "Blue Angel" case, 5/9

Tact deodorant soap
safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration
Odour-Free
★ **PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS**
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past! Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 **HEXACHLOROPHENE**

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . .
and SAVE MONEY!

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1'5

Continuing . . .

Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 58

say to him, 'That pal of yours—word him it's off,' and he says, 'Too bad, I wouldn't know where he hangs out.'

"So on Saturday night one of them—Peel or Keller—has to stick around the Wetherby place and intercept Barney if he should turn up. Now for some more facts, Les. Mrs. Wetherby steps quickly to the window to put out a beetle. Something like that, so she says. And she catches a glimpse of someone dodging behind a tree. The two women there in the house, both in a nervy state she rings me up.

"Maybe Peel—or Keller, whichever it was—was afraid she'd seen them, and heard her phoning. The doors and windows were open, she says. Or he could've seen her leave the card-table and cross the hall to the telephone room and guess who she was phoning. Well, he can't afford to be found lurking there, and he's got to clear out quick, Barney or no Barney."

The room was quiet for a while. Grogan doodled on the blotting-paper. Manning looked at the oblong of blue sky for inspiration, instead, only another poser.

"Yeah," he said, "the question is—the only one relevant to his murder—had Wetherby found out about it?"

"You never said a truer word," Grogan agreed. "That's the whole question. Had he found out what they'd been up to at his house? And who's going to tell us? Not Peel. Not his girl, even if she knows, and the chances that he told her of his little enterprise are small. The only one who might crack under a bit of questioning is the boy."

"Might," Manning conceded. "Might. Other things on that fast Monday. Why did Wetherby take his wife to a hotel, instead of going home?"

"Ask me another. Who rang the cook to keep her away till the Tuesday morning, kidding it was a message from Wetherby's club? Offhand, you might say Peel or Keller, to give themselves time for their Monday morning clean-up. But why did Wetherby's plans fall in so neatly with theirs?"

"We could have two cases totally separate," Manning mourned. "The illegal use of a man's house for gaming purposes, and the murder of him by somebody that had nothing to do with it."

Grogan nodded. "The woman he was going with, for instance, or someone tied up with her, or married to her."

That cocktail party at the Kellers' place. Between twenty and thirty people there. Anyone could've slipped away from it and gone up to his office." He paused again. "That fat little guy Carroll," he said suddenly. "What color would you say his hair was?"

"Sandy."

"Not red by any stretch, eh?"

"I wouldn't know . . . in some lights. Why?"

"I'll tell you. This Carroll's a journalist, a sub. He works five nights a week, starting round about six o'clock. I rang the newspaper office a while ago and they tell me that his two nights off duty are Monday and Tuesday. Monday and Tuesday. The two nights that the young feller working there on his boat says he couldn't ever recall seeing Wetherby come home in his car."

"Why? Were those the two nights this little Carroll girl had to spend home with her husband?"

Manning shook his head. "Sandy," he repeated. "I'd

call him sandy, all right. And anyhow, why couldn't it've been some girl who had to work on the Mondays and Tuesdays herself?"

"That's right, could be, too. Wetherby was a cautious bloke and no mistake. How are we going to find out who she was when he took such pains to keep it dark? He wouldn't even break the routine of his weekends up at his sister's place for fear of making people wonder if he had something better on in town. Play safe, was his motto."

"Fat lot o' good it did him. Sometimes it looks like it's the people that try to play too safe that cop it in the end." He

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

gave a lugubrious sniff. "About Lockwood asking to have that valuable piece of black opal, Key?"

Grogan stared up at him for a long minute, then dropped his pencil on the desk and sat back in his chair. "Gee," he said. "Yes . . ."

"Could Wetherby have bought it for her, and not for his wife?"

At one o'clock on this same Monday, Alec Keller put away the watering-can with which he had been sprinkling the pot-plants, and went inside to the bathroom to wash his hands. He brushed his hair and straightened the gay scarf inside his open-necked shirt, pulled in his waist, and tightened his belt.

At the same moment Raymond's car drew up at the gate. He got out, slammed the door, and walked up the path.

KATHERINE, in the kitchen, heard the car stop and started to bring in the meal. The three converged on the dining-room.

They were just finishing when Katherine put down her spoon. "That's the gate," she said. "Someone coming in. See who it is, Alec."

Alec dropped his napkin and got up. A rumble of voices in the hall held Katherine and Raymond silent.

Alec reappeared, followed by Grogan and Manning. Mother and son, without greeting, got slowly to their feet.

Standing by his chair at the table, grasping the chair-back convulsively, Raymond made one ill-conceived attempt to deny what the inspector charged him with.

But his father cut across it: "Shut your young fool of a mouth! Of all the—"

"Alec!" Katherine went swiftly round and took up her stand by Raymond.

The two detectives stood on the other side of the round table, facing them across the bright, checked cloth.

"Yes, Inspector," she said. "Yes, he was persuaded into this unfortunate affair, but—"

"Persuaded!" Alec exploded, the moustache sawing the air indignantly. "Let's not try to throw the responsibility on Peel. They went into it together. Let them admit it. Disgraceful!"

"Alec!" Katherine said again,

To page 61



THE FIRST THING
A MAN NOTICES
—THE LAST THING
HE FORGETS

Gently the fragrance
of this famous
perfume steals upon
the air, surrounding
you in mystery . . .
enchantment . . .

'AIMANT
PERFUME
BY
COTY



LONDON PARIS NEW YORK STONEY

her dark eyes turning on him a withering fire. Words poured from her, denying here, admitting there; explaining, minimising; throwing a softening cloak over the incident, which she and her husband had only learned about, she said, on the day of Mrs. Wetherby's return. Nothing disgraceful at all. Really due to youthful inexperience on Raymond's part.

The Wetherbys' house—so big and handy—and empty so many nights—a few friends in for a game. But to hear it called a gaming-house—well! Of course, it had—yes, it had got a little out of control. No doubt Mr. Peel's friends had brought some very undesirable people. People quite unknown to her son.

No one could have foreseen all that would follow from that, this intrusion on Mrs. Wetherby on Saturday night. Raymond was as shocked as anyone.

Grogan listened, nodded, not displeased with himself. All the same facts with a nice coat of whitewash!

As she talked, Raymond's color had returned somewhat, a hand had stolen to his pocket and taken out a cigarette. The expensive new grey flannel suit draped his graceful figure more easily as he straightened up.

His expression clouded again, however, when Manning asked: "How much did you and Peel clean up at this game you ran?"

Raymond's glance flickered involuntarily out the window to the smart little car standing before the gate. He stammered and hedged in reply. It hadn't amounted to much, it had only been for a few weeks, etc., etc.

Grogan said, "Now look, Mr. Keller, there's one or two points your mother didn't happen to get around to. But I daresay you can put us straight about

them. For instance. Why did Mr. Wetherby keep his wife away from their home the day she got back?"

For one wild moment Raymond's eyes darted from door to window, from window to door. No escape, though. Grogan was asking the question again, and grimly waiting for the answer.

"Well . . . I put up a bit of a story to him—and sort of—" His mouth worked as though the words were being wrenched out of it with forceps—"sort of—persuaded him to stay away that day."

"Because you'd had a game there the night before and hadn't straightened up the place?"

"Yes. Actually, we'd been a bit later than usual, and Peel had slept there. I was going round to help him, of course, but—but at breakfast my mother happened to say that Mrs. Wetherby's plane was due in in a couple of hours, so—so—" He broke off.

"So you were in a spot, eh? What'd you do?"

"Yes. I—Of course, I rang Peel, and he—he had to think rather quickly. He said first he'd ring Mrs. Duffy—in case she was coming—to put her off. And he told me to ring Edmund. He was having breakfast at his club. Peel had—suddenly thought of a way to fix him."

"What was it?"

"Give him a bit of a fright," he mumbled.

"A fright, eh? What about?"

"About something he'd been up to in the house himself."

"About him having a woman there while his wife was away? Was that it?"

A nod.

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

[from page 60]

Something like a groan escaped Alec. He sat down heavily in his chair at the table.

Grogan said to Raymond: "How did you find out about this other woman? Mrs. Duffy, when we questioned her, says she never saw a sign of it. She wouldn't have it at any price."

"Oh, hell! It was something that happened one day," he shouted, and plunged on, hurling words now recklessly. "We were in a spot. You've said it! And we had to get out of it somehow. It was one of the first days when Edmund brought the key round here on

Friday morning. I said to him not to bother bringing it again, that there was a front-door key on a bookcase in the morning-room, and I could take that and keep it.

"I noticed he didn't come at that at all. In fact he looked definitely startled. As if I'd given him something to think about! And when I went round to the house that evening the key I'd told him about had gone. He must've driven straight back and got it. It didn't need second sight to see that he didn't want me to be

able to walk in on him unexpectedly during the week nights! And after that I kept my eyes open. Powder on the table beside the bed one evening, a scent in there.

"Anyhow, Peel said, 'Take a chance on your being right. I'll go to town on it.' So I rang him. I said that the night before I'd gone upstairs to see that everything was all right, and there on the Persian rug by Julia's dressing-table was a great splodge of lipstick or something, and that the room reeked of scent, and what about it?" He ended, breathless.

"How did Mr. Wetherby re-

act to your knowing he'd had a woman there in his wife's absence?" Grogan asked.

Raymond said he didn't intend to go into all that. But go into it he had to. Step by step they took him through it. The sweat was breaking out on him, and his face had gone patchy and pale. The two detectives stood on either side, plugging questions into him; demanding answers when he faltered or claimed he "didn't know" or "hadn't noticed," or "couldn't remember," or shied away from the shameful admissions of the lies and trickeries practised on Edmund, his benefactor, of Edmund's gratitude for the warning and readiness to take his wife to the hotel for the night, while Raymond, supposedly, took the rug to an expert and had it cleaned and put back that night.

"Instead of which," Manning capped it for him, "you stuffed it into your car and sneaked it back into the cloak-room some days after he was dead. But look, why'd he fall for this so easy? Why didn't he say he'd just tell her he'd spilt a cup of coffee on it or something?"

"He suggested that. But I said the scent in the room, and—suppose she got suspicious and asked the cleaner what had been on the rug?"

"Yeah, you had him tied up, didn't you, good and proper? Had it all thought out. You knew a guilty conscience'd make him that scared he'd come at anything you advised. Did you form any opinion who this woman he was taking there might've been?"

"No, oh no, none at all."

"Would you recognise the scent again?"

"No, I wouldn't."

Grogan took up another

To page 63

"THE LIVING BUSH" . . . Order Coupon

Our all-color nature book "The Living Bush," packed with beautiful pictures of Australian animals, birds, and flowers, makes a splendid Christmas gift. You can have it sent anywhere in the world post-free by filling in the order coupon below. Post order now to ensure catching overseas Christmas mails.

ORDER FORM

"THE LIVING BUSH"
Box 7052, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Please DESPATCH copies
of "The Living Bush," price 7/6 a copy
(post free). I enclose £ / / ,
cheque/postal note.

NAME OF SENDER

ADDRESS

STATE

If more than one copy is ordered, attach list giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.

ADDRESS LABEL

"THE LIVING BUSH"

PRINTED MATTER
ONLY

Name

Address

State

Sender

If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

POSTAGE

PAID

SYDNEY

You can have softer, smoother hands on washday

NOW! NEW PERSIL MADE TO CARE FOR YOUR HANDS

...because New Persil now contains

33% MORE PURE SOAP

New Persil has a wonderful new gentleness your hands will love. Its softer, soapier suds treat skin and nails with very special care and kindness, keep hands smooth and pretty, no matter how big your wash.



GIVES THAT FAMOUS PERSIL WHITENESS EXTRA GENTLY

New, milder Persil is the answer to every woman's wish for greater hand care on washday. Now you can have softer, smoother hands as well as that famous Persil whiteness. You will find that the suds are softer, soapier, longer lasting than ever before because New Persil

now contains 33% more pure soap. And these same busy suds work through and through the weave, gently easing out all the dirt. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner . . . and with a special new gentleness your hands will love.



PERSIL WHITENESS IS GUARANTEED

P.152WW76g

Page 61

Now has 33% more pure soap
Persil
washes whiter
Now made to care for hands

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



So crisp, delicious, satisfying—and Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve!

**FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN**

Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most *sustaining* breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes *your* steady breakfast date, too.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

point: "This gun in Peel's overcoat pocket?"

"What?" Blankly Raymond's face was turned to him.

"You knew he carried a gun?"

"No, I didn't. I know nothing about that."

"You never knew he carried a gun?—to look after the takings on the way home. This little bit of money you made! You two fellers were that close, yet you never knew he carried a gun? And you don't know what's become of it, then? How did he come to leave his coat in the Wetherbys' hall?"

"I don't know. I suppose we were flustered that morning, left the house, and forgot it. We just rushed round and put things in order and everything was O.K."

Grogan moved a step nearer. "Now, look, Mr. Keller, I don't think everything was O.K."

"What do you mean?"

"It's my belief you haven't come clean with us. We forced you to admit what we already knew—that you'd had this gaming-house there—and so you had to tell us what the trick was you played on him to make him book a suite at the Australia Hotel for the night. But it's my belief that Mr. Wetherby learnt what you and Peel had been up to."

Fiercely Katherine sprang to the defence. "No. No. Never. He never knew."

Raymond said: "No."

"Didn't he? Then tell me why he drove his wife to this very gate, to this party of yours, and then jibbed and wouldn't come in? Why was that, now? The way I see it, he'd found out all the facts and he was trying to make up his mind what steps to take. He wouldn't enter this house at that point because he knew he couldn't take any steps against Peel without he brought his cousin's son into it."

Katherine gave a wild, high laugh. "Oh, I never heard such trumped-up rubbish! He was an extremely busy man. He had to look in at his office; he had business there."

"Not on your life. Miss Lockwood says otherwise. That's

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

the excuse he gave his wife, I know—business to see to—because he couldn't tell her about Peel and your son or he'd have had to tell her what they had on him.

"It's my belief," he said again, standing close to Raymond and jabbing a finger at him, "that he smelt a rat. Your activity in phoning him to warn him at eight-thirty—having rung the cook and all, and with your whole plan so pat—could've started him thinking a bit hard and sent him out to his house after he'd dropped Mrs. Wetherby at the hotel. She mentioned he left her for a while before lunch."

"Or it could've been that he just thought he'd better look in himself and see that he hadn't overlooked anything else. Anyhow, out he went, I reckon, and so copped the two of you. Mind, I don't know whether he guessed the full extent of what you'd been up to in his house. He might've just thought, from whatever he found you at, that you'd been throwing a rough party."

"No, no, nothing of the sort," Katherine almost shouted.

"Then why did this boy here come home and make a clean breast of it to you and his father that very day?"

"Why? Because he'd begun to be bitterly sorry for his part in the affair."

"Come off it, Mrs. Keller! He'd kept this little secret from you for the best part of two months. It didn't seem to trouble his conscience any all that time. He confessed because he was afraid Wetherby might tell you."

She looked him up and down furiously. "Rubbish! If what you suggest is true, why did Raymond bother to take away the rug, as he's admitted he did?"

"Well, I'd make a guess that he'd already slung it into the boot of his car before Wetherby turned up there, and he drove off after the toss-up, forgetting

it, like they forgot Peel's coat. You might say, too, why didn't Wetherby take his wife home when he found out he'd been tricked about the rug? But as I see it, he'd think that to chop and change and take her home might raise some suspicion in her mind. Safest to let the hotel arrangement stand. There's another thing."

He turned back to Raymond. "What about that hand towel covered with blood that Mrs. Wetherby found in her bathroom? What's your answer to my suggestion that he beat one of you up a bit? That blood's been analysed. It belongs to



blood group O. Would you submit to a blood test?"

Raymond stared back at him almost glassily. Then he said, "I don't need to. I admit it's mine. I was rushing round upstairs, shutting windows, and I ran into an open door. My nose bled, and I went into Julia's bathroom and grabbed up a towel from the rail."

Manning harried him from the other side. "Did Wetherby pay you for this little job you were supposed to be doing for him, keepin' an eye on his house at the weekends?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five pounds," Ray-

mond stammered. "On the last Friday morning he left the key and a cheque for me with my mother."

"Which I'm glad to think I tried to give him back," Katherine added. "But he insisted on leaving it."

"And you cashed it," Manning said to Raymond, barely bothering to put a question into his voice.

"Yes . . ."

After leaving the Kellers, Grogan drove back into town and dropped in at Ushers

knew Mr. Wetherby—came up to the table and said, "Hold on, I was sitting here," and he'd reached over and collected some little bits of torn-up paper from one of the coffee saucers. No, he couldn't say what they were—didn't notice the color—could've been a cheque."

Going out, Grogan stood for a moment in the street doorway, gazing out into the traffic of Castleleagh Street.

Two sporting gentlemen glanced after him as he moved away.

"A dick, for a million," one of them commented.

"Looks cheerful, too. As if he might be going to hang someone," the other agreed.

Today, as so often, Pamela had hurried home to meet Trevor and give him lunch.

Her flat was only a stone's throw from the estate agency office where, in letting and selling flats and properties, Trevor's persuasive talents had lately had a chance to shine.

Now he was sitting on a stool in the kitchen watching her seasoning a steak for grilling and shaking up a salad dressing. Graciously, he had allowed himself to be wooed back to good temper. Yesterday they hadn't met, but this morning early she had rung him and it had been:

"Darling, I've had hell. Yesterday was too frightful."

"Do you think I was happy?"

"Oh, I hope not . . . I hope not! It's all right this morning, isn't it?"

"All right with me."

"Well, you don't think I would carry it on? You'll come to lunch, darling, won't you?"

He nibbled at a dish of olives and sipped a vermouth while she whisked about the kitchen, casting loving looks at him.

As they ate, Pamela told him about the attack on Julia on Saturday night. He listened

without comment. Only once he interrupted her to say:

"And did he get away, this sportsman?" And when she told him yes, he said: "The police must be a bright lot," and began on the salad and cheese with good appetite.

When they were leaving, Pamela paused in the hall. Solicitous as ever, she said, "It looks like rain, you should have your overcoat," then broke off and stared at him. "That reminds me."

"What?"

"Passing the cloakroom at Julia's the other evening, Tuesday evening, the night after Edmund died . . ."

"Well? Well?"

"The door was open, the light was on, and I noticed your coat hanging up in there, your greenish gabardine."

His face threw back at her a startled stare. "My overcoat? Surely not?"

"Yes, I couldn't be mistaken. The one I helped you to buy only a few weeks ago." She didn't say the one I helped you to pay for! "Trevor, how did it get there? You hadn't been there, had you, while Julia was away?"

Her question hung unanswered for a long minute. As the minute lengthened, Trevor, made up his mind.

"I suppose I'd better explain the mystery," he said. He lighted a cigarette and flipped the match into a bowl of white daisies. "Before you start thinking—anything worse." Expressionlessly, robbing the venture of all emotional content, he told her what he and Raymond had done in the Wetherbys' house.

The dismay on Pamela's face deepened as he talked. At intervals she protested: "Oh, no, Trevor!" and "Oh, darling!" and as he ended, "Oh, darling, that was a dreadful thing to do!"

He gave a short, dry laugh. "Don't give me that stuff, Pam. What's dreadful about it? It's only the damfool gambling laws that make anything of it."

To page 69

World-famous

OPTONE eye drops

IN THE NEW SQUEEZE BOTTLE! now available in Australia!

This new Optone container is actually a **bottle and dropper** combined! You just press and the drops flow out, easily and cleanly. No separate dropper needed. No risk of breakage or contamination. No spilling or flooding. The most convenient applicator ever!



This compact flask fits conveniently into your handbag. Can't break or spill.



Fits into pocket neatly. The special valve seals out dust and contamination.

OPTONE EYE DROPS ARE EASIEST TO APPLY—ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 9, 1957



Optone Eye Drops bring immediate relief to eyes troubled by dust, smoke, wind, glare or strain. It's so easy—just hold the bottle to the eye and gently squeeze out a few drops into each eye in turn. Notice how your eyes at once feel soothed and refreshed.

Use Optone anywhere, any time. Its gentle, soothing action will bring welcome relief after any hard day's work and will help to keep the bright sparkle of youth.

Optone Eye Drops are made to a scientific and tested formula by the makers of Optrex Eye Lotion. Completely safe—use as often as desired. No staining or stinging.

So economical, the flask contains over 400 drops—enough for weeks and weeks of continuous use. Only 5/9, at all chemists.



OPTONE IS A COMPANION PRODUCT TO OPTREX EYE LOTION



Taking the gamble out of watch buying

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK when choosing your new watch. Consult a good jeweller and trust *his* advice.

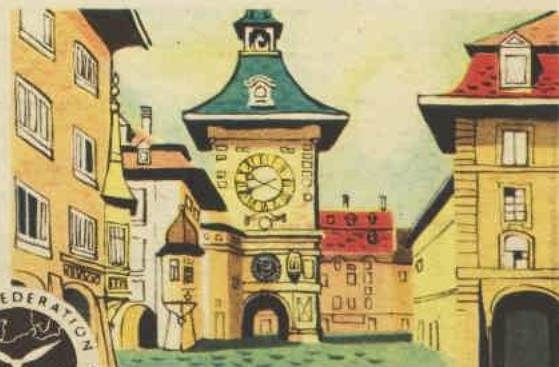
Because he knows the inside story of *all* watches, your jeweller can tell you the difference between a fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch and an ordinary watch.

He will be pleased to show you Swiss watches for all times and every occasion — for women as well as for men. Self-winding watches, calendar watches and watches that buzz alarms. Shock-resistant watches and watches that defy dirt, dust and damp-

ness. Watches called chronographs that register split seconds for the scientist and sportsman. Wafer-thin watches and some of the smallest watches in the world — all reflecting the more than 300-year heritage every Swiss watchmaker holds personally dear.

See the whole, wide wonderland of modern, jewelled-lever Swiss watches now at your jeweller. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*

● IN BERNE, as in all seven of the watch-making cantons in Switzerland, the traditions started almost 4 centuries ago are inspiring the watch wonders of today. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*



THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

IN MEXICO FOR HEMINGWAY FILM

AVA AND THE BOYS

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



ABOVE. Tyrone, Ava, Errol, Mel, and Eddie stand waiting for the director to begin shooting.

★ The "Crazy Gang" is what the Mexicans called Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert, who went to Mexico to make "The Sun Also Rises," based on the famous Hemingway novel of the 'twenties. These informal pictures show the gang in some of their carefree moments.

LEFT. Ava poses for a street photograph, wearing a mad Mexican hat.

AT RIGHT. Errol and Eddie share a private joke that must be good.



The Associated Press — October 9, 1957

Page 65



the final touch

So necessary to every woman, every girl. Anyone can offend through perspiration odour. There's nothing unusual about it—nature decides that you will perspire and that means perspiration odour. Don't be complacent because perspiration odours are not apparent to YOU, they are to others. You must use a personal deodorant to preserve after-bath freshness.

*Mum is no ordinary deodorant

Mum's exclusive ingredient M3[®] actually destroys the germs that make perspiration offensive . . . eliminates entirely all body odours for a full 24 hours.

Completely safe and delicately perfumed, Mum gives that minute-by-minute protection that lasts right from one shower to the next.

Mum is the deodorant you can be sure of.

The world's most successful deodorant, Mum never irritates normal skins . . . never rots your clothes.



*M3 is known to science as hexachlorophene—the wonder ingredient which destroys odour-causing bacteria, without harm to skin and clothing.

MUM KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR—24 HOURS A DAY

MO1

Choose your LAXATIVE wisely

As Mrs. Baxter does . . .
I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose . . .

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE pills

REP. AUG. 1/57

P.S. PICTORIAL-Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.

Rutherford in film farce



1 IN STUNNED silence Matt and Jean Spencer (Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna) gaze at the rococo exterior of the "Bijou Kinema," which solicitor Carter (Leslie Phillips) tells them they have inherited.



3 TRYING TO boost box-office profits so that a rival theatre-owner will buy the "Bijou," salesgirl Marlene, Jean, and Mrs. Fazackalee sell iced refreshments.



5 ITS OWNER, Hardcastle (Francis de Wolfe), offers them £10,000 for the "Bijou." Taking the advice of solicitor Carter, they gleefully clinch the deal, on the stipulation that the three old employees will keep jobs.

★ "The Smallest Show on Earth," a made-in-Britain farce, takes its title from an antiquated picture-show inherited by a young married couple, portrayed by Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna.

In acquiring the "Bijou Kinema" the couple also acquire a cross-grained staff of three — played by humorist Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Miles, and Peter Sellers.

Efforts to make the "Bijou" profit, a battle with business rivals, and eccentricities of the aged employees bring laughs in this Lion International Film, a 20th Century-Fox release.



2 DODDERING employees comprise commissionaire Tom (Bernard Miles), projectionist Quill (Peter Sellers), and cashier Mrs. Fazackalee (Margaret Rutherford).



4 UNABLE to run their films when Quill disappears, the couple decide to close the "Bijou." That night the theatre across the road burns down.



6 TURNING UP to bid Matt and Jean farewell as they catch train for London, Tom whispers a revelation which provides an unexpected twist to the film story.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 9, 1957

So flattering—to every setting...
So lovely—any way you look...

"MARYLAND" by

hollywood



"MARYLAND"
Design No. 547

Hollywood Side-Liner
bedspread in tailored,
fitted style. You'll find
a colour you can't
resist among Holly-
wood's five glorious
background shades.
In double-bed size.

Seen from this viewpoint, the delightful design is highlighted against the delicate tracery of the unusual weave. You'll take pleasure, too, in the faultless fit, the sweep of flouncing, the lavish fringes.

It's Springtime in your bedroom all year through—with "Maryland," Hollywood's latest, lovely bedspread—gay as a garden, warm as sunshine, fresh as a breeze. A Hollywood bedspread is designed to give your bedroom *individual* appeal. It's lovely—any way you look at it! And uncrushable Hollywood chenille, the luxurious fabric, is made to withstand the hardest wear with very little care and no ironing at all. Prices? As practical as you could wish!

Looking from the side, you'll admire "Maryland's" added note of elegance—the Side-Liner, a Hollywood feature. This extension of reverse chenille covers your pillows smoothly, simply, to fall in graceful folds towards a beautifully even floorline.



hollywood

for the
modern way
of life...

HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD. 216-220 WYNDHAM STREET, ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.

JH.12.FPCWW

Dress up your table
WITH A CHARMING PATTERN IN
FINE TABLE SILVER



Nemesia
It's new, exquisite!
Imagine the lovely
effect — your table
set with such enchant-
ing patterned Table
Silver.

Whether you choose NEMESIA, distinctive BROCADE, elegant ACANTHUS or gay CAMILLE, you know that matching pieces for all occasions are available in each RODD design, that every piece is superlative A1 quality, guaranteed for 25 years. Yet RODD Table Silver is not expensive, full 44-piece services costing from as little as £28/10/-.

1. ACANTHUS
2. BROCADE
3. CAMILLE



THE NAME TO KNOW FOR
FINE TABLE SILVER.

AT ALL LEADING JEWELLERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Any time is
IDEAL
time for
ICE
CREAM



Make it this **EASY BREEZY WAY!**

INGREDIENTS: One 12-oz. tin "IDEAL" Evaporated Milk.
2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1½ tea-
spoons vanilla essence.

Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator over-
night. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When
ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine
and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, and cool. Open tin
of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and
essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick.
With control at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator
until frozen for serving.



NESTLÉ'S
IDEAL FULL CREAM
EVAPORATED **MILK**
A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

New Film Releases

★★★ THE LITTLE HUT

Metro comedy, starring
Ava Gardner, Stewart
Granger, David Niven,
Walter Chiari. In color
MetroScope. Liberty, Syd-
ney.

ALTHOUGH produced
nearly 10 years ago
as a stage play, "The
Little Hut" loses none of
its ribald appeal, even
when censored and trans-
ferred to the screen.

When a palatial yacht
founders off the Jamaican
coast, a girl (Ava Gardner),
her husband (Stewart Granger),
and their mutual friend
(David Niven) are stranded
on a tropical island.

Ava in a Dior gown, Granger
in mess uniform, and
Niven in dinner suit bring
elegance and a provoking
situation to the island. For
what man wouldn't want to
be marooned with Ava?

Given her first chance in a
comedy role, Ava interprets
her part deliciously, aided and
abetted by the acting of
Granger and debonair Niven.

The three bring high-style
living to this high-style enter-
tainment, when they "dress"
for dinner, use gourds as
plates, and brew jungle juice
for the cocktail hour.

Ava's off-screen romancer
Walter Chiari makes a primitive
appearance as a native
chief, but his charm is not
apparent.

Filmed in magnificent color,
the show, with its crisp
dialogue, gives us a deserted
island to dream about.

In a word: **HILARIOUS.**

★★ THE SILENT WORLD

Columbia documentary
with Jacques-Yves Cousteau.
In technicolor MegaScope.
Lyceum, Sydney.

SKIN-DIVING camera-
men, who plunged 247
feet into the depths of the
Mediterranean, Red Sea,
Persian Gulf, and Indian
Ocean, have produced a
film which sweeps the
viewer into a cold-blooded
world, but one of miracu-
lous color.

On an expedition led by
French author-scientist Cousteau,
extraordinary scenes are
revealed as the research ship
Calypso and her crew explore
the ocean.

Best of these are: Aqua-
lunged divers, powered by
underwater scooters, skimming
through depths where coral
cliffs rise and fish flash by;
the gory death of a whale
and its mutilation by sharks.

Due to the bravery and
technique of the photog-
raphers, the film is a vivid
and unusual documentary.

Two things, however, mar it.
The first is the over-simpli-
fied commentary by Captain
Cousteau, the second the
music.

Irritation comes when fishes
are made to drift in waltz-
time, or leaping porpoises
synchronised with a crash of
drums. If "The Silent World"
had been left to speak for it-
self, the all-round effect
would have been remarkable.

In a word: **AMAZES.**

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average

★ THE BACHELOR PARTY

United Artists drama,
starring Don Murray, Pat-
ricia Smith, and Carolyn
Jones. Esquire, Sydney.

YOUNG actor Don
Murray, who played
a leading role in "Bus
Stop," stars in this story
about love, those who look
for it, and those who find
it.

Prospective father Charlie
Sampson (Don Murray) joins
the boys in a stag party, which
progresses from bar to bar,
and continues until the early
hours of the morning. The
party succeeds in breaking an
engagement and nearly wreck-
ing a marriage.

Patricia Smith as Charlie's
wife has an irritatingly mono-
tonous voice, and is a colorless
personality when set against
Carolyn Jones, the girl whom
the five men meet.

Although the story has some
moments of laughter, producer
Harold Hecht tries to cram too
much incident into the 90
minutes of screening. The
audience is left with only a
confused impression of the
feelings which drove each of
the five men.

In a word: **REALISTIC.**

★ FIRE DOWN BELOW

Columbia Caribbean
drama, with Rita Hayworth,
Robert Mitchum, Jack Lem-
mon. In technicolor Cinema-
Scope.

RITA HAYWORTH'S
advisers did her a bad
turn when they let her
make her screen comeback
in this film. It is a sad
sight to see the once lovely
redhead so overweight,
generally tatty, and unbe-
comingly dressed.

The role she plays is that
of a kind of Caribbean Sadie
Thompson, whose last boy-
friend as an act of kindness
pays Mitchum and Lemmon
to ship her illegally from one
island, where she is wanted by
the police, to another, where
she is to be landed unnoticed.

By the time they get there,
Lemmon, a somewhat mature
"nice kid" sowing his wild
oats by smuggling and join-
ing in an occasional native
fiesta, is determined to make
an honest woman of Rita.

But like calls to like, and
Mitchum (back to his most
boorish, and, on this occasion,
altogether too much of a good
thing) is the one with her in
the fadeout.

Some unintentionally funny
moments are provided by the
struggles of the three prin-
cipals to grapple with the
occasionally high-flown dia-
logue provided by the author
of the screenplay, Irwin Shaw.

In a word: **UNFORTUN-
ATE.**

Which is today's
best buy in
household sewing
machines?



Check these
questions
then judge
for
yourself



Does the household sewing machine you want to buy have the following qualities?

- ☐ Does it have a **LARGE WORKING SURFACE?**
- ☐ Is it **FULLY AUTOMATIC**—does it sew from left to right and, above all, backwards and forwards without your guidance?
- ☐ Are its **STITCHES AND PATTERNS UNLIMITED?** Can the most varied discs be inserted to produce an inexhaustible number of entirely new stitches, or are you limited to a few inalterable stitch patterns?
- ☐ Can it do **TURKISH HEMSTITCHING** fully auto-
matically?
- ☐ Does it **MAKE BUTTONHOLES AND SEW ON
BUTTONS?**
- ☐ Does it **REGULATE LOWER THREAD TENSION**—
for sewing with **NYLON** and other **SYNTHETIC
THREAD?**
- ☐ Does it **RUN QUIETLY**—even at high speeds?
- ☐ Does it have a horizontal shuttle for **PERFECT DARN-
ING** and easy changing of the bobbin?

ELNA has all these
big advantages!

Have other machines shown to you,
and then see for yourself the useful-
ness and superiority of the ELNA
Supermatic. If unable to call person-
ally, send today for free illustrated
literature, or 'phone for home
demonstration!

Elna is sold and serviced throughout 185 countries. In Australia and
New Zealand it is backed by a permanent organisation that will honour
the Elna guarantee and ensure continuous service, spare parts and
accessories.

Available in Australia only from:
ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.
453 PITT ST., SYDNEY. MA3487
(RIGHT OPPOSITE THE HOTEL SYDNEY)
Also at Melbourne, Albury, and throughout New Zealand.
Send now for **FREE** literature or home demonstration

VARICOSE VEINS

Send for new
FREE booklet

Featherweight Lastonet Nylons
give healthful support to Varicose
Veins and are invisible under your
ordinary stockings. **LASTONET**—
(combined elastic nylon) stretches in
any direction, lightly massaging the
leg as it moves, and letting the air
circulate freely.

Lastonet
SURGICAL STOCKINGS

PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, VARICOSE VEINS
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
To LASTONET, 110 Little Bourke St, Melbourne, Victoria.
or to Schaffer & Co, 235 Clarence Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

P.S. PICTORIAL-Show . . .

★ is the magazine that gives you all the news
about show business as well as a host of
interesting pictures about local and over-
seas events—price 9d.



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS



"Let's talk—
Woman to Woman
about air-travel!"

says Ann Travaire

"Let's talk about your next holiday. Will you fly North to the sun, South to the snow, to the West or to the East? Do you know the most suitable places to stay, what to wear and what to take? Are you young or elderly; travelling alone or with young children? Let's talk over these things, woman to woman! Write to me at the TAA office in your capital city and I'll be only too pleased to help you."

TAA
Women's Travel Adviser



Women who know—use

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

THE BEST COOKS



FAULDING essences

CORNS

End corn pain with Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS. They soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs included remove corns. 3/- at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Continuing

Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 63

We didn't do anyone any harm, and we did ourselves a whole heap of good. As for my coat, I did think that young fool Raymond would have taken it when he left the house. He was the last to leave. Come on, you'll be late." He walked to the door.

As he opened it she said, "And you mean to say Edmund didn't discover?"

He gave another laugh, even drier. "You wouldn't be the only one to ask that if our little gambling venture should come to light!" he said, waiting for her to go through and slamming the door behind them. "That's the thing the police would inquire of the Kellers and me: Did kind, open-handed cousin Edmund know all about it before the end . . . ?"

Before the end that evening a great deal was to happen to Julia and others.

A silvery-toned clock across the hall struck eight, breaking the silence that had lasted forever.

Eight. Eight o'clock. The end of a day which had brought to Julia one vile thing after another to digest. The process of assimilation was still going on as she sat in the music-room.

The stillness in the room seemed to be part of the silence: the curtains at the open french window hanging unstirred by a breath of air from the heavy night; her own heavily weighted limbs; the dark mass of the piano at the other end of the room; the sea of polished floor on which the light lay in motionless pools—all were entranced and would never move again.

The book she was reading hadn't captured her mind for one minute since she had come in from dinner, eaten alone, and sat down here alone. Olive had gone out soon after lunch and hadn't returned.

Break the spell! Julia threw the book aside and got up and poured herself a second cup of coffee, now lukewarm, lighted a cigarette, and let, unchecked, the events of the day seize hold of her again.

That visit this afternoon from the Kellers, Alec and Katherine. As soon as they had walked in she had seen that they had come to break something to her. But not the wildest guess could have come near the thing they disclosed. There had been an oddly defiant air about Katherine as Alec thundered denunciations at his son and Peet.

With Katherine's angry waiting eyes on her, Julia had managed not to say one word against Raymond. The outrage she felt, anyhow, went far beyond anything she could have said. Outrage, not only at what Raymond had done, but at the fact that Alec and Katherine, knowing it all this week, hadn't come and told her earlier. Would they have told her now if the police hadn't uncovered it?

Look at it how you would, it was a sordid, underhand affair. And their sense of guilt, and her own disgust, would spell, she knew dejectedly, the end of her relationship with the Kellers.

Death of one friendship. She drank her coffee standing, and put the cup back on the tray. Friendship? What about hers with Pamela now?

With sinking heart she wondered if the death-blow had been dealt to that, too. For Pamela, as for Katherine, the object of her love was sacrosanct. No matter what Trevor had done, even such a dirty trick as this, Pamela would make excuses for him. Julia had heard her before defend

him against his critics: "Starchy brutes! Intolerant prigs!"

Was she, Julia, to join the ranks of these? Because there was no use pretending, she could not make Trevor welcome here or be friendly with him.

Julia thought, with some bitterness, that it was she who had been sinned against, but it was she who in the end would be put in the wrong.

And that wasn't all. Ivan. The dart of poison he had shot this afternoon. He had come in about five o'clock. At the end of his visit it had been—after behaviour, too, that had been a complete bombshell in itself—and there was no doubt that the thing had been said



"No matter how big your baby, see how comfortable he will be."

with the clear intention of putting a deadly suspicion into her mind.

They had had a cocktail together, and she had told him about the Kellers' revelation, since she knew it would come out and be freely talked of in their circle. But instead of giving her his usual attention and crisp, sane comments, he had sat twirling the glass round in his fingers, looking as though he weren't even hearing what she was saying.

Then suddenly he had put the glass down, crossed over to the sofa, and taken her in his arms. A fever of unexpected kisses, a torrent of words. Of how he had always loved her—long before Edmund had—of how she should've married him . . . and how she would . . . she must . . . and she did love him, didn't she? And much more; while she sat dumb, at a loss to see Ivan in this unfitting role of great lover.

At last, chilled by her unresponse, he had got up and stood beside her. "Look, darling," he had told her, "it's no use waiting till poor old Edmund's murderer is discovered, if that's what's holding you back. You've got to start living again without any solution. Because it probably never will be solved. How could it ever be known, for instance, if some guy—for love of you—crept up those stairs when you and Olive ran out, and killed Edmund?"

Still speechless, she had sat and looked at him. And he had looked back, straight into her eyes, as though to underline his words, to tell her there had been knowledge and purpose behind them.

Abruptly then he had crossed the room and stooped to smell a trail of jasmine. Had he realised he had gone too far? Or was it to give her time to think, for the idea to sink in and turn her aside for ever in doubt and suspicion from love from a stranger? . . .

He had gone away soon after, leaving her half angry,

half sad, and wholly disillusioned. A hateful day it had been. Thank God it was nearly over. The only bright note in it had been a visit from the two little Carrolls after Ivan left. Cheerful little Sam and pretty Baba, casual acquaintances, not close enough to be able to hurt her in any way.

She leant down to the ash-tray and put out her cigarette, ground it round and round. Past eight now. What in the world had become of Olive? She hadn't said she was going to stay out for dinner, and she was so punctilious as a rule about telephoning.

Shortly after lunch she had developed one of those restless fits that during the past week had been so irritating to Julia.

She had wandered upstairs and come down again. A second time she had gone up, and this time had come down ready to go out, announcing the fact, too, in a desperate voice:

"I feel so depressed. I must get out for a while . . . walk about and look at places and take my mind off things."

Now, Julia's curiosity about her absence began to mount to anxiety. Where was she, where had she got to? The question kept coming between her and the book she had taken up again.

Before very long it was interrupted by the telephone.

Julia took a little while to place her caller, a woman she had met only once or twice, who lived at Anchor Beach, not far from the cottage bequeathed by Edmund to Olive. She was ringing, she said, to say that half an hour or so ago she had noticed a light in the Wetherbys' little house, and had gone along and knocked at the door, wondering if Mrs. Wetherby was there, perhaps—a neighborly visit—but hadn't got any answer, so she had gone away again, and now had begun to wonder.

Did Mrs. Wetherby think everything was all right? Sometimes, as she knew, campers would take possession of an empty house and make a great nuisance of themselves. She hoped she hadn't worried her by ringing, but her knock at the door not being answered

Julia thanked her, said that, yes, it could be someone she knew, not to worry, but that perhaps she would come down herself and have a look round.

The cottage at Anchor Beach, left to Edmund three years ago by an aunt, was a four-roomed affair, set down on a rather scrubby patch of shore an hour's run from town.

After saying goodbye, Julia got up and went into Edmund's study. She opened the top drawer in the desk where were various labelled keys. She turned them over and read:

The key of the Anchor Beach house was missing. Yes, she remembered now. Sub-consciously she had heard Olive come in here before she left. To get the key, obviously, Julia shut the drawer. Well, why shouldn't she have taken a bus and gone down to have a look at the place? Perfectly natural to want to see it, now it was hers. And perhaps natural, Olive being Olive, to be secretive about it. Then finding herself down there, in her newly acquired property, she could have stayed on, time slipping by unnoticed.

But that unanswered knock. With the light on inside.

Could she have lain down and gone to sleep? Or been at

To page 71

Charm of Pastels



Delightful pastel shades are featured in this lovely *Adelyn* creation. The softly rolled collar and graceful skirt will flatter the mature 5' 4" figure and under. Fashioned in Grafton Super Lavenelle anti-shrink fabric.

SUSAN FITTING SW-OS
STYLE No. 306

Adelyn

ALL LEADING STORES STOCK ADELYN

In the traditional style
—in the home for a LIFETIME



In Swan-Cromalin plate or polished aluminium. Black plastic lid. Holds 6 cups. See these at your store.

SWAN BRAND

'Willow'
TEAPOT

BULPITT & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND
M-W.375

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER

You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

Page 69



This is what we work for at Parke-Davis ...

*... the better health and longer life
that come with better medicines*

The little girl in our picture has epilepsy—but her future is bright.

Not too long ago, this disease was looked upon as a strangely terrible affliction. All too often the victim faced a bleak future as a "misfit," because epilepsy, to the great majority of people, was associated with mental defectiveness.

But what a contrast—when you compare this old mistaken attitude with today's enlightened view of epilepsy. Now we know that something *can* be done to control the disease, so

that, in an ever-increasing number of cases, there need be no wide gulf between afflicted children and the world about them.

As a matter of fact, modern medicines called *anticonvulsants* ... developed by such famous laboratories as Parke-Davis ... benefit 70 to 80% of certain types of cases and frequently stop epileptic seizures completely.

Most heartening, of course, is the fact that this is just one example of the progress science has made against disease. As each year passes, you can look forward to new developments that will bring you even better health and a longer life.

Parke, Davis & Company, Ltd., Sydney

PARKE-DAVIS

... pioneers in better medicines since 1866

the back in the kitchen and not heard the knock?

Not heard? The house was only a box, the front door not thirty feet from the back.

That unanswered knock... Was the key the only thing Olive had taken? The question suddenly flashed to Julia's mind: The gun in Trevor's overcoat pocket—what had become of that?

She stood for a moment on a knife-edge of indecision, disliking intensely the thought of bursting in on Olive with outside fears and fancies. Most likely she would find her cooking bacon and eggs and slightly injured at being spied on. But that missing gun and that unanswered knock, and Olive's unstable moods—

Julia hurried back to the telephone and dialled Lindsay's number.

"Lindsay?"

"Yes, Julia?"

His voice brought her instant, unexpected happiness, a happiness that made her wonder whether her decision to drive down to Anchor Beach wasn't only an excuse to get in touch with him tonight.

Briefly, she told him the facts and asked him if he would come with her. He would be with her in a few minutes.

When she heard his step she took the garage key, told Mrs. Duffy where they were going and went out to meet him. They went round to the garage and he opened the doors and turned on the lights. She went over and slipped into the driver's seat. Lindsay got in beside her.

Leaning forward and switching on the engine she said: "You haven't been to see me for days. Why, Lindsay?"

"The answer is all around us."

"What do you mean?"

As the engine purred softly he nodded across at Edmund's big car. "Do you know what I'm worth?" he asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea. If you mean in money."

"I do. I got my bank sheet today. Nine hundred and seventy-eight pounds one shilling."

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

"Count out the shilling. You'll be spending that for the toll on the bridge."

"No, seriously, Julia. I've been brooding tensely the last few days. That's why I've kept away. How can I ever consider marrying a woman who's got—well, probably a hundred thousand pounds?"

A little laugh was wrung from her. "A hundred thousand!" she echoed.

"Well, fifty or sixty or whatever it is. There's not much difference when one hasn't anything oneself."

"That's true. I'm glad to hear you say that. Because I was afraid you'd be really worried when I told you that Edmund left, I believe, well over a quarter of a million."

"No!" His voice was shocked.

"I'm afraid so. A great deal of money, but up to now I haven't found it's given me a great deal of happiness. However . . ."

"However . . ." He put up a hand and trained his glasses on her face, on the deep blue eyes, the lovely full mouth, the glistening hair. A long sigh escaped him. "However, now that I've seen you again—"

Her answering smile was victorious. She put in the clutch and the car slid out of the garage.

The night was still heavy and hot with an overcast sky, but as they neared the ocean the wind blew fresher in their faces, and with it came to Julia a lifting of her spirits.

They hardly talked. No need to. I love him and he loves me, her inner voice kept telling her.

It was so long since Julia had been here that she had difficulty in finding the road, the turning from the highway down to Anchor Beach. It was only a track. The car trundled along it, brushed by the trees on either side, and came to a halt at last. They left the car and went down the hillside under the sparse trees, with the slippery sand underfoot and the

faint gleam of the sky through branches overhead.

The cottage was at the foot of the path, with the ground sloping down to the beach in front and the ocean rollers beating up a stone's throw from the windows. The lights were on in the back of the house. That was the kitchen.

What a wretched little place it looked! Four small rooms enclosed by clinker-built wooden walls. Edmund had acquired it but hadn't added a thing to it, not so much as a telephone or a coat of paint.

Now Julia and Lindsay reached the foot of the path and crossed the trodden bit of ground that stood for a yard. He tried the back door. It was locked. They went round the house, past the bedroom window. This was open and the light was on in there, too, the

from page 69

blind down, a holland blind that stirred with a sucking in and out movement from the beginnings of a sea breeze.

The front verandah. White sand-gnawed boards edged with a few straggling geraniums, a green door with the paint peeling off. The sitting-room was on the right. Light here, too, showing through the beige-and-pink cretonne curtains.

ALMOST unconsciously, Julia put out her hand and took Lindsay's and they stood linked for a moment.

"Darling, you're trembling," he said.

"I know. Why didn't she come to the door hearing us walk round the house?" Julia's

fears had returned. "Knock," she said. "Knock."

Lindsay's knuckles rapped on the door.

No answer. They waited. Was Olive in a dead sleep, perhaps? Someone had had enough sodium amylal tablets to dope that bottle of bromide the other night!

They stepped to the verandah edge and looked back, defeated, at the windows, then turned and stared out across the dark sea, so close that the briny tang of it was all around them and the breakers glimmered white as they folded over on the beach.

Stepping back, Lindsay knocked again. Still no sound came from inside, but somehow Julia now felt that the knocking was heard. It echoed through the house. The answering silence of someone listen-

ing but refusing to answer held a tension that seemed on the point of snapping.

She stooped down and put her mouth to the keyhole. "Olive," she called. She heard her own voice wavering like a voice blown on the wind: "Olive . . ."

And then, uncertainly, came Olive's in reply, quite close to the door: "Who is it? Who's there?"

"It's me, Julia. Open the door, Olive."

The salt-rusted lock turned, the door opened, and Olive stood in the doorway, silhouetted against the light in the hall.

Yes, there she was, Olive standing perfectly safe and sound. Julia thought: What a fool I've been, keying myself and Lindsay to face some fearful happening when the poor girl has just come down to be alone and perhaps—perhaps keep a sort of ghostly tryst with Edmund.

She walked in, followed by Lindsay. He closed the door behind them.

And then she saw Olive's face. Olive's face ravaged by tears. No trace of lipstick or eye shadow now, but with reddened eyelids and tear-washed cheeks and trembling mouth out of her control.

"Olive," Julia said, and reached out and took her by the shoulders. "What have you been doing all this long afternoon?"

The other retreated, looked aside, looked down, put up an ineffectual hand to her untidy hair. "How did you know I was here?" she muttered.

"I guessed. I saw you'd taken the key, and as you didn't come home I thought, well, you wouldn't want to come back by bus at this hour, so Lindsay and I have come down to drive you home. You don't want to stay here any longer?"

"No . . . no."

"I don't suppose you've had any dinner?"

Olive shivered and looked back down the house, her glance seeming to abandon a bad dream. "Yes, let's go."

To page 72

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

AFTER trying for some time to reduce my weight, without much success, I was feeling very despondent. Over several weeks I had lost only one-and-a-half pounds. I burst into tears. Then I felt my husband's arms around me, and the words he spoke more than compensated for my middle-aged spread:

"Darling, please don't try to lose weight. I love you just as you are, there couldn't be too much of you."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. G. M. Evans, Flat 9, "Kurrawa," 990 Anzac Parade, Maroubra, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

MY husband and I were lazing on the beach with friends. One of them, who was organising a beach carnival, said to me: "You'll have to go in for the bathing-beauty competition."

I protested in horror. "Yes, you can," he said encouragingly. "It's the figure that counts, you know, not the face."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. B. Martin, 42 Papanui Rd., Christchurch, N.Z.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HALO leaves hair CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER —than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo

Unlike most shampoos, Halo contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo glorifies your hair naturally, brings back all its clean, bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your family shampoo!



HALO
BUBBLES for lovely
hair wherever
you go!

Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for holidays and perfect for keeping hair shining-clean.

HALO BUBBLES, 1/3



SMALL, 3/- • REGULAR, 5/-

BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR — NATURALLY

AJAX ^{new} miracle cleanser with exclusive

"foaming action"
cleans *twice as easy, twice as fast!*

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser polishes so bright, so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!

YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF



★AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE PRODUCT

FLOATS DIRT, GREASE and STAIN RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN

No other cleanser keeps porcelain so white—because only AJAX contains **BLEACH**

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America and Australia than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.



Continuing . . .

Murder Was Her Welcome

[from page 71]

Thank you, Julia . . . I want to go now."

"A coat? — a bag or anything?" Lindsay asked.

"They're in here." She took a step towards the sitting-room.

"Turn off the lights, Lindsay," Julia murmured, "and shut the bedroom window."

"Wait," Olive said, nothing passive about her now. She put a hand on Lindsay's arm.

"It's all right," Julia said, "I'll do it," and went along the hall to the bedroom.

She had been here with Edmund on his first visit after his aunt's death and they had inspected the house, walked down this narrow passage, stood at the door of each room and looked in.

She pushed wider the bedroom door. Just as she remembered it. A brown painted floor with a faded cotton rug on it, a dressing-table of stained wood, the mirror with its quicksilver mottled at the edges, a pink lampshade that shaded no vestige of the light hanging from the ceiling, an iron bedstead with a washed-out candlewick cover.

And beyond that, between the window and the bed, out of sight until she crossed from the door to shut the window, something else.

The shock of it, the brutal naked shock of what she saw held Julia speechless and motionless for a long minute.

Trevor Peel was lying dead, stretched out, arms flung wide. Death spoke to her in every detail of the picture.

Then: "Lindsay, Lindsay!" she cried.

He came running. He stooped over Trevor, lifted a hand and felt for the pulse, automatic gestures: Trevor's life blood from a bullet wound in the head lay in a dark pool on the splintery boards.

"Trevor!" Julia exclaimed: "Trevor Peel—here—dead! But why—what—?"

The whisper of broken short words hung in the air. But from the jumble of her thoughts no faintest glimmer of sense emerged to offer an explanation, nothing but the grim stupefying fact of his body they gazed down at. Trevor Peel with his "charm," his power to coerce life and take from it whatever he wanted—this, no more than this!

Lindsay stood up and they stared at each other, the silent question on their faces; then his eyes moved past Julia to the door.

Olive had come in. She crossed the room and stood at the end of the bed beside Julia and gazed down, too. Not a

cry or a word escaped her and her face was empty of any expression. Nothing. Nothing was there. No horror, no shock, no surprise, barely curiosity.

You would have thought to look at Olive's face that a dead man in grey flannel pants and a crumpled sports coat, with a wound in the temple and a pool of blood beside him, was a sight to be seen any day of the week before breakfast.

Then, as on the night of Edmund's death, that uncontrollable trembling seized her, and she turned aside, drew back, clutched at the bed end and stood there swaying.

"Olive—tell us—what happened?" Julia asked, unwilling though she was to try to extract rational answers from her at that moment.

The answers when they came made little sense. No, no, no! She hadn't known he was here,

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4685W, G.P.O., Sydney.

had no idea how he got there.

Then—yes, yes, she had asked him to meet her here this afternoon . . . to sell the cottage, to value it for her. Trevor was an agent, wasn't he? . . . it was hers, wasn't it? . . . Edmund had left it to her to do as she wanted with. Perhaps he had killed himself . . . Yes, that was it, he had killed himself.

All the time Julia hardly followed Olive's rambling story. Only one thought was in her mind: Where was the gun, Trevor's gun?

It was Lindsay who put an end to it. He drew them both out of the room and shut the door behind them. He switched on the light in the room opposite, a bare little dining-room, and went down to the kitchen and came back with a half-full bottle of whisky and glasses. He poured them stiff drinks and drank his own standing.

"I'll go for the police," he said.

Julia followed him to the front door, gave him the keys of the car and told him where to find a telephone, half a mile along the road at the store.

When she went back Olive was sitting in the same position, hands clasped on the table, eyes on the wall in a fixed stare, looking like someone trying to solve a problem on a blackboard, so intent was her gaze, so absorbed her air.

And yet that shivering . . . This was shock. A hot drink was what Olive needed rather than whisky. And, anyhow, the glass Lindsay had put in front of her was untouched.

"I'll make some tea," she murmured. "That might help us both."

Without glancing her way, Olive first shook her head and then nodded with that same ambiguity of a minute ago: No, she hadn't known Trevor was there, yes, she had asked him down to meet her.

Julia went out to the kitchen. Since there was whisky in the house there might be other drink or food. She found tea in a packet just opened. There were other things, too, telling of a dinner bought but never to be cooked or eaten: bread, tomatoes, meat still wrapped in paper.

But as she ran water into the kettle a still more pressing thought kept hammering at her: the revolver—where was it? Thrown into the sea? . . . or into the bushes? . . . or buried under the sand?

Or in Olive's bag? In her present frame of mind what mightn't she do to herself?

Noisily, Julia rattled about in the kitchen with kettle and stove, then she slipped off her shoes and crept up the passage, passing the half-open dining-room door and glimpsing, for an instant, Olive's back, Olive sitting in that same hypnotised stillness at the table.

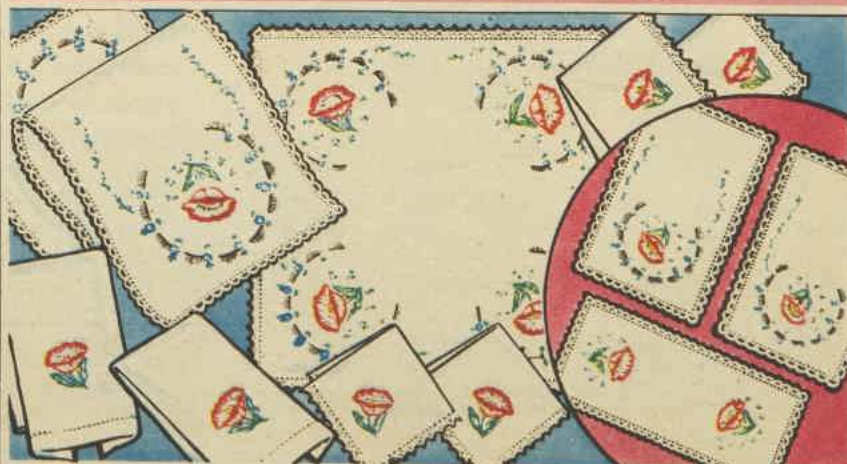
In the sitting-room Julia made a quick search of the bag. No revolver. Was it possible that Olive had it in one of the pockets of the coat she had on? The self-same linen coat, her own gift to her, that she had been wearing on that other last dreadful Monday night. Or, another possibility, could it be lying somewhere near Trevor's body, hidden by the bed cover or his coat flung back?

She went up the passage again and, nerving herself, opened the bedroom door a few inches and slipped inside. A cry broke from her at what she saw.

Pamela, her back to the window, stooping over Trevor's body, picking something up off the floor. She straightened up as Julia entered, the revolver in her hand. Behind her the

To page 74

FLORAL EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



LOVELY POPPY MOTIFS, some plain, some surrounded by tiny flower designs, are featured on embroidery transfer No. 208. Use the motifs to decorate your tea-cloths, duchesse sets, guest towels, table napkins, and pillow cases. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 2/6.

**Now! see
what CLEAN can mean
with a...
new Westinghouse
washing machine**

The Westinghouse washing machine gets clothes really **sparkling** clean, every time. That's because the Westinghouse specially designed agitator teams with the smoothly rounded tub to make water do the work . . . gently, but much more thoroughly. Westinghouse gets out every last particle of dirt, yet is so kind to your clothes. You'll love the all-new smooth, sleek styling in white or blue with cornflower trim. Westinghouse is really beautiful.

with all these wonderful washing features

- Famous Westinghouse Water Washing Action. • Simple centralised controls right in front. • Rubber-cushioned super-smooth plastic agitator, extra strong, but extra gentle. • Large glass-smooth seamless tub takes 9 lbs. wash at a time. • Deep sediment trap and strainer.
- Non-splash lip keeps water in. • Mighty new motor that's 1/3rd more powerful, even more dependable than ever. No ugly gear box showing. • Dent-resistant, gleaming finish. • Two-way pump fills and empties up to one gallon every 10 seconds.



"Wonder Wringer"

Only Westinghouse has it! The latest American type wringer that thinks for itself.

Automatically adjusts to thickness of clothes . . . new four-way safety release instantly stops rollers if overloaded . . . safeguards clothes, washer and you . . . large, soft rollers get out all the water . . . easy on buttons . . . one-piece streamlined body . . . never needs oiling . . . eight separate safety locking positions.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

Westinghouse

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL RETAILERS

window was now wide open and the blind skied.

"Pam!" Julia cried. "Oh, Pam!"

This had been in the forefront of her mind from the moment she had found Trevor dead: Pamela's grief, having to tell Pamela. She had been afraid it might unhinge her, and that was how she looked, wild, frantic. She had threatened suicide before. Once, even, after a disastrous love affair, she had tried to take her own life with a bottle of sleeping-pills.

Julia moved a step towards her.

Pamela said: "Don't come any nearer! You know what I'm going to do. I can't live without him."

"No—stop—don't! Pam—"

"I'm going to die, no one's going to stop me." The glitter in her dark eyes, the rigid grip of her hand on the gun, the muscles tensed in the thin brown forearm spoke more than her words. She said again: "You know I can't live without him and I'm not going to try."

"Listen, Pam, don't say that." Julia kept her voice steady. The less emotion she showed the better chance she had of bridging the moment and weakening the other's resolve.

"We've all said that at times about someone. Every human being, almost, must've thought so when they've lost someone they loved, thought they could never live without them and never be happy again. But it isn't so. They do go on living and in time—"

"You didn't like him, did you, Julia?" The whisper had a hoarse, cracked sound.

"That isn't so . . . It wasn't exactly that. I didn't know him very well. Perhaps I—never thought you were a very good picker."

"Bad eggs, eh? He was. I knew it. But he had everything I wanted. And now that he's gone everything I want has gone out of life."

"Don't, darling, please. Just think a minute. Wait one minute."

"I've thought. Don't come any nearer, Julia. If you try

to stop me I tell you I'll shoot you, too!" Her eyes, with their look of near frenzy, were shutting up and down from Julia to Trevor's body at her feet and back to Julia. "You've heard me say it a hundred times. Trevor was my whole life . . . my last lover . . . and he will be, too."

"But think, think—No, don't think, just throw down the gun. I'll help you. We'll go away together somewhere and I'll look after you."

"Never. It's the end."

"No, no, please, Pam . . ." and again: "No, no," were the only words Julia found to say. She inched forward. The sight of the revolver in Pamela's hand and the memory of that shattered head—mercifully hidden from where she stood—filled her mouth with the dry taste of fear, the fear that in a moment Pamela, too, would be lying there like that.

Pamela lifted the revolver and held it pointing directly at Julia to keep her at a distance while, as though for a last look at him, her eyes went back to the floor once again.

In the same instant Julia saw that right outside the window someone had crept up.

Lindsay . . . the inspector!

They stood in view as though in a frame, the light from the room shining full on them. Two figures as still and silent as figures in a photograph. How could it be? Where had they met? At the top of the path, surely, Lindsay had been gone only a few minutes. Her eyes flickered to them and back to Pamela.

Now Julia felt that she herself was in danger, and she saw the same fear on the inspector's face, knew that he stood there not able to move a step forward, that he saw the danger that Pamela, if surprised or disturbed, might press the trigger involuntarily.

Julia ceased to move forward, ceased to protest. She just stood suspended in the grip of indecision while an intermin-

able age passed over her head. Not a movement anywhere . . . Not in the gun pointing at her . . . not in the figures outside the window . . . even her own eyes had to be kept steady so that they shouldn't stray again over Pamela's shoulder to meet Lindsay's petrified gaze and warn her they were there.

There was no sound in that eternity except the sound of the waves crashing up on the beach, so close that maybe their beat and hiss helped to deaden any awareness that might have

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



come to Pamela of the two men just behind her.

Julia thought, what will happen? Which will happen first if I back out and leave her, seem to give my consent to her shooting herself? Will she be the quicker? Or they to stop her? She pictured at her first backward movement, the moment she relaxed her will. Pamela lifting the gun to her head, the shattering noise . . .

On the periphery of her vision she saw Lindsay's turn of the head towards Grogan in wordless query, saw Grogan's

from page 72

answering headshake that said, "No, not yet."

The moment was ended, but not by Julia.

Behind her the door opened. It was Olive. And Olive's voice in a furious cry as she saw Pamela. "You! . . . You murderer!"

The inevitable shift of Pamela's attention from Julia to Olive gave Grogan his moment. He dived forward, half through

Thought she might've given him the cyanide as well as the blow on the head. But that night you happened to mention that when you ran in with the brandy the telephone receiver was swinging to and fro.

"Well, I know—I tried it out—that it couldn't swing for more than a minute with that length of cord, and you two had been down the street a good five minutes, you said. So I knew someone must've been in there and slipped into the outer office only a minute before you entered his room."

It was nearly twenty-four hours later. The tragic night and day were past and Julia was back at home sitting in the garden with Lindsay, while the inspector told them the facts. How soon, it seemed, one adjusted oneself to accept even the worst of them! That Pamela—Pamela—had killed Edmund! And in a jealous frenzy her own beloved Trevor, too. Those facts filled Julia's whole mind: she could hardly listen to the how or the why. She brought herself back to hear the inspector saying:

"It was Miss Harrison speaking that day of the black opal that first set me thinking. Nobody else said it was black. Nobody else had seen it. Miss Lockwood had said Mr. Wetherby just patted his pocket when he told her he had bought you a piece of opal. Now I reckoned that the person who knew it was a real 'valuable piece of black opal' had been the one to meet him at Ushers soon after two on that last Monday . . . And I'll tell you why. I went to the jeweller's where he bought it. He made the purchase about two o'clock."

"Why didn't he tell me it was Pamela he was meeting?" Julia asked.

"Ah! That could've meant telling too much. Anyway, you know he'd given her a cheque to help her on with the little shop she and another woman were starting? Well, in the morning—the Kellers

aren't too scared now to admit it—he discovered what Peel had been up to in his house. He took 'em by surprise. Peel ran out, leaving his overcoat, but the kid copped his full wrath—and a bloodied nose—and was forced to come clean about the whole affair.

"My word, Mr. Wetherby saw red! He saw how the whole thing'd work out. That his money in her business would be helping to keep this feller Peel in all the little luxuries she showered on him. He couldn't swallow that. So he must've rung her and met her at Ushers and said to her, 'If you've paid that cheque into your account I'm going to stop payment of it.'"

"Can you know that?" Lindsay put in.

"Well, I'll tell you what I do know, Mr. Barrett. That he went back to Ushers alone, and picked out of a saucer the torn scraps of a cheque—a blank cheque, mind!—that we found pieced together on his blotter. Now, as I see it, she played a very cute little trick on him. She opened her bag there in the hotel lounge, below the table level, and took out one of her own cheques, folded it, and tore it into little bits and put it in her saucer, kidding him it was the cheque he'd sent her."

"What made him suspect the trick and go back I don't know, but go back he did. Though they must've been quite friendly during the interview, because we got to conclude he showed her the bit of black opal he'd just bought for you."

Julia nodded, seeing more than the inspector could. The two at the table together, Edmund saying, "Give him up, Pam. I'll help you when you've got rid of that rotter that's played money tricks with my house and my young cousin, but not before." And Pamela's burning passion to get what she wanted—thinking in a flash—tearing her own cheque to bits—laughing—saying, "There's your loan, Edmund! Keep your dirty

To page 76



AT LAST YOU HAVE **SPACE FOR EVERYTHING!**

New **STC** BIG STORAGE REFRIGERATORS

So trim—So lovely—So moderately priced!

Imagine this young mother's delight! Out has gone her small, cramped, out-moded fridge—and in has come this handsome, spacious new S.T.C. Big Storage Refrigerator. Now she knows she'll have ample space for everything in the same floor area that her old fridge occupied. So much more door and shelf space—so much more room in the freezer—all contained in a beautiful unit designed to give

a new crisp, streamlined look to her kitchen. S.T.C. Spacemaster Refrigerators are BIG in every way—yet take up only 28" x 28 1/2" floor space and include every advanced feature . . . Big Freezer • Big Twin Crispers • All the roomy shelves roll out on nylon rollers • Choice of white or cream cabinets. ● It's BIG trade-in time on S.T.C. Refrigerators. See your retailer TO-DAY!

MORE SPACE IN EVERY REFRIGERATOR IN THE RANGE!



S.T.C. SPACEMASTER "10"
Over 10 cu. ft. of storage space! Packed with advanced features. Price, 178 gns. Spacemaster "12," 12 cu. ft., 195 gns. Auto-Defrost model, 212 gns.



S.T.C. DUPLEX
Combination Refrigerator-Freezer. Saves £'s on food bills. Stores both fresh and cooked foods for months. Price, 235 gns.



S.T.C. DELUXE "4"
The best value in refrigeration to-day. Full-width freezer, sliding shelves, vegetable storage bin. Price, only 129 gns.

All prices slightly higher in some areas.



MORE SPACE IN BIG "DEEPER-DOOR"

S.T.C.'s "Deeper-Door" holds a surprising quantity of food. Bottles of all sizes • eggs • packaged meats, tins, etc. • big butter and cheese compartments.

MORE SPACE IN BIG-SIZE FREEZER!

Roomy S.T.C. freezer-shelf holds up to 30 cartons of frozen foods, plus ice-cubes and ice-cream. Keeps meat fresh for days. Other features include big crispers • Blossom pink interior with copper-gold shelves and trim.

Send for FREE Colour Brochure and Trade-in Valuation Fill in and send this coupon for full-colour literature and for trade-in valuation on your existing fridge. Send to S.T.C. Refrigerators, Box 525, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. or local distributor.

Name _____
Address _____ State _____
My present fridge is a _____ (make) _____ (year) _____ (size)



Standard Telephones and Cables Pty. Ltd.

SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE

Wholesale Distributors—Queensland: Edgar V. Hudson Ltd.; South Australia: Cornell Limited;

Western Australia: M. J. Bateman Pty. Ltd.; Tasmania: W. & G. Genders Pty. Ltd.

6 a.m.— Mum's first for a refreshing Lifebuoy shower



6 p.m.— and they still have that "just-bathed" freshness



Contains PURALIN to remove bacteria that cause B.O.

Now Lifebuoy stops perspiration odour before it starts

*Aren't you glad
you use Lifebuoy?
Don't you wish
everybody did?*

EVEN after the busiest day, that last Lifebuoy bath or shower keeps the whole family fresh and safe from odour. No ordinary soap will effectively remove the active bacteria that cause perspiration odour (we call it B.O. for short). But laboratory tests prove that Puralin in Lifebuoy removes up to 95 per cent. of

these bacteria. You can't see Puralin. Or feel it. But it's the most effective deodorant ever put in soap. It stays with your skin, protecting you for hours after your bath or shower, even on the stickiest summer day. And Lifebuoy's creamy, mild lather smells so good, too. The whole family loves it.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

INCLUDING
Neuritis **Sciatica** **Fibrositis**

ALL ACHING JOINTS AND MUSCLES

NEW HOPE FOR SUFFERERS

If you suffer from any of the above-mentioned troubles, you should try the modern vaccine method of counteracting the germs which cause the rheumatic inflammation. Ask your Chemist for the oral vaccine, Lantigen "C", which is prepared by fully qualified bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Lantigen starts acting from the first dose to reinforce the body's natural healing power, (1) to kill the rheumatic germs, (2) to neutralise their poisons which have circulated through the system. Thus the cause of inflammation is corrected, pain is relieved, swelling reduced. You sleep better and freedom of movement returns. Relief often lasts for years. Lantigen costs only a few pence daily.

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS



Pain and inflammation of joints.



Stiffness from inflamed nerves and muscles.



Muscular pains in shoulders, back, arms and legs.

READ WHAT USERS SAY:

FREE FROM PAIN

"I could not sleep from pain. After the second bottle, I did not have a pain. That was two years ago and I have not had a recurrence."

Mr. C.C., Cowra, N.S.W.

FREE BOOKLET

about Lantigen from your chemist or write to Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 103 York Street, Sydney.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

Lantigen "C"

ORAL VACCINE

that's taken like an ordinary medicine for Rheumatic Disorders of a germ-born origin OVER 5 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

★ ORIGINAL OF TESTIMONIAL ON OUR FILES

110.C.32

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 74

money! I'm keeping Trevor." She would have banked on being able to wheedle Edmund into forgiving her when he found out later that his cheque, which probably she had already paid in, had gone through.

Grogan went on: "Your husband knew Miss Harrison'd be at the Kellers' party. It's my belief he rang her there from his office, though with all the people milling round nobody's going to have noticed. I think he told her he'd found her out, and a lot more, maybe, being sore, perhaps threatened to put Peel into gaol—mind, I don't expect she ever let on to Peel that she knew what he'd been up to . . . Well, anyhow, up she goes to your husband's office, collecting a flask of brandy and the cyanide from her flat on the way. Though how she came to have the stuff . . ."

"Why," Julia said, "she was often up at Meryton with us, and as you said, you can see it there in the sheds. Death had a fascination for her. She took away a bit of it one day, I suppose, playing with the idea of suicide."

"Yes, that's about it. Now I don't reckon for one moment she meant to kill your husband, but to threaten him with suicide, there and then, unless he promised to take no action against Peel."

"Maybe the terrible temptation came to her all of a sudden when she went in and found him stunned after Miss Lockwood had run out."

"Maybe she poured out a brandy to revive him, and then thought, 'Simple—him, not me! No danger for Peel, no separation from him, no prosecution or gaol . . ."

"Then yesterday afternoon. What a shock for her! She'd killed a good friend to save Peel only to find he's playing her false with Miss Lockwood."

"One mustn't judge Olive too harshly about that," Julia said. "She was in a very overwrought state. When Edmund died, after all their closeness

and his years of dependence on her, she was left with just an emptiness inside her, a sort of vacuum that had to be filled. Well—there was Trevor!"

"The moment he knew — it was I who mentioned it—that she'd been left five thousand pounds and a little house, he turned his hypnotic charm on her. And it was undeniable that he had that, bad as he was . . . Fatally understandable, her part! She fell for him so heavily that even when he told her of the gaming-house last Friday she was ready to help him. He had to tell her, of course, to enlist her help on Saturday night, get her to answer the telephone in case anyone rang to inquire if the game was on."

Grogan nodded. "Yes, she warned Peel hiding in the garden that you were ringing me, and she hid this feller Barney Moon so we couldn't catch him and question him."

"Poor Olive, she put her heart into Trevor's service, all right! She managed to get Mrs. Duffy out of the house for the evening. One observer the least. By the way, was it she, do you think, who put sodium amylal into my medicine? I haven't had the heart to ask her that."

"No, 'fraid that was your little cousin Raymond."

Lindsay asked: "How did Pamela know that Peel was—'doing her wrong'?"

"A woman tied up with a man like Trevor," Julia said, "is never without suspicions. When I told her of Olive's odd new vanity and strange comings and goings she probably began to watch him, found him out in lies and evasions, excuses to leave her. She knew him. Only too well! She must've seen his coat here, searched the pockets—looking for letters, perhaps—found the gun and taken it."

"And yesterday," Grogan

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

added, "she followed them to Anchor Beach. It was during the afternoon that I decided it was about time we got her along to Headquarters and questioned her. But when I went to her place of business I found she hadn't been back after lunch."

"I also checked with them that on that last Monday she was absent from two till three. Then I looked for Peel at his office and he wasn't in. He'd told the boss there he was going down to some seaside place to value a property. Dinner time, still neither of 'em had shown up. After dinner I rang here and learned from Mrs. Duffy where you'd gone and why, and down I went."

JULIA was thinking of the torture of Pamela's afternoon yesterday. Seeing Trevor and Olive go into the empty cottage . . .

She said: "Olive tells me she went out to get some dinner at the store at about seven. She left Trevor lying on the bed with the afternoon paper. It must've been then that Pamela, seeing her leave the house, crept up and lifted the blind. One can picture it. He leapt off the bed and got that shot at close range."

"Truly Olive didn't know he was lying there dead all that time. When she got back from the store she opened the bedroom door, saw no sign of him, called him everywhere, and thought he'd walked out on her. Hence the tears and the distress that we found her in, Lindsay."

Grogan nodded. "And the other. After she'd shot him, she must've lurked about on the beach thinking of it all, trying to drown herself, maybe, till she thought that the gun she'd dropped by his body'd be the easiest way out."

He got up to go. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't be sur-

prised, Mrs. Wetherby, if you'd talked enough about all this for now. There's only one thing. We never discovered who the lady was your husband was interested in while you were away. Mr. Fitzpatrick owns up now he tried to find out once."

"He happened to see Mr. Wetherby late one afternoon in a city food store buying a nice little dinner for two, and he got to thinking, and watched out here that evening, but he couldn't see the lady he drove in with."

Got to thinking! Julia thought. Got to thinking he'd discover, and let me know, by some means or other, hoped I'd divorce Edmund, and he'd be there to catch me on the rebound . . .

The inspector paused, turning his hat round and round in his hand. "Did your husband happen to give you a diamond dress-clip recently? The salesman at the jeweller's says he bought one there a few weeks ago."

"A diamond dress-clip? . . . In the shape of a feather?"

"Yes. Platinum, encrusted with small diamonds."

She looked up at him, nodding slowly. "No . . . it wasn't for me. I think that went to the wearer of the black nylon slip, Inspector. I saw the clip you speak of. But on whom is one of the things you'll have to keep on guessing about."

He gave a laugh. "Irrelevant, eh? Just nose-parker on my part. I hope no one'll ever accuse me of that!"

When Grogan had left them, Lindsay came over and took Julia in his arms. He said: "Darling, you spoke just now—a little yearningly. I thought—about Peel, of his fascination, bad as he was. It made me a little uneasy. I have no vices and I'm afraid no fascination. I just seem to have something that you, very eccentrically, rather like . . ."

(Copyright)

Is your hair falling OUT?

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT! It's an unpleasant shock—the sudden discovery that your hair is falling out. It's also a timely warning that you dare not ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Act now before the condition becomes more serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are starved of their vital food. That is why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently, for it contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances, known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy vigorous hair. Are you suffering with loss of hair? Then start using Pure Silvikrin today—there is no more positive step towards lasting hair health.

SILVIKRIN Products for hair care



PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food.

Also available—Silvikrin Hair Tonic for those who prefer a non-oily dressing.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIRDRESSING. For daily hair grooming. Specially prepared to ensure handsome, healthy hair. Contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—so it is truly a tonic hairdressing.



Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 9, 1957

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4686.—Cool summer dress designed with a sleeveless low-cut bodice and wide skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F6024.—Attractively styled late-day dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F6009.—Smart, slender-line sheath. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4616.—Maternity suit designed with a straight skirt, and sleeveless jacket-top featuring a scooped-out neckline. The blouse pattern is not supplied. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4687.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's pinafore and blouse. The pinafore bib is detachable. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires, pinafore, 1½ to 2 yds. 36in. material. Blouse, 1½ to 1¾ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 572.—TENNIS DRESS

Tailored one-piece tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforized white poplin and white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 32/9; 36 and 38in. bust 34/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 573.—DUCHESS SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a "Victorian Lady" motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 14 by 17in. and small mats 6 by 8in. Set of three 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

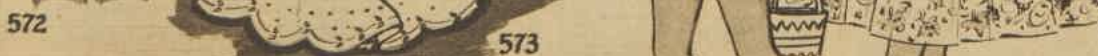
No. 574.—SMALL GIRL'S PLAYSUIT

The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed super haircord. The color choice includes pale blue and red, sage-blue and green, red and lemon, rose-pink and lemon, and pink and pale green, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 1 year 17/9, 2 years 18/11, 3 years 21/6, and 4 years 23/9. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 575.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Summer dress obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cambric. The color choice includes pink, rose, and white; blue, lilac, and white; and blue, white, and green. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 47/3; 36 and 38in. bust 49/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



F4336.—Small girl's party dress. Sizes: Lengths 18, 20, 23, and 28in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material and 4yds. edging. Price 3/-.



ECONOMICAL!

More deodorant for your money... easy to use, up to the very end!

No better deodorant at any price! In one quick stroke, Odo-ro-no wipes away unpleasant odour and checks perspiration! Odo-ro-no is delicately, delightfully perfumed.

So easy to use! No fussing with case... no messy unwrapping of stick. Odo-ro-no stick never breaks, never crumbles! You'll love the elegant new "push up" case—it's as handy as your lipstick!

P.S. ODO-RO-NO is an all-family deodorant!



QUICK...the Solyptol!



ABRASIONS need
Solyptol
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
ANTISEPTIC

Be certain that those childish cuts and scratches never become infected. Cleanse and bathe them in a solution of SOLYPTOL—Australia's own powerful, safe antiseptic. Play safe—insure your family—keep Solyptol handy.



IF IT'S FAULDING'S... IT'S PURE



Jatz have the tang which brings out the full rich flavour of Strawberry Conserve or any fine quality jam.

Arnott's
famous
JATZ
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is worried when PRINCESS NARDA: Wins the title Miss Galaxy, the most beautiful woman in the universe, from ten million other interplanetary contestants. Magnon, emperor of the planet Magna, where the finals were held, organised the whole contest when the

beautiful but vain Carola rejected his proposal of marriage. Now Carola is furious because Magnon is paying court to Narda and is ignoring her. Mandrake is beginning to worry, too. Narda and Magnon seem to be getting on very well indeed. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Don't call me muscles—
I ache all over!

Could be you, after any kind of over-strenuous work you're not doing every day in the week—digging, pulling, lifting, pointing, digging—still and sore all over, your back and muscles ache every time you move. That's when to put on Sloan's Liniment right away! At once you feel Sloan's "deep heat" action working right inside where the pain is—relaxing, soothing, relieving pain. Every home needs a bottle of Sloan's for fast treatment of aches, pains, bruises, strains. The faster you treat them, the faster they go. Sloan's is quick and easy to use because you just put it on... no rubbing... leaves no messy, greasy film to stain clothes.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES 2/9

BEAUTY in a SURGICAL STOCKING

SUPERFINE NYLONS
brings relief from **VARICOSE VEINS**

Mould the leg to a lovelier line

Scholl 2-WAY STRETCH NYLON
SURGICAL HOSIERY

Don't let varicose veins mar leg beauty. Don't let them cause you suffering. Scholl superfine Surgical Nylons hide varicose veins; provide scientifically accurate support, wonderful comfort and relief... yet nobody knows you're wearing them. They're light, cool, leather-soft, ladder-proof. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY



Check perspiration—use

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

TEENA *by Linda Terry*

WHAT A NICE DAY FOR A WALK



UH, PARDON ME, MISS...

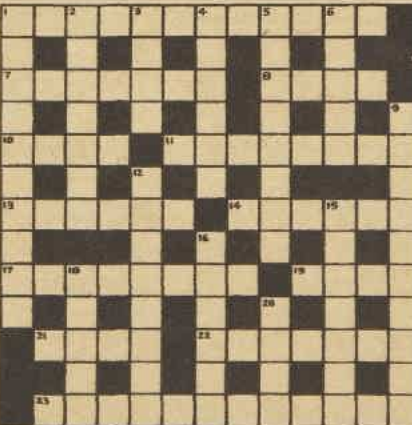


HONESTLY! I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY CALL SAILORS NAVIGATORS... PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE NAVY WAS IN THE PARK TODAY ASKING DIRECTIONS...

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

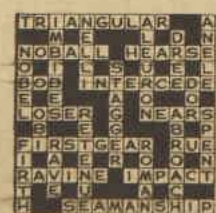
ACROSS

- Often disliked fruits (12).
- Merciful German one turned in Lent (7).
- Idle talk starts a fool (4).
- Membranes (4).
- Musical composition or a conservative with bad ending to nothing (8).
- Soft leather for the home of Communists (6).
- Worry or dime (6).
- It is in harp and they are on women's heads (8).
- Place of learning which can be open and shut (4).
- From a strict point of view it contains the means to support the sails (4).
- Worthless fellow to a spigot to be found on the bottom of the glass (4-3).
- European, not necessarily a member of the underworld (12).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



- Author who is a good man to young girls (10).
- Mob us in a public vehicle (7).
- Always in Christmas Eve revelry (4).
- Turn on the screw or text (6).
- I got Nora (Anagr. 8).
- Live coal which has its days (5).
- Porter who should not become what his name tells (4, 6).
- Prompt execution of pact in a dish (8).
- Composed the first form containing a raft (7).
- Insect precedes her in the pollen-bearing organ of a plant (6).
- Picture, i.e., a halfpenny in the middle (5).
- Round about guide makes a Spartan wife (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

New MACLEANS CLEANS TEETH WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE

The whiteness-meter proves it

TEETH 18% WHITER!

Tests with this whiteness-meter show the sensational difference—teeth up to 18% whiter after 'New Macleans'!

MACLEANS have added a remarkable new ingredient to their famous tooth paste formula. Now 'New Macleans' cleans teeth whiter than ever before. The extra whiteness has actually been measured in hundreds of tests with the whiteness-meter.

Brush your teeth with 'New Macleans' and see them getting whiter. That lovely fresh feeling means the cleansing agents are removing dirt, making your teeth whiter and healthier, protecting them against decay. And all with the most delightful flavour ever.



See the sensational difference in teeth after cleaning with NEW Macleans! The whiteness-meter records as much as 18% increase of whiteness!

New Formula

MACLEANS
Peroxide TOOTH PASTE

M. T. AUL 5/56

Like to be an
auburn
beauty
?



SHAMPOO
GLORIOUS NEW
COLOUR INTO
YOUR HAIR

IN A
MAGICAL
5
MINUTES



**hair
magic**

IT'S AS EASY AS THIS! Wash your hair. Use HAIR MAGIC just as you would a shampoo. Rinse. In 5 magical minutes your hair will take on glorious new colour... new softness... new lustre! Select your own personal HAIR MAGIC shade—Copper Glow, Red Gold, Red Copper, etc. Semi-permanent! Will not rub off! HAIR MAGIC... 6/11... at salons, chemists and stores.

the new semi-permanent colour—rinse you use as a second shampoo... 6/11

SPLENDID BOOKS LIKE THESE EVERY MONTH for ONLY 7³! JOIN FOYLES BOOK CLUB NOW!

"Beyond the Black Stump" by Nevil Shute
Will Be YOUR First Book When You
JOIN FOYLE'S BOOK CLUB

MORE THAN 300,000
MEMBERS ENJOY BOOKS
LIKE THESE—



BEYOND the Black Stump means to Australians the country at the back of beyond, the "outback" or the edge of the world. The scene of Nevil Shute's new novel is set mainly in such a place, a sheep station of nearly a million acres lost in the wilds of Western Australia, and he brings that sun-parched world brilliantly to life.

What such a world means to a young American sent there to drill for oil, and

what his world in a little American town means to the Australian girl who visits it, is left for the reader to discover.

This is a study of contrasts in character both personal and racial, a comparison of two vastly different ways of life. It is told with the lightness of touch, the humour and the realism that one has come to expect from the author of "A Town Like Alice." You, too, will enjoy this enthralling book when you join FOYLE'S FICTION BOOK CLUB.

The FIRST — the FINEST — and STILL THE LOWEST PRICED of ALL BOOK CLUBS — WONDERFUL VALUE!

HERE is a wonderful money-saving opportunity for readers. Each month, The Book Club chooses for its members an outstanding, recently published book. The Book Club's selections are full-length, full-size, beautifully bound books by the front-rank authors of our time. They are books that you will be glad to read, proud to own; books which for "reader interest," appearance, and production represent truly outstanding value. And, although in the ordinary way these books would cost 12/6, 17/6 and 25/- or more, **MEMBERS OF THE BOOK CLUB ARE PRIVILEGED TO BUY THEM FOR ONLY 7/3 plus 9d. postage.**

You can depend, too, on the keen judgment of Foyle's Book Club's selectors—judgment based on many years' bookshop, publishing and library experience.

Discriminating readers in all parts of the world depend upon The Book Club's selections to keep them abreast of

the best books published. And the fact that so many have been members of the Club for ten, fifteen or even twenty years is proof of the satisfactory service they enjoy.

Study the list of recent and forthcoming titles (below) and you will realise immediately why more and more book-lovers are joining FOYLE'S BOOK CLUBS. And you will realise that the value offered is unapproached by any other book club.

Through Foyle's Book Clubs you will be able to build up, at remarkably low cost, a first-class collection of best-selling books.



ONLY 7³
YOU SAVE £ 3 ON YOUR FIRST SIX BOOKS ALONE

HOW TO JOIN

- 1 State clearly the club, such as Fiction, Non-Fiction, Thriller, etc., you wish to join. If two, three clubs or more, state them clearly.
- 2 If you are joining for six months or twelve months, to save time and postage costs, send with your order £2/8/- or £4/12/- (Remember, you save 4/- by taking a 12 months' subscription.) Otherwise send remittances only for each book on acceptance.

GRAND, 'EXTRA' BOOKS, TOO

Members are also privileged to buy splendid additional books (Fiction and Non-Fictional books from any club) at special bargain prices. Hundreds of attractive titles to choose from, lists and catalogues are mailed to you regularly.

SEND NO MONEY NOW—MERELY PAY ON RECEIPT OF BOOK

The Secretary, FOYLE'S BOOK CLUBS,
Dept. W10, Dean Place, Sydney.

I wish to become a member of the club or clubs indicated in box opposite. I agree to continue my membership for a minimum of six books and thereafter until countermanded.

- * ☐ I will pay 8/- for selections on receipt.
OR, if you wish to save time, postage and postal note costs, you may send an advanced subscription: for 6 months £2/8/-; 12 months £4/12/-, post free. (Save 4/- with a 12 months' subscription.)
- * ☐ I enclose £2/8/- for 6 months' subscription.
- * ☐ I enclose £4/12/- for 12 months' subscription (thus saving 4/-).

(Place X in the space as required.)

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss.)

ADDRESS

TEN GREAT CLUBS TO CHOOSE FROM All New Books by the World's most Outstanding Living Authors

THE FICTION BOOK CLUB

Popular fiction by best-selling authors such as illustrated in this announcement, authors such as Nevil Shute, George Bernard Shaw, Denis Wheatley, Naomi Jacob, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Frank Yerby, Elizabeth Goudge, Nicholas Monsarrat, etc.

THRILLER BOOK CLUB

Exciting mystery and detective stories by authors such as Peter Cheyney, James Hadley Chase, Agatha Christie, Freeman Wills Croft, John Creasey, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Ngaio Marsh, P. G. Wodehouse, etc.

ROMANCE BOOK CLUB

Fascinating human stories by top-ranking light fiction writers of today — Monica Dickens, Jane Beech, Faith Baldwin, Ann Deering, Denise Robins, Mary Burchell, etc.

TRAVEL & ADVENTURE BOOK CLUB

Thrilling, colorful travel books to enrich your living. Books such as "Jungle Fever," by E. A. Zwilling, "Highway of the Sun," by Victor von Hagen, "The Trail of Marco Polo," by J. Bowie Shaw, etc.

SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB

Outstanding scientific books formed to bring to the reader outstanding scientific achievements of the day. Forthcoming and past titles include "Science Unfolds the Future," by J. G. Crowther, "Explaining the Atom," by Selig Hecht, "Science Makes Sense," by Ritchie Calder.

WESTERN BOOK CLUB

Exciting mystery and detective stories by authors such as Chester Wills, Ranger Lee, Max Brand, Zane Grey, William Colt MacDonald, Tex Burns, Bliss Lomax, etc.

NON-FICTION & QUALITY CLUB

Comprise books such as "U Boat Killer," by Capt. D. MacIntyre, "Arctic Convoy," by Trafford, "Walker, R.N.," by Terence Robertson together with many escape and war stories.

CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

First-rate books for boys and girls in an edition they will treasure by authors like Richard Crompton, Willard Price, Barbara Cooley, Katherine Quinckern, etc.

GARDEN BOOK CLUB

The ideal club for the ardent gardener, such as "Weed Control in Farm and Garden," by S. G. Willis, "Ideas For Your Garden," by Ralph Rolfs, "The Pruning of Trees and Shrubs," by W. Dallimore, etc.

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

Forthcoming and past selections include "They Did Not Pass," by D. C. Murphy, "Vatican Assignment," by Sir Alec Randle, "Portrait of Pius XII," etc., etc.

(Print the name of club or clubs you wish to join in box above.)